



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1850.

From the North British Review.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

1. *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. Vol. 1. 1849.*
2. *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor of Norwich.* By J. W. ROBBERDS. 1843.
3. *Early Recollections.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. 1837.

FOR a period of more than fifty years the writings of Southey were among those which, in England, most contributed to create or to modify public opinion. His first published poem was written in the year 1791; and from the date of its publication till the close of his life, there was not, we believe, a year in which he did not hold communication with the minds of others, in almost every form which a retired student can employ. Literature was not alone his one absorbing passion, but it was also his professional occupation. Southey, when speaking of Spenser, describes him as

"Sweetest bard, yet not more sweet
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise;
High-priest of all the Muses' mysteries."

At the same altar, and with the same purity of heart, and with the same wisdom, he too

served. It may seem to be regretted, that they who serve the altar have to live by the altar; but to the necessity in which he found himself, of working out a livelihood by unwearied industry in the occupations to which the higher instincts of his nature called him, we no doubt owe much of what is most genial in the works of this true poet. To this alone—such, at least, seems the probability—was it owing that he became a prose writer at all, for none of his prose writings have that unity of purpose and design which distinguishes the works of pure imagination; and yet there can be no doubt that, as a prose writer, he is one of the most graceful in our language. It is, however, as a poet that we think Southey must be most remembered. It is not depreciating Goldsmith's unequalled prose works to say, that it is as a poet he takes highest rank. Had he not been a poet, he could not have written those prose works, and so with Southey. Dispose, however, of this question as the reader may, the earlier portion of his biography with

* [A fine reprint of the work so eloquently reviewed in this article is now in course of publication, in numbers, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.]

which we have to deal will compel us rather to think of him in that character in which he first appeared before the public. Through both his poems and his prose works, his individual character so distinctly appears, that it would be scarce possible to mistake a page of his writing for that of any other man. He has not avoided imitation. On the contrary, his early poems are too often echoes of Cowper and Akenside: and the quaintnesses which appear more conspicuously in his prose works, are in kind identical with those of Fuller and Sir Thomas Browne. We feel that he is writing in the midst of his books; and that his essays on topics of present interest are always affected by his throwing his mind into the way of thinking of an age that has passed away. Still there is everywhere a definiteness and decision of purpose, which is that which constitutes true originality; and *his* thoughts it is which are expressed in a dialect which he feels to be common property, and of which he as little remembers how each particular phrase or cadence has been formed, as we can determine how we have learned the words of the language we speak. Everywhere, even in his earliest writings, his own mind makes itself distinctly felt. Of this the strongest evidence is, that where its expression is not subdued by the higher tones of elevated poetry, we have always an under-current of quiet humor that exhibits a man happy himself, or, if unhappiness comes, who feels himself blameless for what he cannot avert, and who is disposed at all times to view surrounding things in a spirit of kindliness.

How such a mind was originally formed, and how it was not spoiled by the wear and tear of life—how the purity and single-mindedness of childhood was preserved through manhood and to age, and this by a man frequently writing on the most exciting political topics, is surely a subject well worth studying, with such aids as we can find.

Among those aids we find a series of letters written by Southey in the forty-sixth or forty-seventh year of his age, in which he relates all he can remember of the first fifteen years of his life. With these letters, his "Life and Correspondence, edited by his son, the Reverend Cuthbert Southey," opens. They were addressed to Mr. May, an old friend. Their publication at some future time was no doubt contemplated by the writer. About half a volume of the work is filled by this autobiography. A selection of such of his letters as could be recovered,

connected, and elucidated by some interspersed narrative, carries us on to the poet's twenty-fifth year, and concludes the first volume of the work—the only part yet published. The "Life of William Taylor of Norwich" supplies us with another very interesting series of his letters, which, it so happens, commencing just where the other closes, enables us to trace the progress of the poet for seventeen years more—and those the years in which his greatest works were written. This part of Southey's correspondence was published with his own sanction, by Mr. Robberds, the biographer of Taylor. The *Reminiscences of Mr. Cottle, of Bristol*, give us some further help in bringing Southey distinctly before the mind at the period of early manhood. We feel, therefore, that while to ourselves it would be pleasant to forbear writing on the subject till the completion of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's book, there is no reasonable ground for such delay.

Of Southey's paternal ancestors we are told, in the autobiography, that the Southeys were a numerous tribe in Somersetshire, one of whom, the sixth in the ascending line from the poet, a great clothier in Wellington, had eleven sons, who peopled that part of the country with Southeys. The poet infers from their having armorial bearings, that they were of gentle birth. "I should like," says he, when describing the chevron and crosslets on his paternal shield, "to believe that one of my ancestors had served in the crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

If such fancy were founded in fact, the fact has escaped the chroniclers. Few persons were so well read in the class of books where it would be likely to be found as the poet; and he says he never met the name in a printed book. Family tradition represented one of them as a great soldier. "In the great rebellion, I guess, it must have been, but I neither know his name nor on which side he fought." Another was *out with Monmouth*: his sword was preserved till the time of Southey's father. An uncle of Southey's grandfather was an attorney at Taunton, and was registrar of the Archdeaconry. He married an heiress, and Southey's grandfather settled on the estate in the parish of Lydiard St. Lawrence, about ten miles from Taunton, under the Quantock hills. What is family tradition? Of his grandfather, Southey can find no record, except that he was a subscriber for "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy," from

which he infers that he had some regard for books, and was of a right way of thinking. A maiden sister lived in her brother's house. She had a small estate held on lives. Two dropped, and the last, when he knew the old lady's means of livelihood depended on his continuing to live, determined never to work more, but extort his support from her. Southey says the story is worth insertion in a treatise on English tenures. Cases have occurred in Ireland where murders have been committed to terminate estates so held. Cases have also occurred where a juror has refused to concur in a conviction, because a criminal's life was one on which a lease depended. We have known an incident not unlike that mentioned by Southey:—A profligate fellow proposed to a gentleman who had some property depending on his life, that he should share the property with him, or in the event of that not being acceded to, that he would go abroad and never more be heard of. He kept his word. For a few years, in spite of his efforts for concealment, traces of him sufficient for the purposes of those whose estate depended on his life were found. At last he succeeded so far in baffling all inquiry, that it was thought more desirable to abandon the property than continue to occupy it on such a tenure.

Southey's grandfather had been a dissenter, but his residence in a lonely hamlet brought him away from the hotbeds of dissent. If dissent, however, did him no other harm than that which the poet records, we think he is not warranted in speaking as he does of the "essential acid of Puritanism." "Aunt Hannah frequently chastised her niece, Mary, for going into the fields with her playmates of a Sunday. She, and her brothers and sisters, she said, had never been suffered to go out of the house on the Sabbath, except to meetings."

His grandfather's children were three sons, John, Robert, and Thomas, and two daughters. John, the eldest son, became an attorney, at Taunton. Robert, the father of the poet, found himself behind the counter of a grocer in London. His heart was in the country, however, and in the rural sports in which his boyhood had been past. His attachment to field sports was an absolute passion. Seeing a porter one day with a hare in his hand, he could not help shedding tears at the sight. His master died, and he was removed to Bristol, and placed there with a linen-draper. An acquaintanceship with a young man of the name of

Tyler, introduced him to Tyler's connections. There is danger of losing our way in the wilderness of first cousins, and uncles and half-uncles, to whom we are now presented, and we shall get out of the jungle as fast as we can. Among the persons to whom Tyler introduced his friend, was Mrs. Margaret Hill. Bradford was her maiden name. She had been first married to a brother of Tyler's, and afterward to Edward Hill of Bedminster. She was now again a widow, and living in the same house with her were Tylers and Hills, collaterals or descendants. Of the Tylers, uncle William was a fool,* or something not unlike it; and uncle Edward was not a very wise man. From the Tylers the poet passes on to the Hills. But we must hasten on to his mother. Bedminster was but a half hour's walk from Bristol. Edward Tyler and his friend were constant visitors, and the latter, who had in partnership with a brother, opened a shop in Bristol in the year 1772, married Miss Hill. Signs were then common over shops, and true to his old sportsman instincts, Southey ornamented his window with a hare as his device. The poet was the second child of this marriage, and born on the 12th of August, 1774.

We return to the Tylers. Miss Tyler, the half-sister of Southey's mother, passed the earlier part of her life at Shobdon in Herefordshire, residing in the house of a maternal uncle. Bradford was in orders, and resided on a curacy;—he had, however, some private property. He appears to have been a generous man, for from him Southey's uncle, Hill, derived the means of support at Oxford. On his death he gave the greater part of his property to Miss Tyler, who then began to "live at large, and frequent watering-places." A fashionable physician ordered her to Lisbon. She went, taking with her her half-brother, Herbert Hill, who had lately gone into orders. From this accidental visit arose Hill's connection with Lisbon, as chaplain of the British factory, and Southey's own in after years. But of this hereafter.

* This is too harshly said. Southey speaks of this uncle with great affection, both in his Autobiography and in *The Doctor*. "It is common with the country people when they speak of such persons, to point significantly to the head, and say, '*'tis not all there*,'—words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature, which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. * * * William's was not a case of fatuity;—though *all* was not there, there was a great deal. He was what is called *half saved*."—*The Doctor*, vol. i. p. 115.

She past but a year in Lisbon, and on her return settled in the neighborhood of Bath.

"The house was in Walcot parish, in which five-and-forty years ago were the skirts of the city. It stood alone in a walled garden, and the entrance was from a lane. The situation was thought a bad one, because of the approach, and because the nearest houses were of a mean description; in other respects it was a very desirable residence. The house had been quite in the country when it was built. One of its fronts looked into the garden, the other into a lower garden and over other garden grounds to the river, Bathwick Fields, which are now covered with trees, and Claverton Hill, with a grove of firs along its brow, and a sham castle in the midst of their long, dark line. I have not a stronger desire to see the pyramids than I had to visit that sham castle during the first years of my life. There was a sort of rural freshness about the place. The dead wall of a dwelling-house (the front of which was in Walcot-street) formed one side of the garden enclosure, and was covered with fine fruit-trees; the way from the garden door to the house was between that long house wall and a row of espaliers, behind which was a grass plat, interspersed with standard trees and flower-beds, and having one of those green rotatory garden seats shaped like a tub, where the contemplative person within may, like Diogenes, be as much in the sun as he likes.

"There was a descent by a few steps to another garden, which was chiefly filled with fragrant herbs, and with a long bed of lilies of the valley. Ground-rent had been of little value when the house was built. The kitchen looked into the garden, and opened into it; and near the kitchen door was a pipe supplied from one of the fine springs with which the country about Bath abounds, and a little stone cistern beneath. The parlor door also opened into the garden; it was bowered with jessamine, and there I often took my seat upon the stone steps.

"My aunt, who had an unlucky taste for such things, fitted up the house at a much greater expense than she was well able to afford. She threw two small rooms into one, and thus made a good parlor, and built a drawing-room over the kitchen. The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet; there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from the flies, and the colors from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw,—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as a part of the parlor furniture, a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a cajou-nut, or a kidney,—the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry wood,

which had been Mr. Bradford's, and in which he always sat,—mentionable, because if any visitor who was not in her especial favor sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired, before she would use it again; a mezzotinto print of Pope's Eloisa, in an oval black frame, because of its supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving, from pictures by Angelica Kauffman; one of Hector and Andromache; the other of Telemachus at the court of Menelaus; these I notice, because they were in frames of Brazilian wood; and the great print of Pombal, o grande Marquez, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of an illustrious man with which I became familiar. The establishment consisted of an old manservant and a maid-servant, both from Shobdon. The old man used every night to feed the crickets. He died at Bath in her service."—*Life of Southey*, vol. i. pp. 32-34.

Here Southey chiefly lived from the age of two years till six, with many indulgences, but more privations. The privations were such as do a child most mischief. The maiden aunt was above all things afraid of his soiling his clothes, and healthy exercise and play were out of the question. The child slept with his aunt, and as her hour of rising was late, the poor little fellow was obliged to lie in bed till she chose to be broad awake, afraid to stir lest she should be disturbed. Here he lay fancying combinations of figures in the folds of the curtains, watching from daybreak the increasing gleams of light from the window-shutters, and perhaps already creating the habit of thought which distinguishes the poet from other men.

Her acquaintances were numerous; a friend of hers was married to Francis Newberry, son of the Newberry who published Goody Two-Shoes and Giles Gingerbread. Goody Two-Shoes has acquired a new interest since Mr. Godwin's conjecture of its having been written by Goldsmith,—a conjecture, to the truth of which Mr. Foster, the highest authority on any subject connected with Goldsmith, is disposed to assent. The flowered Dutch paper and gilding in which the little books were issued had for the child a greater charm than any author's name could give. Newberry gave him, as soon as he could read, a set of these books, more than twenty in number. To this rich present Southey traces his love of books, and decided determination to literature. We are glad the incident is recorded; but we do not attach much value to the poet's speculation on its effect. Had the present never been made, to some other circumstance equally accident-

al would have been given the credit of creating the bias. It is in vain to look for outward accidents to explain what must ultimately be resolved into the original constitution of the mind. It is quite as likely, that the circumstances which Southey regards as injurious — his being a lonely boy without play-fellows, or proper companionship, may have had more to do with the early awakening of his powers than Mr. Newberry's six-penny books. Injurious, no doubt, all this must have been to his general health: but in unhealthy childhood disease seems a sort of hotbed in which talents are often almost preternaturally developed.

It was fortunate for the health of the boy that he was by other circumstances compelled to look to the world without. Miss Tyler was acquainted with the proprietors of the Bristol and Bath theatres, and had tickets of free admission. At four years old the child was a constant play-goer. He soon acquired a keen relish for the stage; but his heart was in the fields; and a walk beyond his usual bounds was his greatest luxury. There were three points he had most desire of reaching,—the sham castle on Claverton Hill,—a summer-house on Beechen Cliffs,—and the grave of a young man who had been killed in a duel. His aunt's fears, however, predominated. The points to which his imagination was directed were, she thought, too far for a walk, and it was a long while before he had the opportunity of experiencing, what we all sooner or later experience, how different the Yarrow of reality is from that of imagination. Poor child, his aunt's habits kept him an uneasy prisoner when with her, and he delighted in the occasional release which a summons to his father's house at Bristol gave. He there had some liberty. Though the house was among crowded streets, he got more often into the fields than when with his aunt. His grandmother was still living; and he was much at Bedminster. Kingsdown, Brandon Hill, and Clifton, were among his more frequent walks.

An important era is approaching; he is now actually in breeches; a young man six years of age. In nothing has the fashion of dress been so much improved even since our boyhood as in boys' clothing; but the present dress of boys, compared with that of Southey's time, seems absolutely to change the identity of the young animal, so utterly grotesque was the one, so graceful is the other. At six years old we find the young poet "in a fantastic tunic of nankeen for high days and holidays, trimmed with green

fringe,—it was called a vest and tunic, or a jam; and this he now changed for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, of forester's green. No intermediate dress had been yet invented for the juvenile world. If it was not for the color, the little man, in spite of his long-attenuated limbs, might be taken for a Dutchman. He is sent to school—a day-school in Bristol.

"Knee breeches are ta'en down to whip the scholar."

At this school he tells us that he learned little, owing to his master's severity — his master dies when he has been about a year there — the establishment passes into better hands, but for some reason or other his father now placed him at a boarding-school. His new abode was in the neighborhood of Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol. Southey's school recollections were accompanied with painful feelings. In his *Hymn to the Penates*, he tells us of his removal to school.

"—— When a child (for still I love
To dwell with fondness on my childish years),
When first a little one I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my
front
With feelings not its own—sadly at night
I sate me down beside a stranger's hearth,
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow."

In the *Retrospect*, another of his youthful poems, the place itself is described in lines cast more in the manner of Goldsmith and Rogers, than any other of Southey's poems. The poet was at the time of its composition in his nineteenth or twentieth year. There is no peculiar poetic power indicated in any part of this little copy of verses, but at no period of his life did Southey produce anything more graceful, or anything of which the sober coloring so perfectly suited the subject. A letter of Southey's describes the place. It was the old manorial residence of some decayed family, and retained vestiges of what it had been—walled gardens, gate pillars, surmounted with huge stone balls—everything indicated former opulence; within doors a black oaken staircase leading from the hall was distinctly remembered by the poet, and the school-room—such it now became—hung with faded tapestry, "behind which we used to hide our hoard of crabs."

"Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know
The days of childhood are but days of woe;

Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours
What else should be our sweetest, blithest
hours,

Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,
Those easy hours forever left behind,
Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
When ignorance itself was happiness.
Such was my state in these remember'd years,
When two small acres bounded all my fears,
And therefore still with pleasure I recall
The tapestried school, the bright brown board-
ed hall,

The walnuts where, when favor would allow,
Full oft I went to search each well-stript
bough ;

The crab-tree which supplied a secret hoard
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board.
These trifling objects then my heart possest,
These trifling objects still remain impressed.
So when with unskilled hand some idle hind
Carves his rude name within a sapling's rind,
In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree ;
Though every winter's desolating sway
Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves
away ;

That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast.*

At this school he passed a year learning little. The master was a man of some mathematical talents and acquirements, who always looked as if he felt the business of teaching an interruption of his own studies. The school was one for the children of people in business, and writing and arithmetic was all that Mr. Flower professed to teach. A Frenchman came three times a week from Bristol, to instruct in Latin a few of the boys, of whom Southey was one. Duplanier was his name. He returned to France at the commencement of the Revolution; and it was devoutly believed by all who believed in the Bristol newspapers, that he it was who was afterward known as General Menou. At this school there were spelling-matches, and unless the printers of the beautiful volume of Southey's life are themselves to blame for a misprint, victory seems to have inclined once at least to the wrong side. One of the "long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*," which won Southey an ovation of which he tells exultingly, was *chrystalization*—so spelled. The plan of spelling-matches was not a bad one. It saved the master trouble, and the boys learned to spell better by this game of skill than they could in any other way. Flower also made the elder boys instruct the younger ones, and in this way Southey learned Latin by teaching it. The school when he

entered was already declining. The elder Flower was a good-natured, indolent man, who, had he found a proper position in life, might have lived happily and usefully. For the management of a school he was wholly unfit; he was about fifty, had lost his first wife, and was now married to a drunken, slatternly servant-maid. Boys and servants were allowed to do very much what they pleased, and all was going fast down the road to ruin. Personal cleanliness was neglected to an extent scarcely credible, and the food of the boys was dressed filthily. What a change from the purity, propriety, and precision of Miss Tyler's establishment, or even from his father's, must this have been to the poor boy, now eight years old! He had a cocked hat for Sundays, but this during the week-days had also its uses. He kept in it sugar and such good things as he had brought from home or bought from the servants. At last the *itch* broke out in the school. The boys contrived to make their parents acquainted with the fact by means of letters, conveyed through Duplanier. Flower and his son actually came to blows, each blaming the other for the destruction of the school. Southey, to his great delight, returned to his father's after a year passed at Corston.

This was in the year 1782. Some change of circumstances arising from the death of Southey's grandmother, which now occurred, made Miss Tyler a resident at Bedminster for a part of the year, and the poet describes with delight the house in which some of the happy days of his childhood had been past. It is impossible by any abridgment to give our readers a conception of the skill with which everything connected with the place in the way either of association or of picture is brought out in Southey's description. Each distinct feature is dwelt on singly, and yet in such a way as that all seems co-present, and each not alone contributes to the general effect, but almost seems that to which the whole effect is owing. Never certainly was there a more perfect painter in words than Southey. This power, manifested in a very high degree in his poetry, is yet more so in his prose. In prose he had the advantage of a wider and more varied vocabulary. It was not till he advanced in life that his perfect mastery over language was fully attained, and at that time it was exercised only in prose, or in the less ambitious forms of verse. We must make room for part of his description.

* The Retrospect; written at Oxford, 1794.—
SOUTHEY'S *Minor Poems*.

"I have so many vivid feelings connected with

this house at Bedminster, that if it had not been in a vile neighborhood, I believe my heart would have been set upon purchasing it, and fixing my abode there, where the happiest days of my childhood were spent. My grandfather built it, (about the year 1740, I suppose,) and had made it what was then thought a thoroughly commodious and good house for one in his rank of life. It stood in a lane, some two or three hundred yards from the great western road. You ascended by several semicircular steps into what was called the fore-court, but was in fact a flower-garden, with a broad pavement from the gate to the porch. That porch was in a great part lined as well as covered with white jessamines, and many a time have I sat there with my poor sisters, threading the fallen blossoms upon grass stalks. It opened into a little hall, paved with diamond-shaped flags. On the right hand was the parlor, which had a brown or black-boarded floor, covered with a Lisbon mat, and a handsome time-piece over the fire-place; on the left was the best kitchen, in which the family lived. The best kitchen is an apartment that belongs to other days, and is now no longer to be seen, except in houses which, having remained unaltered for the last half century, are inhabited by persons a degree lower in society than their former possessors. The one which I am now calling to mind after an interval of more than forty years, was a cheerful room, with an air of such country comfort about it that my little heart was always gladdened when I entered it during my grandmother's life. It had a stone floor, which I believe was the chief distinction between a best kitchen and a parlor. The furniture consisted of a clock, a large oval table with two flaps, (over which two or three fowling-pieces had their place,) a round tea-table of cherry wood, Windsor chairs of the same, and two large arm ones of that easy make, (of all makes it is the easiest,) in one of which my grandmother always sat. On one side of the fire-place the china was displayed in a buffet—that is, a cupboard with glass-doors; on the other were closets for articles less ornamental, but more in use. The room was wainscoted and ornamented with some old maps, and with a long looking-glass over the chimney-piece, and a tall one between the windows, both in white frames. The windows opened into the fore-court, and were as cheerful and fragrant in the season of flowers, as roses and jessamine, which grew luxuriantly without, could make them. There was a passage between this apartment and the kitchen, long enough to admit a large airy pantry, and a larder on the left hand, the windows of both opening into the barton, as did those of the kitchen; on the right hand was a door into the back-court. There was a rack in the kitchen, well garnished with bacon, and a mistletoe bush always suspended from the ceiling."

His delight was in the garden, in the flowers, and in observing insects. Luckily no botanist or entomologist was in the neighborhood, or a poet might have been led astray. Wordsworth, Southey takes occa-

sion to tell us, is without the sense of smell. "Once, and once only in his life, the dormant power was awakened; it was by a bed of stocks in full bloom, at a house which he inhabited in Dorsetshire some five-and-twenty years ago; and he says it was like a vision of paradise to him, but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has continued torpid from that time. I, on the contrary," adds Southey, "possess the sense in such acuteness, that I can remember an odor, and call up the ghost of one that is departed." Through life three flowers reminded Southey of Bedminster,—the Roman Jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the evening primrose. "My grandmother loved to watch the opening of this singularly delicate flower—a flower, indeed, which in purity and delicacy seems to me to exceed all others. She called it Mortality, because these beauties pass away so soon, and because in the briefness of its continuance, (living only for a night,) it reminded her of human life."

The interval between Southey's leaving Corston and being placed as a day pupil at a school in Bristol, was passed chiefly at Bedminster. That school was kept by a Welshman of the name of Williams. This school, like the last, was for the education of boys intended for mercantile life, and Latin was a luxury enjoyed but by few. Southey, however, had more of it than at Corston, as he had a lesson every day. He remained at the school four or five years, and managed to get through Cornelius Nepos and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. He did not please his writing-master, yet somehow or other he contrived to write a good hand in after life. As to dancing, his dancing-master pronounced him an incorrigible dunce.

"Alas! poor Bruin! how he foots the pole,
And waddles round it with unwieldy steps,
Swaying from side to side. The dancing-master

Hath had as profitless a pupil in him,
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like
clockwork,

In musical obedience. Bruin! Bruin!
Thou art but a clumsy biped!"*

The house at Bedminster, meanwhile, had become the property of a stranger, and its inmates of the Tyler dynasty dispersed. Miss Tyler became a resident at Bristol in the house of Mrs. Bartlet and Miss Palmer, whose property was vested in the Bath and

* Minor Poems.—The dancing Bear, 1799.

Bristol theatres; and thus Southey, at this susceptible age, had the opportunity of frequent visits to the theatre. He was too old to be put to bed before the play began, and was taken to the theatre as something better than being left to the servants.

"It is impossible to describe the thorough delight which I felt from this habitual indulgence. No after enjoyment could equal or approach it. I was sensible of no defects either in the dramas or the representation: better acting, indeed, could nowhere have been found. Mrs. Siddons was the heroine; Dimond and Murray would have done credit to any stage; and among the comic actors were Edwin and Blanchard—and Blisset, who, though never known to a London audience, was, of all comic actors whom I have ever seen, the most perfect. But I was happily insensible to that difference between good and bad acting which, in riper years, takes off so much from the pleasure of dramatic representation; everything answered the height of my expectations and desires. And I saw it in perfect comfort, in a small theatre, from the front row of a box, not too far from the centre. The Bath theatre was said to be the most comfortable in England; and no expense was spared in the scenery and decorations."

Miss Tyler was regarded as a patroness of the theatre, and was acquainted with all the stars. It was something to a schoolboy to be intimate with people whose names were in everybody's mouth—with people who personated kings and queens,—as Crabbe says, "'twas feeling like a king." But it was soon found that the actors themselves, superior as they were to ordinary mortals, were of an inferior class to authors. Many a work which, had Southey's intimacies been with any other set of people, would never have been heard of by him, was the subject of perpetual conversation during its day of notoriety. The ephemeral in literature had here its one bright day of glittering life. Southey had already begun to write verses; and now that the passion of authorship was awakened by the players, it is no marvel that he began to write dramas. Whatever he read for awhile was sure to represent itself in a dramatic shape. The *Continence of Scipio* was his first attempt. The characters were planned to suit the actors and actresses on the Bath stage. How this was managed we are not told. The *Wife of Bath*—had our young dramatist been a reader of Chaucer—would have done better for some of the ladies. When he went to school he endeavored to persuade more than one of his school-fellows to write tragedies, and could not understand how, subject and situation being supplied,

there could be any difficulty in finding dialogue.

The peculiarities of Miss Tyler's temper were trying to her friends, and Miss Palmer adopted sullenness in self-defence, and used to sit for days with an apron over her face. "'You will injure your eyes by this, Miss Palmer,' said I; 'you know that everything gets out of order if it is not used; a book, if it is not opened, becomes damp and mouldy; and a key, if never turned in the lock, gets rusty.' My aunt entered the room. 'Do you know what this child has been saying?' said Miss Palmer. 'He has been comparing my eyes to a rusty key and a mouldy book.'" Miss Palmer seems to have engaged the young poet's imagination in a very remarkable degree; the earliest night-dream he could in after years bring to his memory related to her.

"I thought I was sitting with her in her drawing-room, (chairs, carpet, and everything are now visibly present to my mind's eye,) when the devil was introduced as a morning visitor. Such an appearance, for he was in full costume of horns, black bat-wings, tail, and cloven feet, put me in ghostly and bodily fear; but she received him with perfect politeness, called him dear Mr. Devil, desired the servant to give him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favored with a call."

There is no author in whose works, both prose and verse, we have the devil so often portrayed. The pious Painter, and the Old Woman of Berkeley, and the Devil's Walk, are in the memory of half our readers; but in some dozens of ballads, less known, and in every form of allusion through his prose works, Southey has again and again worked the hoofs and horns into rhyme or rant, and described the tail curling like the tendrils of the vine, or wagging like a dog's. His devil is the old nursery devil, not the Satan of Milton, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe; and we suspect that his aunt and Miss Palmer sometimes rose up in his mind when he was describing his witches, whom "power had made haughty," and the feebler natures which could not resist their sorceries. This would imply no want of proper respect and affection for either lady, for his witches and their slaves are manifestly favorites with him. In the last edition of the *Devil's Walk*, we find something to confirm this notion.

"A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he [the devil]
spied,
For which he could have kissed her;

Such a flourishing fine clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked could be,
I should take her for my aunt, says he,
If my dam had had a sister."

His holidays were sometimes passed at Weymouth. Here he first saw the sea, and here he first read Tasso in Hoole's version, and here he became acquainted with the *Fairy Queen*. In a year or two after, he met with Mickle's *Lusiad* and Pope's *Homer*. His play-going habits had led him at an earlier day to read Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakespeare. Chatterton's story was then fresh in the recollection of every one in Bristol; and the Rowley poems were among Southey's early studies. A circulating library gave him Hoole's *Ariosto*, and then his epic ambition awoke. It would be tedious to tell of all the heroes he meant to immortalize—in blank verse, chosen, "not because it was easier than rhyme, for rhyme was easy enough, but because I felt in it a greater freedom and range of language." The passion for fame was strong enough to give character and color to his dreams. In a dream he once saw the great epic poets assembled—Fame came hurrying by, with her arm full of laurels, which he reached at, and in the act of grasping awoke.

One of his juvenile efforts was a drama on the Trojan war. The scene was in *Elysium*, and the spirits of the heroes related their adventures on earth. He tells of others of his heroic poems. He was now thirteen years of age. One of his manuscripts had, on some accidental visit, been found by a visitor of his aunt's, and read. This incident set him upon inventing a cipher for the purpose of concealing what he might write. At school he had no opportunity of continuing to practice the use of his cabalistical characters, and finding a difficulty in deciphering what he had written, he burned his manuscripts in vexation.

He tells us that at this period he had no conception of the arrangement of plot or purpose in these narrative poems. Incidents rose up unexpectedly, and without any forethought or consideration of their effect with reference to any general plan; and his impression is, that in the Italian romantic poems the same defect of constructive talent is observable, and that many of their most ambitious works were composed with as little premeditation as the dream-poems of a schoolboy's childhood. In the Spanish and Portuguese poets he speaks of the same defect. It would be rash on a subject of this

kind to express a difference of opinion with Southey, but we think that through the *Orlando Furioso* as distinct a thread of purpose can be traced connecting the several adventures as in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, though the suddenness with which the heroes and heroines reappear, at times when they are least expected, produces an effect on the reader's mind as if the author was moving capriciously, or as if his course was varied by every breath of accident, while further examination of the poem shows in every particular subdivision of it a design never absent from the writer's mind. The length of these poems has prevented their being the subject of study, except in fragments, and this has led to what we regard as Southey's mistake. With the Italian poets, anxious as was their execution of details, and exquisitely wrought out as these details are, the general conception of the story, and the adjustment of its parts in symmetrical relation to each other and to the whole, was felt to be the poet's most important work. The constructive talent was that which distinguished the poet more than all else. So much was this the case, that in all these poems the class of incidents—the temptations which the hero resisted or to which he yielded—were almost common property. The originality of the poet was much more shown in the structure of his poem than in the details. In the classical models, the lucid arrangement of incident, and the apparent simplicity of the design, was the chief grace aimed at. The successive adventures of a single hero in removing the obstacles to some pre-appointed purpose are exhibited by the classic poet. This is the unity at which he aims. The contemporaneous adventures of many heroes whose adventures are connected by their relation to some common object, form, for the most part, the theme of the romantic poet. The fact of contemporaneity could scarcely be exhibited, except by those sudden surprises and abruptnesses which disturb the inexperienced reader of the Italian poets; and as each hero is consciously, or unconsciously, to contribute his share to the final event, the poet can scarcely allow any of the streams of narrative to be seen approaching its destined termination till he is prepared to take the spectator to a point of view in which he can contemplate all as they flow to one central point, toward which, through their whole course, they have been tending. The most patient reader will, however, at times, refuse to be the slave of the romancer. He will cease to follow, and then, of course, all

that he has read of such a poem will appear purposeless and accidental—an abuse of perverted power.

The constructive talent, which Southey tells us he knew nothing of at first, was afterward that which most distinguished him. He was proud of it, and he well might, for he certainly possessed it in a very eminent degree.

“The progress of my own mind toward attaining it (so far as I may be thought to have attained it) I am able to trace distinctly, not merely by the works themselves, and by my own recollections of the views with which they were undertaken and composed, but by the various sketches and memoranda for four long narrative poems, made during their progress from the first conception of each till its completion. At present the facility and pleasure with which I can plan an heroic poem, a drama, a biographical and historical work, however comprehensive, is even a temptation to me. It seems as if I caught the bearings of a subject at first sight, just as Telford sees from an eminence with a glance in which direction his road must be carried. But it was long before I acquired this power—not fairly, indeed, till I was about five or six-and-thirty; and it was gained by practice, in the course of which I learnt to perceive wherein I was deficient.”

The notes to Southey's poems show with what diligence he labored to acquire whatever information could be had from any source within his reach that might be of service to his purposes; and tastes that otherwise would have only led to an indulgence in desultory reading—the most vicious and debilitating mischief to which young men of talents expose themselves, from not having any perception of its danger—this became, when directed to a particular object, the means of invigorating the mind. Everything that Southey in any way learned was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his verses, and the necessity of studying all that bore on a particular subject gave a fixed direction to what would otherwise have been the sport of every idle accident.

The next change in Southey's life is his being placed at Westminster school; but before we accompany him thither, we must let our readers see more of Miss Tyler, the aunt under whose especial care he appears to have been till then.

The first appearance of Miss Tyler occurs in the antenatal portion of the biography. It was then the visit to Lisbon occurred which we have before described. At the time of the poet's birth Miss Tyler was thirty-four. “She was remarkably beauti-

ful, as far as any face can be called beautiful in which the indications of a violent temper are strongly marked.” We have already seen her at Bedminster and at Weymouth. When she finally fixed at Bristol, “she brought with her a proud contempt of Bristol society.” She declined all acquaintanceships except with the occasional visitors of Clifton and the theatrical folk. When any stranger dined with her, or when she went out, Miss Tyler's manners and appearance were those of a woman accustomed to the best society. Caught by a visitor in her ordinary apparel she was as confused “as Diana when Actæon came on her bathing-place,” and with almost as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown, and in rags. She wore her old clothes till they seemed to be a part of herself, but she was scrupulously clean in them. The whole business of her household was keeping the house clean. Dust was what above all things she abhorred. Her eccentricities made her very troublesome to everybody. The only thing about her that was allied to good was this abhorrence of dust, but her scrupulosity on the subject was not unlike insanity.

“The discomfort which Miss Tyler's passion for cleanliness produced to herself as well as to her little household was truly curious; to herself, indeed, it was a perpetual torment; to the two servants a perpetual vexation,—and so it would have been to me if nature had not blessed me with an innate hilarity of spirit which nothing but real affliction can overcome. That the better rooms might be kept clean she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was under ground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor and a sky-light, (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room—this was more like a scullery,) we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company, except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlor I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters there, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humors till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of

one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favorites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress,—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish."

Never was there a more ill-regulated mind than that of this haughty spinster. Her temper was violent. To her servants she was capriciously indulgent and tyrannical. They did not dislike her, nor do such persons in general dislike passionate masters and mistresses. Faults of this kind in their superiors assist servants in the process of self-justification in which the half-educated moral being is forever occupied. They were disposed to bear a great deal, too, from their mistress, because she often let them go to the play—being able to do so for nothing—and because her perpetual altercations with them were more palatable than the stately reserve which would seem to deny servants the rights of a common nature with their masters. She herself had a theory not very uncommon, that "a bad temper was connected with a good understanding and a commanding mind," and so she was on very good terms with herself. She was parsimonious at the same time that she lived beyond her means. Her nephew, from whom we have this account of her oddities, seems to remember her in spite of them with affection. The elastic spirit of childhood resisted the worst effects of this strange tyranny; but Miss Tyler had in Miss Palmer, and in Southey's mother, passive natures, which dared not to give battle. Miss Tyler, fortunately for the peace of the rest of the family, fell out with a brother of Southey's, and so she never entered the door of Southey's father. Southey, who lived with his aunt, was under her control, and could only get to his father's in short and hurried visits. Her horror at the thought of his soiling his clothes prevented him from having any proper play-fellow. In these circumstances, he and his aunt's servant boy were constant companions. They worked together in the garden, flew kites, went into the country to look for flowers, and, greatest work of all, actually constructed a theatre for puppets. At last, Southey goes to Westminster.

We looked with anxiety to the letters which describe his recollections of Westminster school. They are in every respect unimportant. He remained too short a time there to have his stay produce much effect in one way or other. His passion for early authorship was encouraged by the remuneration of which Cowper speaks:

"At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five;
Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver
pence,—
I was a poet too."

It would have been well if Southey had been contented, like Cowper, "with seeing his exercise sent from form to form for the admiration of all who were able to understand it;" but Southey was born in a later day, and this description of publication was not sufficient for the spreading ambition of the ardent boy. He would be an author on a larger scale, and so he published some numbers of a periodical called the *Flagellant*, in which the masters feared to see themselves flagellated, and so they commenced actions of libel against the publishers, and compelled Southey, who acknowledged himself the writer of a paper on corporal punishment, which gave them offence, to leave the school. At this time the affairs of his father were so involved that bankruptcy became inevitable. Southey went to Oxford, was refused admission at Christ Church on account of the *Flagellant* affair, and was admitted at Balliol.

Of his college life the records are few and unimportant. The letters preserved of this period are described by his son as "exercises in composition." There is not much evidence of his having pursued the prescribed studies of his college, nor any of irregularities or rebellion against discipline. He would wear his hair in flowing ringlets, in proud opposition to the paste and pomatum which the fashion of the day required; and in spite of academic regulations which forbade boots, he appears to have worn them. It was in 1793 that he entered college, and he past the August of that year at Brixton Causeway, four miles on the Surrey side of London, with his friend Grosvenor Bedford,—the friend to whom, some thirty years afterward, his "*Roderick*" was dedicated. Before this visit he had commenced the poem of *Joan of Arc*; and here, on the day on which he entered his twentieth

year, he resumed, and in six weeks completed the work.

"My progress," says Southey,* "would not have been so rapid, had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement I received. In those days, London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington, beyond which place the scene suddenly changed, and there was an air and appearance of country which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing, indeed, to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it.

"Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to neighboring villages, (for such they were then,) Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of the last century, by persons who, having realized a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity.

"Tranquil indeed the place was, for the neighborhood did not extend beyond half a dozen families, and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have it known. A fore-court separated the house from the footpath and the road in front, behind there was a large and well-stocked garden with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four linden trees, was a summer-house looking on an ornamented grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room,—that summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is enclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and elms; the brows of the Surrey hills bear a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed."

In Southey's letters of 1793, we find strong expressions of sympathy with republican feelings. But the fervor is that of a boy inspired by his classics rather than by the newspapers of the day. Of modern books, Glover's *Leonidas* was now his favorite; and the contrast of Greece in the days of old and its then degradation—"What a republic!—What a province!"—awakes a wish

strongly expressed, perhaps ardently conceived.

"If this world did but contain 10,000 people of both sexes, visionary as myself, how delightfully we would repeople Greece and turn out the Moslem. I would turn crusader, and make a pilgrimage to Parnassus at the head of my republicans, and there reinstate the Muses in their original splendor. We would build a temple to Eleutherian Jove from the quarries of Paros, replant the grove of Academus—ay, and the garden of Epicurus, where your brother and I would commence teachers."

But in all Southey's visions of the future, domestic comfort finds its place, and we have him, at the close of his letter to Horace Bedford, from which we are quoting, building his house in the prettiest Doric style—planting his garden, and managing his family group,—

"when here comes a rascal, crying, 'hare skins and rabbit skins,' and my poor house, which was built in the air, falls to pieces and leaves me, like most visionary projectors, staring at disappointment. * * * It was the favorite intention of Cowley to retire with books to a cottage in America, and seek that happiness in solitude which he could not find in society. My asylum there would be sought for different reasons, (and no prospect in life gives me half the pleasure this visionary one affords.) I should be pleased to reside in a country where men's abilities would ensure respect; where society was on a proper footing, and man was considered more valuable than money; and where I could till the earth and provide by honest industry the meat which my wife would dress with pleasing care."*

In another letter (December 14, 1793) he says,—

"The wants of man are so very few, that they must be attainable somewhere, and whether here or in America matters little. I have long learnt to look on the world as my country. Now, if you are in the mood for a revery, fancy me only in America; imagine my ground uncultivated since the creation, and see me wielding the axe, now to cut down the tree, and now the snakes that nestled in it. Then see me grubbing up the roots, and building a nice, snug little dairy with them: three rooms in my cottage, and my only companion some poor negro whom I have bought on purpose to emancipate. After a hard day's toil, see me sleep upon rushes; and in very bad weather take out my cassette, and write to you; for you shall positively write to me in America. Do not imagine that I shall leave rhyming or philosophizing; so thus your friend will realize the romance of Cowley, and even outdo the seclusion

* Southey's *Collected Works*, vol. i.—Preface to *Joan of Arc*.

* November 13, 1793.

of Rousseau ; till at last comes an ill-looking Indian with a tomahawk, and scalps me."

In another letter of the same year, he says—

"The more I see of this strange world, the more I am convinced that society requires desperate remedies. The friends I have (and you know me to be cautious in choosing them) are many of them struggling with obstacles which never could happen were man what nature intended him. A torrent of ideas bursts into my mind when I reflect on this subject. In the hours of sanguine expectation, these reveries are agreeable, but more frequently the visions are dark and gloomy, and the only ray that enlivens the scene beams on America."

On religious subjects, Southey's notions were confused. It is scarcely just to designate opinions so vague as his, by classing him with any sect, but it became impossible for him to continue to entertain the thought of taking orders in the Church of England, and thus the object with which he came to Oxford was altogether frustrated. In devising means of support, some clerkship in one of the Government offices occurred to him, and he wrote to a friend on the subject ; but here his Republicanism was an insuperable bar. He attended a few lectures on chemistry and anatomy, and soon found that medicine was not the thing for him. At this time he became acquainted with Coleridge.

Coleridge was a student at Jesus College, Cambridge. In his first year he obtained the distinction of a gold medal for a Greek ode on the slave-trade. He is described by his contemporaries as desirous of college honors ; but his strength was in classics ; and the condition of being even examined for classical honors, was having attained some knowledge of mathematics ; and this Coleridge never attained. While Middleton, afterward Bishop of Calcutta, was at college, he and Coleridge appear to have studied together. Middleton belonged to Pembroke College, and Coleridge read at Middleton's rooms. They had been at Christ's Hospital together ; and Middleton, the elder boy, was both at school and afterward at the university—to use Coleridge's own language—his "patron and protector." Middleton failed in obtaining a Fellowship at Pembroke, and left the place. With him went all Coleridge's industry and college hopes. "Coleridge was," we are told, "very studious ; but his reading was desultory and capricious. He took little exercise ; was always ready to unbend his mind in conversation ; and for the

sake of this, his room (the ground-floor room on the right hand of the staircase facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. I will not call them loungers," says the writer from whom we quote, "for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms ! What little suppers, or *sizings* as they were called, have I enjoyed !"* These were the days of political trials, and the French revolution, and Burke's pamphlets, and Coleridge night and day declaimed on all. This could not but have ended in distraction and debt. In a state of mind bordering on madness, he left Cambridge for London, and listed in a dragoon regiment. He was popular among his fellow-soldiers ; and if he could not clean his horse, he could be of use in writing letters ; so he wrote the love-letters of the regiment, and his brothers-in-arms did most of his duties. He had changed his name, and his friends for some five or six months knew nothing of him. At last he was recognized, and his discharge obtained through their friendly intervention. He returned to Cambridge. A minute account of this passage in Coleridge's life is given by Mr. Bowles, who adds to his narrative,—"It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, the 'Religious Musings' was written *non inter sylvas Academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading : a fine subject for a painting by Wilkie." There is some confusion of dates in the account of this poem ; Coleridge's own date of the poem is Christmas, 1794. Mr. Cottle refers its production to the June of the following year. Bowles's account of its having been written while he was serving in Elliot's dragoons is irreconcilable with either Coleridge's or Cottle's account. The date of Coleridge's enlistment was December 3, 1793, and of his discharge 10th of April, 1794.†

Coleridge's stay at Cambridge was not long. In June, 1794, he went to Oxford on a visit to an old school-fellow, and there became acquainted with Southey. They were each attracted by the other ; and their participation in the same views of society, and

* We transcribe from a letter in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1834, signed CERGIEL, i. e., LE GRICE.—Gillman describes the author as a first form boy with Coleridge at Christ's Hospital ; his statement we may therefore assume to be accurate, as Middleton and Coleridge were his school-fellows, and also his fellow-students at the University.

† From the War-Office Books.—Gillman's Life of Coleridge, p. 61.

very much, too, of religion, became a strong bond of union. Southey, we have seen, had already determined against taking orders; and Coleridge must, we think, be regarded as having little hope of doing anything through his college. To neither did the sacrifice appear a severe one, of leaving their respective universities without waiting for degrees. England did not seem to promise them means of support; and emigration to America, which had been, as we have seen, long before Southey's mind as an object, became the subject of their thoughts and conversation;—of their conversation rather than their thoughts, if we are to judge of the matter by the account which Mr. Gillman gives in his *Life of Coleridge*; but in this account, we think, he underrates the feelings by which Coleridge and the young friend whom he chiefly influenced were actuated. "Much," says Gillman, "has been written on the proposed scheme of settling in the wilds of America; the spot chosen was the Susquehannah;—this spot, Coleridge has often said, was selected on account of the name being pretty and metrical; indeed, he could never forbear a smile when relating the story. This day-dream was a subject in which it is doubtful whether he or Mr. Southey were really in earnest at the time it was planned."

We think the evidence decisive of their having been perfectly in earnest.

"Their plan," says Cuthbert Southey, "was to collect as many brother adventurers as they could, and to establish a community in the New World on the most thoroughly social basis. Land was to be purchased by their common contributions, and to be cultivated by their common labor. Each was to have his portion of work assigned him; and they calculated that a large part of their time would still remain for social converse and literary pursuits. The females of the party,—for all were to be married men,—were to work and perform all domestic offices; and having gone so far as to plan the architecture of their cottages and the form of their settlement, they had pictured as pleasant an Utopia as ever entered an ardent mind. To this scheme of emigration they gave the euphonious name of *Pantisocracy*."

Coleridge, in his published works, now and then speaks of the plan—never as one that he and his friends did not do what they could to realize at the time it was contemplated—and to it and the speculations on government, which the administration of the projected colony suggested, he regarded himself as owing his clearest insight into "the nature of individual man"—his views of "social relations—of the true uses of trade and

commerce, and how far the *wealth* and relative *power* of nations promote or impede their *welfare* and inherent *strength*." In imagination they were the rulers of an empire—an empire in which they, too, were the sole laborers. Coleridge had a theme for perpetual argumentation, and it is not improbable that the discipline of defending their project against all assailants gave him some readiness in the use of language as an instrument. Coleridge left Oxford for Wales, and in the winter of that year we find him and Southey at Bristol.

From Mr. Cottle we have an account of their Bristol life and plans. Cottle was established as a bookseller in Bristol—an accomplished and an amiable man, the author of some very pleasing poems. Some time toward the close of the year 1794, Robert Lovell, a young Quaker, who had lately married a Bristol young lady, called on Cottle—told him of the plan of emigration proposed by Southey and Coleridge. Their project, he said, was to have entire community of property. None were to be admitted into the proposed colony but persons of incorruptible virtue. Some two hours of labor would be sufficient for each to produce his share of the common store. Ample time would thus remain for study and the production of literary works. It might not be possible to remove from the first generation—the settlers from Europe—all the evils attending their vicious education; but in the second generation, children born in the colony, who could only hear of "war and crime in Transatlantic story," would combine the "innocence of the patriarchal age with the knowledge and genuine refinements of European culture." Was it a real knowledge of Cottle's kindness of nature that made them propose to him to become one of the founders of the new society? or was it that the "sires of empire yet to be" did after all think of themselves as communicating with the world around and beyond them chiefly through their literary productions, and imagined the new colony could not do without its bookseller? Was Cottle to be introduced into their paradise in the character of the cormorant sitting on the tree of knowledge?*

Cottle was lost in amazement; the splendor of the plan, as well as its simplicity, left

* "The devil peeped into a publisher's shop,
Quoth he, we are both of one college,
For I sate myself like a cormorant once
Upon the tree of Knowledge."—*Devil's Walk*.

him for a while without a word—at last he asks the young Quaker, "How do you go?"—"We freight a ship, carrying with us ploughs and all other implements of husbandry." At this time Lovell and three others had joined in the adventure—Coleridge from Cambridge, Southey and Burnett from Oxford.

Lovell was a poet; his verses, like those of Southey and Cottle, were an echo of Cowper and Hurdis. They were not unpleasing—but he came as the herald of Coleridge and Southey, and delighted the young and ardent bookseller by quotations from the poems of his friends. A live poet was then something to look at,—and in a short time after Lovell came again, bringing Southey with him. "Never," says Cottle, "will the impression be effaced. Tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, with a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence, I gave him at once the right hand of friendship, and to the present moment never has it been withdrawn."

In a few days after Coleridge rose in the eye of the delighted bookseller. Cottle formed parties where Pantisocracy was discussed, objections started, objections obviated, and quarto volumes announced as forthcoming to advance arguments too recondite for conversation. Still no ship was engaged—no preparation made for the actual voyage; Cottle had a prophetic misgiving that the scheme was about to be abandoned. He was unable, to be sure, to interpose a word in the torrents of argument that forever flowed from the eloquent lips of the future patriarchs, but he found himself at night sleepless with anxiety at men of such genius throwing themselves away in pursuit of what he regarded as a delusion. Of their pecuniary means he as yet knew nothing, nor till he was asked for the loan of a few pounds to discharge their lodging-bill, had he any notion of there being difficulties of that kind in their way. Cottle was a generous man, and gave Southey and Coleridge thirty guineas each for the copyright of their poems. Coleridge had in vain tried to sell his in London. To Southey also he gave fifty guineas for Joan of Arc, and gave him fifty copies for himself. "It can rarely happen," says Southey, in a preface to a late reprint of the poem, "that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself, and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it

cause of regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time on either side to the present day." The expedition to America was not yet abandoned in thought by the adventurous poets, and Coleridge and Southey delivered lectures in Bristol, in order to raise the necessary funds. Southey's lectures were on history: they were greatly admired. Cottle tells us of the graceful self-possession of the lecturer.

The subject of emigration for a while continues to occupy Southey's letters. In one to his brother Thomas Southey, he tells of two new associates, Favell and Le Grice—and quotes a poem of Favell's, on the subject of the intended colony.

"No more my visionary soul shall dwell
On joys that were; no more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful—o'er the ocean-swell
Sublime of hope I seek the cottaged dell,
Where virtue calm with careless step may
stray;
And dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
The wizard passion wears a holy spell.
Eyes that have ached with anguish! ye shall
weep
Tears of doubt-mingled joy, as those who
start
From precipices of distemper'd sleep,
On which the fierce-eyed fiends their revel
keep,
And see the rising sun, and find it dart
New rays of pleasure trembling to the heart."

"This is," says Southey, "a very beautiful piece of poetry; and we may form a very fair opinion of Favell from it." With respect to this sonnet, there is somehow or other a mistake, as the first eight lines are printed as his own in Coleridge's monody on the death of Chatterton. Could Southey have made some mistake? and is the poem Coleridge's? In the monody on the death of Chatterton, the eighth line is—

"The wizard passions weave a holy spell,"

which is no doubt the true reading, though something of meaning can also be forced out of the other.

Of Southey's lectures, we regret that his son has been unable to find any trace. Ardent and enthusiastic as he was, and hoping too much from change in the institutions of society, we have no doubt that they would altogether disprove the charges made against him of wishing to disturb the rights of prop-

erty, or to effect any changes whatever by violence. A single sentence of Southey's lectures we have met, and this proves what he thought must be the inevitable result of successful violence—"The temple of despotism, like that of the Mexican god, would be rebuilt with human skulls, and more firmly, though in a different order of architecture." In a letter to Grosvenor Bedford (*February 8, 1795*), he writes of himself, and his prospects, and his opinions—surely anything but revolutionary in the sense imputed to him:—

"There is the strangest mixture of cloud and of sunshine! an outcast in the world! an adventurer! living by his wits! yet happy in the full conviction of rectitude, in integrity, and in the affection of a mild and lovely woman; at once the object of hatred and admiration; wondered at by all; hated by the aristocrats; the very oracle of my own party. Bedford! Bedford! mine are the principles of peace and non-resistance; you cannot burst our bonds of affection. Do not grieve that circumstances have made me thus; you ought to rejoice that your friend acts up to his principles, though you think them wrong. * * * I am in treaty with the Telegraph, and hope to be their correspondent. Hireling to a newspaper! 'Sdeath! 'tis an ugly title; but, *n'importe*, I shall write truth and only truth. You will be melancholy at all this, Bedford; I am so at times; but what can I do? I could not enter the Church, nor had I finances to study physic; for public offices I am too notorious. I have not the gift of making shoes, nor the happy art of mending them. Education has unfitted me for trade, and I must perforce enter the muster-roll of authors. * * * If Coleridge and I can get £150 a year between us, we purpose marrying, and retiring into the country, as our literary business can be carried on there, and practicing agriculture, till we can raise money for America—still the grand object in view."

The next letter from which we shall make an extract is dated May 27, 1795. His marriage is now determined on:—

"I asked the question. Grosvenor, you will love your sister, Edith. I look forward with feelings of delight that dim my eyes to the day she will expect you as her brother to visit us. Brown bread, wild Welsh raspberries; heigh, ho! * * * Poetry softens the heart, Grosvenor. No man ever tagged rhyme, without being the better for it. I write but little. The task of correcting Joan [of Arc] is a very great one; but as the plan is fundamentally bad, it is necessary that the poetry should be good. If I could be with you another eight weeks I believe I should write another poem, so essential is it to be happily situated. I shall copy out what I have done of *Madoc*, and send you ere long. You

will find more simplicity in it than in any of my pieces, and of course it is the best. I shall study three works to write it—the Bible, Homer, and Ossian."

The plan of Pantisocracy was now formally abandoned. Southey was the first to awake from the wild dream; and some temporary estrangement arose between the friends on this occasion. Southey's giving up the project "disturbed and excited Mr. Coleridge. He manifested, by the vehemence of his language, that he must have felt at the time no common disappointment."

Southey's mind was gradually working itself clear of the errors and mistakes of his boyhood. To the effect of Bowles' poems, and to the constant company of Coleridge, he ascribes "the amelioration of his poetical taste." He says of Godwin,—"I read and all but worshiped. I have since seen his fundamental error—that he theorizes for another state, not for the rule of conduct in the present. * * * For religion, I can confute the atheist, and baffle him with his own weapons; and can at least teach the deist, that the arguments in favor of Christianity are not to be despised. Metaphysics I know enough to use them as defensive armor, and to deem them otherwise difficult trifles."

His uncle, Mr. Hill, now returned from Lisbon. Southey dreaded a meeting with this affectionate man, all whose plans for his nephew's advancement or even support in life had been so strangely and unexpectedly frustrated. His separation from college—his determination not to enter the Church—his political misbeliefs—his projected marriage—his apparently desperate hope of supporting a family by writing for newspapers and magazines, and lecturing to such audiences as could be collected in places of commercial resort—all might well try the temper of a man who looked upon him with love and hope, but who saw only ruin in every one of the plans on which his nephew's heart seemed fixed. To break the bonds between him and his political associates, and if possible to interrupt the marriage project, his uncle determined on getting him out of England. The gods granted half the uncle's wishes; the political bondage was snapped asunder, when the vessel, which conveyed him and his nephew to Lisbon, left the English shore. Before sailing, however, and on the very day of the commencement of his voyage, Southey was married to Edith Fricker—one of whose sisters had been

married to Lovell, and another to Coleridge. "Immediately after the ceremony," says Cuthbert Southey, "they parted. My mother wore her wedding ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of her marriage had spread abroad."

In the next letter, we find Southey in Cornwall, and telling Bedford—"This is a foul country; the tinmen inhabit the most agreeable part of it, for they live under ground. Above it is most dreary, desolate. My *sans-culotte*, like Johnson's in Scotland, becomes a valuable piece of timber, and I a most dull and sullenly silent fellow; such effects has place." Cuthbert Southey tells us that the *sans-culotte* was a walking-stick; but thanks to kind-hearted Joseph Cottle, and his book of *Recollections*, we can tell our readers something more of it:—

"At the instant Mr. Southey was about to set off on his travels, I observed he had no stick, and lent him a stout holly of my own. In the next year, on his return to Bristol, 'here,' says Mr. S., exciting great surprise, 'here is the holly you were kind enough to lend me!' I have since then looked with additional respect on my old ligneous traveler, and remitted a portion of his accustomed labor. It was a source of some amusement, when in November of the past year, 1836, Mr. Southey, in his journey to the West, to my great gratification spent a few days with me; and in talking of Spain and Portugal, I showed him his companion, the old holly! Though somewhat bent with age, the servant (after an interval of forty years) was immediately recognized by his master; and with additional interest, as this stick he thought on one occasion had been the means of saving his purse, if not his life, from the sight of so efficient an instrument of defence having intimidated a Spanish robber."—*Cottle's Early Recollections*, vol. ii. p. 2.

Of Southey's rambles in Portugal and Spain we have little mention in his son's work. It is probable that the letters he wrote from abroad were recalled by him, and formed the substance of his travels published within the next year. He returned after a visit of six months, and with his wife fixed himself for a while in lodgings in Bristol. Lovell, his brother-in-law, had died during his absence, and his first letters on his return exhibit him devising plans for the widow's support. "She," says Cuthbert Southey, "who during my father's life found a home with him, and who now, at an advanced age, is a member of my household, is the sole survivor of those whose eager hopes once centred in Pantisocracy, one of

the last of the generation so fast passing away from us."

Southey continued to live in Bristol till the close of the year 1796. He then went to London, entered his name in the books of Gray's Inn, and spoke of studying law; but being engaged with the composition of two poems, *Thalaba* and *Madoc*, both of which occupied him simultaneously, and also being employed in writing on subjects of temporary interest in literature and politics for newspapers and magazines, it is not surprising that the only evidence we have of his ever having had law-books is his telling a friend of his hope soon to make a Christmas bonfire of them. Residence in the country appears to have been absolutely necessary for him. There is a pleasing letter in verse to his wife, in which he speaks of it as the one wish of his heart,—

"To find some little home, some low retreat,
Where the vain uproar of the worthless world
Might never reach his ear. * * *

he would live
To thee and to himself, and to our God.
To dwell in that foul city, to endure
The common, hollow, cold, lip-intercourse
Of life; to walk abroad and never see
Green field, or running brook, or setting sun!
Will it not wither up my faculties
Like some poor myrtle, that in the town air
Pines in the parlor window?"

This letter was written from Norfolk, where Southey had just made the acquaintance of William Taylor, the translator of Bürger's *Leonore*, a writer who was the first to make the English acquainted with the better parts of German literature; and who, with some strange fancies which, if they led him astray, still kept his mind awake and active, produced a very powerful influence on the public mind. We hope that Southey's biographer may find no difficulty of copyright interfering with his giving the correspondence between Southey and Taylor, both parts of which are published in *Taylor's Life*, and both parts of which might receive valuable illustration from a comparison of the successive editions of Southey's works, and from judicious extracts from Taylor's contributions to the magazines and reviews of the day. Southey fixed his tent for a year at Westbury. The law-books were forgotten, and he never past a year of more happiness. During that year his mind was vigorously at work, and much of the most genial part of his poetry was produced there.

An author's life, however, is in his works, and it is impossible by any narrative to give an interest, independent of them, to the outward circumstances with which he may be connected. Of the poems published during the period to which Cuthbert Southey's first volume relates, the most important is "Joan of Arc;" and we think it would be desirable, in some future edition of that poem, to note the variations which it underwent since it was first placed before the public. In the first edition a considerable portion of the second book of the poem was supplied by Coleridge. This part was afterward separated from Southey's poem, and, with very considerable additions, was printed by Mr. Coleridge under the title of "The Destiny of Nations."

In the poem, as originally conceived, there was a sort of miraculous interference of guardian angels, and epic machinery of the old accredited character. All this was removed in the new editions,—and with Coleridge's part of the work much of Southey's own also went. It is seldom wise to vary the original structure of a poem, and we are averse even to changes of words. The precise state of feeling in which a passage has been written cannot be recalled, and additions made at a different time of life seldom entirely harmonize with the color of the original texture. Readers who have admired a poem in its first form are but ill satisfied with an author who impliedly tells them their admiration was misplaced. Scott was, we think, wise, who, when a poem was once given to the world, left it to its fate.

The first and second editions of "Joan of Arc" are before us, and also the edition of 1837, with his final corrections. In the remarkable scene where the maid proves her divine mission by the grave rendering up to her the consecrated sword, we are prepared for miracle. In the first edition we have the scene described:

"A trophied tomb

Close to the altar reared its antique bulk;
Two pointless javelins, and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior
slept

The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone,
And rude ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. Above stood VICTORY,
With lifted arm and trump, as she would blow
The blast of Fame; but on her outstretch'd arm
DEATH laid his ebon rod.

The maid approach'd—
DEATH dropp'd his ebon rod—the lifted trump
Pour'd forth a blast, whose sound miraculous
Burst the rude tomb. Within the arms appear'd,

The crested helm, the massy bauldrick's strength,
The oval shield, the magic-temper'd blade.

* * * *

She spoke, and lo! again the magic trump
Breath'd forth the notes of conquest."

In the second edition, the "pointless javelins and the broken sword," distinguishing the fallen warrior's tomb, remain; but Victory with the trump, and Death with the ebon rod, are removed. In the final edition, the pointless javelins and broken sword, and all that in the emblem either pointed to the warrior who slept beneath, or to the delegated maiden, disappear. The grave does not open miraculously at the appointed hour to the blast of, as it would seem, an angelic trumpet; but instead of the legend, which it is not unlikely was popularly believed, and which, at all events, does not make any unreasonable demand on the spirit of willing credulity in which poetry is read, we have a picture, no doubt, much more consistent with every-day experience, but, if we do not greatly mistake, much less so with the probabilities which the occasion requires. The assumed fact of the divine mission of the Maid of Orleans is that by which everything else is to be measured; and while, perhaps, the VICTORY and DEATH have not been conceived in a very elevated style of fiction, yet surely they were better than what is substituted—

"In silent wonderment,

The expectant multitude, with eager eye,
Gaze listening, as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose," &c.

In the first book of "Joan of Arc," are passages which Southey never in after life exceeded—never, indeed, we think quite equaled. Of these passages the germ existed in the first edition; but, perhaps, the necessity of finding, in the influences of human passion excited to the highest state of feeling, a substitute for the miraculous guidance under which he had at first represented his heroine as acting, rendered it desirable to dwell upon the passages which described her communion with outward nature, and the intense enthusiasm which, in the language of St. Teresa, "suspends the Soul in such a sort that she seems to be wholly out of herself." The inspiration of the Maid of Orleans is, in Southey's conception of the character, produced by strong feelings of natural religion, influenced and colored by the legendary tales and traditions of Lorraine. With the enthusiasm of the Maid of Arc the

poet's mind seems more entirely identified than with the passions ascribed to any other of his heroes and heroines. We find in one of his letters to Taylor something like this said. He has been speaking of *Thalaba* with at least a parent's love. "The poem compares more fairly with '*Vathek*' than with any existing work, and I think may stand by its side for invention. There are parts of the poetry which I cannot hope to surpass. Yet I look with more pride to the truth and the soul that animates '*Joan of Arc*.' There is the individual Robert Southey there, and only his imagination in the enchanted fabric." Indeed, to us the individual Robert Southey is present more in "*Joan of Arc*" than in any of his after poems. Of Southey's larger poems, it has been truly said, by an English commentator on Goethe, that "the object is to exhibit the position of man in a world which, if considered by itself, is insufficient for him. Freedom and happiness, broken and interrupted by surrounding circumstances, are represented as at last secured. 'The last best friend is Death.' In Southey the triumph is everywhere anticipated;—of the life, which is to be for immortality, the birth has already commenced; the poet expresses his own faith not alone in the ultimate predominance of Good—for this who can disbelieve?—but in its present predominance; so that the disturbing mysteries of sin and pain, and all that haunts and disquiets us in the contemplation and the experience of life, while they still remain unexplained, seem as if their very existence was but some strange delusion—a something to pass away. The witchcraft of *Thalaba* is a dream—the faith of the hero is an enduring thing; the thrones of penal fire in *Kehama* are felt to be but unsubstantial pageantry; but is there not a life, permanent, enduring, eternal, for the constancy of *Ladurlad* and the love of *Kailyal*? In all there is the same struggle for life in an element felt not to be the natural one; in all Death comes as the reconciling angel—to every one of his heroes is the same support given—in every one of his poems is the same lesson taught."* So similar in conception are his poems, that we are not surprised that he was simultaneously engaged with all. All except "*Roderick*" are mentioned as subjects with which he was occupied in his correspondence with Taylor; and the story of Count Julian's daughter, on which he afterward framed his poem of *Roderick*, is the subject of an early mono-

drama. In a letter of 1805 to Mr. Wynn, we have the subject of "*Roderick*" announced as occupying his thoughts, and an outline of the poem communicated. Of "*Madoc*," the conception, he tells us, was formed in his fourteenth year, though the poem was not published for nineteen years afterward. He writes to his friend Bedford, whose life appears to have been clouded with ennui, and whom Southey was always endeavoring to excite to exertion of some kind:—"The want of a favorite pursuit is your greatest source of discomfort and discontent. It is the pleasure of *pursuit* that makes every man happy; whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector, or the philobibl, or the *reader-o-bibl*, and *maker-o-bibl*, like me. Pursuit at once supplies employment and hope. This is that I have often preached to you; but perhaps I have never told you what benefit I have derived from resolute employment. When *Joan of Arc* was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes of unhappiness as any man need have—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking—my head was full of what I was composing. When I lay down at night, I was planning my poem; and when I arose in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread, and butter, and those little *et ceteras* which amount to a formidable sum, when a man has no resources; but that poem, faulty as it is, has given me a Baxter's shove into my right place in the world." Never, perhaps, before was there an instance of a man whose profession was literature having past the whole of life in carrying out into distinct realization the projects of his early boyhood. He somewhere speaks of an intention formed while yet at school, of writing an epic poem on each of the great religious systems that have obtained on earth—and something like this he has done with respect to Mahomedanism, to the Hindoo mythology, and to the forms of Christianity that prevailed on the Continent, and in Spain, at the periods of *Joan of Arc*, and of *Roderick*. *Thalaba*, he tells William Taylor, "was meant to embody the more poetical parts of Islam. * * *

By the blessing of God you will see my hyppogryff touch at Hindostan, fly

* *Faustus*.—A dramatic Mystery from Goethe. Longman, 1835.

back to Scandinavia, and then carry me among the fire-worshippers of Istakhar; you will see him take a peep at the Jews, a flight to Japan, and an excursion among the saints and martyrs of Catholicism. Only let me live long enough, and earn leisure enough, and I will do for each of these mythologies what I have done for the Mohammedan." In Southey's mind there does not appear to have been the growth which one would anticipate. We see little difference of power, except as far as mere readiness of hand and mechanical execution is concerned, in the works of his early manhood, and in those of his mature age. There is no wider range of thought—no more clear insight into principle—scarcely any increased power of illustration. As against, however, any unfavorable inference that may be deduced from this, we must remember that high powers they were which were so early developed—that the works of few men were equal to those of his boyhood, and that in some classes of poetry, and those of a character in which his originality is undoubted—we speak of such poems as "The Holly Tree," "The Spider," "The Cataract of Lodore"—he has never been surpassed by either man or boy:—we should also remember, if we miss in his poetry the exquisiteness of finish which we find in Coleridge and Landor, the unceasing occupation of Southey, which left no time for touching and retouching. This realization in after life, of what was happily imagined in boyhood, is to us the most beautiful thing in Southey's life. He himself is fond of telling us of having preserved the gayety of childhood to advanced life.

"Time that matures the intellectual part,
Hath tinged my hairs with gray, but left untouched my heart.

* * * * *

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day,
For so that inward light by nature given,
Shall still direct and guide me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which
led
My favored footsteps to the Muses' hill,
Whose arduous steep I have not ceased to tread."

Southey's life reminds us, in some respects, of Wordsworth's conception of the Happy Warrior.

"Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit who when brought
Among the tasks of real life hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his infant thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, (miserable train),
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
In face of those does exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, be-
reaves

Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate.
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice.

More skillful in self-knowledge, even more
pure

As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Hence also more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he—

Whose powers shed round him in the common
strife

Or mild concerns of ordinary life—
A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

In his poetry was Southey's great refuge from everything that distressed or afflicted him. Poverty was to him at first a religion; "one overwhelming propensity," he says, "has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth, but it has made me happy, and will make me immortal." Madoc was completed on the 12th of July, 1799, at Kingsdown, Bristol. "In those days," says Southey, "I was an early riser. The time so gained was employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers"—Southey was on a visit with him—"came down to breakfast, on the morning after Madoc was completed, I had the first hundred lines of Thalaba to show him fresh from the mint." During this period, Southey's means of support were derived almost entirely from the payment which he received for his contributions to Reviews and Magazines. From the house of Longman, he also obtained some occasional employment in translating from the French. His health broke down under the continual task-work, and Beddoes ordered him to the south of Europe. He was detained by contrary winds at Falmouth:—"Six days we watched the weather-cock and sighed for north-easters. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, admired the sea-anemones in

their ever-varying shapes of beauty—read Gebir, and wrote half a book of Thalaba.” Southey quotes this passage from an old letter of his in his preface to the last edition of Thalaba, because he had introduced the sea-anemones into the part of Thalaba then written, and because he wished to record the fact that he “was sensible of having derived great improvement from the frequent perusal of Gebir at this time.” In a letter to Taylor (October 22, 1799,) he asks him, “Have you seen a poem called Gebir? It appears to me the miraculous work of a madman. Its intelligible passages are flashes of lightning at midnight, like a picture in whose obscure coloring no plan is discoverable, but in every distinct touch you see the master hand.” Writing to Coleridge immediately before his voyage, he says, “I take with me for the voyage your poems, the Lyrics, the Lyrical Ballads, and Gebir; and, except a few books designed for presents, these make all my library. I like Gebir more and more. If you ever meet the author, tell him I took it with me on a voyage.”

In July, 1800, we have him at Cintra, riding jackasses, “a fine lazy way of traveling, you have even a boy to beat old Dapple when he is slow. I eat oranges, figs, and delicious pears—drink Colares wine, a sort of half-way excellence between port and claret—read all I can lay my hands on—dream of poem after poem, play after play—take a siesta of two hours, and am as happy as if life were an everlasting to-day, and that to-morrow was not to be provided for.” In about a year he returned restored in health and strength, and found a letter from Coleridge awaiting his arrival. For a sentence from that letter we must make room, as “it describes briefly yet very faithfully,” says Mr. Cuthbert Southey, “the place destined to be my father’s abode for the longest portion of his life—the birthplace of all his children save one, and the place of his final rest.”

“Our house,” says Coleridge, “stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field, and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is a nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard, and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round, and catches the evening lights in the front of the house. In front we have a giant’s camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale, and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore full in view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms,

and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings: without going from our own grounds, we have all that can please a human being. As to books, my landlord, who dwells next door, has a respectable library, which he has put with mine—histories, encyclopædias, and all the modern gentry. But then I can have, when I choose, free access to the princely library of Sir Guilford Lawson, which contains the noblest collection of travels and natural history of perhaps any private library in England: besides this, there is the cathedral library of Carlisle, from which I can have any books sent me that I wish; in short, I can truly say that I command all the libraries in the country.”

Southey still wished for a warm climate. Portugal would be the place which he himself would have chosen, but there seemed to have been some facilities for obtaining for him the office of secretary to an Italian legation, and in expectation of this he exulted;—why, think you? Let his letter to Grosvenor Bedford answer. “It is unfortunate that you cannot come to the sacrifice of my one law-book, my whole proper stock, whom I design to take to the top of Mount Ætna, for the purpose of throwing him down straight to the devil—huzza! Grosvenor, I was once afraid I should have a deadly deal of law to forget whenever I had done with it, but my brains, God bless them! never received any, and I am as ignorant as heart could wish. The tares would not grow.” Southey did not go to Mount Ætna to visit the devil, but to Ireland. FIRE, FAMINE, and SLAUGHTER had been there a year or two before, and, indeed, every year, for the last five hundred, and it seemed no bad place to go to for the purpose of burning his law-books. Well, away he goes. “I saw,” says he, “the sun set behind Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvonshire rose so beautifully before us, that though at sea, it was delightful—the sun-rise was magnificent.” Then comes a storm. At last they land at Balbriggan.

Mr. Corry was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, and Southey was appointed his private secretary, with a salary of £400 a year. But before Southey reached Dublin, whom did he meet? “A man whose name is as widely known as that of any human being, except, perhaps, Bonaparte. He is not above five feet, but notwithstanding his figure, he soon became the most important personage of the party. ‘Sir,’ said he, as soon as he set foot on the vessel, ‘I am a unique; I go anywhere, just as the whim takes me; this morning, Sir, I had no idea whatever of going to Dublin; I did not think of it when I left home, my wife and family

knew nothing of the trip. I have only one shirt with me, besides what I have on; my nephew here, Sir, has not another shirt to his back; but money, Sir, money—anything may be had in Dublin.' Who the devil is this fellow? thought I. We talked of rum—he had just bought a hundred puncheons, the weakest drop fifteen above proof—of the west of England, and out he pulls an Exeter newspaper from his pocket—of bank paper, his pocket-book was stuffed full of notes, Scotch, Irish, and English; and I really am obliged to him for some clues to discover forged paper. Talk, talk, everlasting: he could draw for money on any town in the United Kingdom—aye, or America. At last he was made known for Dr. Solomon. At night I set upon the doctor, talking of disease in general, beginning with the Liverpool flux—which remedy had proved most effectual—nothing like the cordial balm of Gilead. At last I ventured to touch upon a tender subject—did he conceive Dr. Brodum's medicine to be analogous to his own? 'Not in the least, Sir—color, smell, all totally different; as for Dr. Brodum, Sir, all the world knows it, it is manifest to everybody, that his advertisements are all stolen, *verbatim et literatim*, from mine. Sir, I don't think it worth while to notice such a fellow.' But enough of Solomon and his nephew, and successor that is to be—the Rehoboam of Gilead—a cub in training."

On their route from Balbriggan to Dublin they saw no trees, all had been cut down for pike-handles.

On being installed in his office, Southey found he had but little to do in what he regarded as his proper business, as secretary, but Corry expected him to act as private tutor to his children, and this did not answer the poet's purposes; so they parted company, and Southey took up his tent at Greta Hall. Coleridge went to Malta, as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball. "Mr. Smith says, 'Coleridge is making a fortune in his present situation, or at least, that any one but a poet would make one in it.' How amusing, that the author of 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' should be a commissary fattening under war and Pitt!"*

Southey speaks with impatience of his weary, weary work of criticism:—

Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Stern foe to witticism,
By men called Criticism!

* Taylor to Southey, Oct. 1805.

"This vile reviewing still bird-limes me. I do it slower than anything else, yawning over tiresome work;" yet, in the midst of the rubbish which he had to clear away, as he best could, amid all his dreary journeywork, he never lost sight of the better purposes for which his nature fitted him; and he was wise enough also, in his dealings with the booksellers, to reserve some share to himself of the future copyright in most of what he published. In 1807 we find him mentioning his history of Brazil, and his determination to print it at his own risk, rather than part with the copyright, for which he says he might obtain five hundred guineas; "but I will not sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. *This is not all—I cannot do one thing at a time*; so sure as I attempt it, my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night, and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either for half an hour after supper, and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked!) a heart at ease, I continue to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to get out of order as any man's can be."*

Of Mr. Cuthbert Southey's work, enough has not been published to enable us to form any very decided opinion. It is written in an unaffected, unambitious tone, and in great kindness of spirit to every one mentioned in it. Indeed, we think that in some cases, at this distance of time, there could scarcely have been occasion for the asterisks and blank lines which we now and then meet, filling up the places of omitted names. The passages should be left out or the names given.

The great admiration with which Southey regarded Coleridge is often expressed in his letters. Of Lamb, too, and Wordsworth, we have frequent mention, and always in language of the strongest affection. It is really wonderful how, with his mind engaged in so many projects of his own, he could so fully appreciate the claims of others, and have his heart always awake to their interests. "My father," says Cuthbert Southey, "has yet to be *fully known*, and this I have a good hope will be accomplished by the publication of these volumes."

We conclude with extracts from two poems

* Southey to Taylor, April 13, 1807.

of Southey's, describing himself, one in a playful, the other in a serious spirit.

"Robert the rhymers, who lives at the Lakes,
Describes himself thus to prevent mistakes.

* * * *

He is lean of body and lank of limb;
The man must walk fast who would overtake him.

His eyes are not yet much the worse for the wear,

And Time has not thinn'd or straightened his hair,

Notwithstanding that now he is more than half-way

On the road from Grizzle to Gray.

He hath a long nose with a bending ridge,
It might be worth notice on Strasburg bridge.

* * * *

A man he is by nature merry,
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical, very;
Who has gone through the world not mindful of self,

Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself;

Along by-paths and in pleasant ways,
Caring as little for censure as praise."

* * * *

"My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

"My thoughts are with the Dead! With them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

"My hopes are with the Dead! anon
My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust."

From the Athenæum.

DEATH OF THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

THIS month of December has been ushered in by the death of the highest, most powerful, and most popular among the modern "Poets of the People"—we mean, of course, Mr. Ebenezer Elliott. His decease took place on the 1st instant, at his residence, Argilt Hill, near Barnsley:—his age, we believe, being betwixt sixty and seventy years. It is now eighteen years since a notice of the "Corn Law Rhymes," which appeared in the *Athenæum* [vide Nos. 189, 190, 198,] together with a like panegyric in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, mainly assisted in bringing to light one of the most fierce, fervid, and eloquent men of genius that ever entered the temple of poetical fame through the "iron gate" of Politics. He lived to see the grievance which revealed his genius to himself and to his countrymen pass away among the sins and sorrows that have been.

But the life of Ebenezer Elliott appears, on retrospect, to have been complete in other things besides this. He was born in a village near the town of Sheffield; the son "of a man of education and of great natural humor," who was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment. His father was also a stout Jacobin, and was persecuted and insulted as such by the yeomanry, who used "to amuse themselves periodically by backing their horses through his windows." It was thought a needless waste of time and money to bestow anything beyond the ordinary schooling upon Ebenezer; since the boy, after the fashion of greater poets, was idle over his book—given to kite-flying and bird-nesting rather than to study. He was accordingly placed in a foundry in Sheffield; and for a while we are given to understand in the notice whence these memoranda are derived, lived much as his foundry-mates lived, till the accident of a

botanical work falling into his hands rescued him from the ale-house and touched within him the chords of a higher taste and purer pleasures. Thenceforward they never ceased to vibrate through his verse—and hence the secret of its power: let its theme be never so grim and unpromising. With all the true energy which Elliott displayed in placarding, gibbeting, and otherwise “doing to death” the “accursed Bread Tax,” he was probably never more sincere than when in the Preface to the third volume of the collected edition of his poems (1835) he expressed himself as “sufficiently rewarded if my poetry has led one poor despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to show his desolated heart that, though his wrongs have been heavy and his fall deep, and though the spoiler is yet abroad, still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain-top the lonely fir is pointing with her many fingers to our Father in heaven.” These aspirations were in Mr. Elliott’s case accompanied by a firm resolution to be sufficient to his own independence. Successively (as he himself has acquainted the world) he rose from being a workman into becoming a small tradesman—married, and became the father of many children, whom he educated and put forward in life honorably. Some years since, we believe, Mr. Elliott retired from business; and one of the pleasant pages in Mr. Howitt’s “Homes and Haunts” was that which described the writer’s visit to his residence—pleasant as giving a picture of rest, competence, and cheerful intellectual exertion closing a life which had been busy, anxious, and not clear of storms. At the time of his death Mr. Elliott was occupied in collecting for the press an enlarged edition of his poems. These we cannot pretend to enu-

merate at a moment’s warning; their projected re-appearance rendering the task the less necessary. One of the first (if not the very first) entitled “Love,” with another poem and a letter to Lord Byron, appeared in 1823—nine years before the “Corn Law Rhymes” made its writer famous. Betwixt the years 1830 and 1836 Mr. Elliott followed up his political pamphlet, with sundry other volumes of verse, dramatic, descriptive, and meditative; most of his new appearances being heralded by their page or two of nervous, angry, honest prose—none being without many pages of earnest, or pathetic, or commanding beauty. While—on returning to Mr. Elliott’s poems—we feel a certain incompleteness and want of proportion here and there, which mar our pleasure in them, we have been anew struck by their vigor, by their eloquence, and by their exquisite touches of local beauty. The latter alone will make them sought after, again and again, whenever the nooks and corners of our island, as described by its singers, shall be the theme. If Scott be the poet of Tweedside, and Wordsworth of the Lakes, to Elliott, assuredly, belong the heights and the dales of Yorkshire—and, yet more, its “broad towns,” in which Manufacture is unable to destroy or efface (as puny and faithless folk would tempt us to believe) the elements of poetry that lie in the human heart, “with all its dreams and sighs.” One of Mr. Elliott’s last appearances in rhyme was the biting stanza directed against the Socialists, which was cited in our columns last year. On the whole, his is a career which we can contemplate with sympathy. His, too, is an English name, which the men—whether working or thinking—of every shire of England may delight to honor.

FRANCIS LORD JEFFERY.

HE old in fame go from us; and we start,
Amid our common cares and busy ways,
To find they too are mortal and depart
Whose names have been their country’s pride and
praise:
Learned in her pages, from the storied days
Of a dead generation, with whose powers
And souls—that stood on earth like leaguered towers—

They coped and conquered, gathering early bays
On fields of thought their victories made ours;
They whom great cities boasted as their wealth,—
Whom strange and nameless pilgrims from far
homes
Sought out in work-day paths, to gaze by stealth
Upon their earthly presence, ere they went
Where glory may not change nor love lament.
Edinburgh, 1850. FRANCES BROWN.

From the North British Review.

EDINBURGH.

A Letter to the Lord Provost on the Best Ways of Spoiling the Beauty of Edinburgh. By LORD COCKBURN.

IN common with every "right Edinburgh man," we read the pamphlet thus whimsically entitled, not only with that pleasure which, from its singularly original and characteristic style, it must have occasioned even to a stranger, but with feelings of civic satisfaction and pride. We deem it nothing more than proper and seemly, on the part of a community so highly favored, that a sense of the "hourly luxuries" to which Lord Cockburn refers, should thus from time to time be publicly avowed; and we regard it as a subject of no improper gratulation that one so gifted and so beloved, should have found time, in the midst of the engrossing duties of a high and responsible station, to offer, even in these few printed pages, a passing tribute to the beauty of our town.

Strange as it may seem to those of our readers whose imaginations have been in the habit of wandering to other lands in search of beautiful cities, we are willing to incur the charge of local vanity which may attach to the expression of our opinion, that in point of position, at all events, Edinburgh is not only unsurpassed, but is unrivaled by any city in Europe, with the possible exceptions of Corinth and Constantinople. To Rome, notwithstanding the seven hills, it is unquestionably superior both in picturesqueness and variety, and we prefer it to "Firenze la Bella," to Genoa, and even to Naples. Venice is more singular, but we suspect our good citizens, accustomed to the free exercise of their limbs, would soon feel the monotony of a dwelling in the sea. Vienna, the gay and cheerful Vienna that was (and we hope that is again), cannot vie with it; much less the sandy and arid Berlin. The vaunted capital of our Gallic neighbors has no upland range whereon her children might woo the genius of liberty, as they sing the Marseillaise to the mountain wind—no castled crag to remind them of that ultimate appeal from anarchy, of which they

are often forgetful,—and its river, beautiful though it be, is but a sorry substitute for that noble arm of the ever-living sea, which stretches around us its protection whilst it brings us its treasures. With the tame surface of London, its besmoked and besooted parks, its never-ending squalid suburbs, its mean brick-built streets, and the singular infelicity of its architectural monuments, to say nothing of the vulgar bustle of its countless money-making and money-spending millions, we deign not for a moment to compare our bold, grand, poor little town; and Dublin is only a more comely because less plethoric reproduction of her English mother.

Nor is it by comparison alone that we contrive to glorify ourselves. Sometimes we take an absolute instead of a relative view of the matter, and we say, not only has nature been thus bountiful to us beyond others, but she has positively adorned our city and its vicinity with nearly every charm which belongs to this region of the globe. When the man of Edinburgh issues from his door, be he poor or rich, if he be but the uncontrolled master of one short hour, he has only to consult his caprice as to whether it shall be spent in wandering luxuriously between corn-fields, rich as those of Lombardy, and even more fruitful, under trees that would do no discredit to the shady Albano; in scampering like a chamois hunter along breezy cliffs, where the moss and the rock-rose find a scanty nurture; or in inhaling the invigorating breath of the "gladsome ocean," and in cheering his spirits by the contemplation of

"Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on the shore."

All this is "hourly" offered to him—the dweller in a city,—the hand-worker or the head-worker, as the case may be; and thus

living and enjoying, if he sighs for the smoky chimney, with its unblest wealth, we will not grieve for his departure for a scene more worthy of his genius.

But though we go along with Lord Cockburn, and if we possessed his eloquence, would be disposed almost to go beyond him, in what he has said of the matchless beauty of our city, we are far from joining with him in thinking that we must quietly sit down and reconcile ourselves to the fact, that to this, and to this alone, we not only do, but ever must, owe our social importance. That if we refrain from "spoiling" our natural advantages, or at most if we avail ourselves of them by such moderate architectural and artistical embellishments as may be within the reach of a community never likely to be greatly distinguished for its wealth, we shall have done all that is in our power to render our little metropolis attractive to strangers, and agreeable to ourselves.

That we have little trade, and "mercifully almost no manufactures," are facts to which we have as little difficulty in reconciling ourselves as the learned Lord. The presence of such things would imply the destruction of almost all that we value in Edinburgh now; but is there no avenue to prosperity and importance, except through the crowded marketplace,—no portal to dignity and grandeur which does not lead through the smoke of manufacturing chimneys? "There must be cities of refuge," says his Lordship, happily. Refuge for whom? we would ask; and our past history and our present position, serve to answer the question with little hesitation. Lord Cockburn tells us that "we have supplied a greater number of eminent men to literature, to science, and the arts, than any other town in the empire, with the single exception of London;" that "we have a college of still maintained celebrity;" and, lastly, that we have an "art, of which the brilliant rise within these last thirty years is the most striking circumstance in the modern progress of Scotland." Our refugees, then, it would seem, in his Lordship's opinion, must be men "of literature, of science, and the arts;" and we only regret that he did not find it convenient to dwell at greater length on an idea which, by one felicitous expression, he has thus, perhaps, almost accidentally stirred.

It must be pretty plain to those who have paid any serious attention to the position which Edinburgh holds among the cities of this country, that her real importance depends on her becoming the abode of those who pave the way for action, rather than of those who

act—of those who sketch out the campaign of the future from a study of the past, rather than of those who work in the trenches of the present. For the man of action we neither have, nor can create, a field; in this sense our city is not, and never again can become a metropolis. A few lawyers may find a sphere of reasonable activity in doing the public business of the country, and in their case the rewards of a successful performance of their duties may satisfy a moderate ambition. They may become *respectable* in the highest degree, but their profession, or the practice of it at all events, can bring them little glory beyond the limits of their native town—it leads to none of the higher state preferments, and the very possibility of attaining to a peerage (that ultimate goal of an English lawyer's ambition) by its means, is very unfairly, as it seems to us, cut off. For the politician there is no field whatever, beyond what every town of equal size in the empire presents. Even for the mere animal activity of the sporting man, our city offers no fitting arena. We are not rash enough to ride with him, nor rich enough to bet with him, and the very narration of his exploits we are frequently uncivil enough to treat as a bore. With the man of trade and commerce we have already, almost eagerly, consented to part company. But if thus we must take leave of the *πρακτικὸς* in all his departments, and must even, reluctantly it may be, bid adieu to the *πολιτικὸς*, with a friendly shake of the hand and a *bon voyage*, it is only in order that we may clasp the *θεωρητικὸς* more warmly in our embrace. Do we murmur against fate? We believe, on the contrary, that what she seems thus to dictate, is nothing more than what every Edinburgh man of the better sort has already a thousand times done in his heart. We wish nothing but success and prosperity to those whose pursuits are different from our own; nay, the immediate consequence of a recognition of our special department, as a thinking rather than an acting community, will be a heightening of our good-will, since it necessarily removes those feelings of rivalry which must have existed, had our objects of ambition been identical with those of our fellow-subjects of Glasgow or Birmingham. Nor is even sympathy cut off by the distinction for which we contend, for though dissimilar, our pursuits are by no means antagonistic. The political philosopher, the moralist, and the man of science, are indebted, one and all of them, in this country, chiefly to the trading and manufacturing communities, for the data

from which they proceed and the tests to which they appeal. Were it not for this constant reference to experience and experiment, their labors must speedily terminate in a vague, as they would have arisen in an objectless theorizing. If the whole world had resembled the society in which its author moved, the "Wealth of Nations" could not have been written. But even those pursuits which react most immediately on each other, are often by no means most successfully pursued, either by the same individual, or in the same circumstances. The quietest nook of a Cambridge cloister is a fitting retreat for an abstract mathematician, whilst the practical engineer, who is to test the value of his labors, finds a more congenial abode amid the cyclopean forges of Birmingham and Sheffield. Whilst we acknowledge our dependence upon, and profess our sympathy with, the operative portion of the community, we must, at the same time, recognize the distinction which exists between their function and our own. We must not be forever affecting a desire ourselves to enter upon a career of enterprise at variance at once with our history, our opportunities, and our tastes. It is not less important for communities than for individuals that the tentative period of life should have an end. "*Male vivunt qui semper vivere incipiunt.*" We must read the past and interpret the present, and manfully and resolutely abide by the results.

But our readers may here meet us with the objection, that the only practical result of our reasoning is that matters should be left pretty much as they are. What guarantee, they may ask, do you give us, that we shall succeed in making Edinburgh a literary and scientific more than a mercantile and a manufacturing metropolis? To some extent, it may be admitted that she partakes at present of the one character rather than of the other, but where is our assurance that we shall succeed in advancing her in the former course rather than in the latter? We reply, 1st, That generally, no guarantee for the future can be stronger than that which is derived from the history of the past, and that, in the case of our own city, every effort in the one direction has been successful, whereas all that has been attempted in the other has failed. We are not now writing an historical article, and to Edinburgh men, to whom we chiefly address these pages, it would be tedious that we should furnish them with a demonstration which their own recollections can so thoroughly supply.

We pass then, at once, from the consideration of our historical to that of our present position, and we assert,

2d, That every tendency of Edinburgh life is in the one direction, not in the other.

When we speak of Edinburgh as having ceased to hold out, to the man of action, the inducements of a capital, we must not be understood as saying that it has forfeited all claim to that character. Nothing can be more erroneous than to liken it to such places as Bath, or Cheltenham, or any of the mere pleasure-towns of England, where such portions of the boundless leisure of the inhabitants as the daily newspapers and the latest novels are not sufficient to consume, are usually divided between yawning and whist, except where, by a still more felicitous arrangement, these latter amusements are combined. Edinburgh, after her quiet fashion, is a busy place enough, and, London excepted, unquestionably fulfills the idea of a capital more than any other city in this country. She has nothing of that air of a proconsular residence, which, while it confers on Dublin a certain external splendor, unfortunately renders her more like to Calcutta, or Montreal, than to the capital of any European country, however small. There is no foreign ruling class in Edinburgh; what she has is Scotch, and what Scotland has is hers. From her, as from the heart of the land, the life-blood of Scotland issues forth, and to her it returns freely again. Every Scotchman finds in her a common centre for his sympathies. The inhabitants of Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and Perth, have no bond of union, other than as the inhabitants of a common country; but every man of them feels that he is a tie to Edinburgh. It is to her that he looks for his news, his praise, his influence, his justice, and his learning; and with reference to this latter circumstance, it is very important for the present branch of our subject, that we should keep in view one very marked distinction between this country and England.

In England, the learned class is the clergy; with us, partly in consequence of our Church holding out no direct inducements to recondite learning, either in the shape of affluent leisure, or of high preferments, attainable by its means, but most of all, we believe, for the much better reason of the clergy devoting almost their whole energies to the discharge of the strictly ministerial duties of their sacred calling, such is not the case, and the function thus abandoned by the Church has, in a great measure, been discharged by the

Bar. We offer no opinion as to whether this is or is not as it ought to be, we simply state it as a fact, not unimportant in considering the present aspect and tendencies of society in Edinburgh. In Scotland, for centuries, the Bar has been a *caste* rather than a profession—a species of secular priesthood, if we may use the expression, to which, from the peculiar development of society among us, men of letters, and even of science, as well as practical lawyers, have found it convenient to belong. It may be regarded as the great intellectual club of our country; and latterly, since its political importance as a profession has diminished, and the clergy have withdrawn themselves more entirely from secular avocations, it has partaken of this character even more than formerly. As an illustration of the extent to which this is now the case, we may mention, that in the University of Edinburgh, at the present moment, the whole of the Chairs in the Faculty of Arts, excepting those of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, are filled by members of the Bar, they being thus in the proportion to all other professions, of six to three,—whilst there is not a single Scotch clergyman, and only one churchman of any kind, the professor of mathematics, who, we understand, is in English orders. In the neighboring University of St. Andrews the case is similar; and even the far distant Aberdeen has not escaped their influence. But not only has the higher teaching of the country fallen thus to the share of a class of men resident in our city, but nearly all the higher periodical literature of Scotland is also in their hands, and we suspect no inconsiderable portion of that of England to boot. The Edinburgh Review, long the most powerful critical organ in Europe, is well known to have emanated from their body, and is still almost entirely conducted by them. Blackwood was, and is, so far as we know, *in pari casu*; and the Quarterly is understood to be under the superintendence of a Scotch advocate. One great cause of the remarkable and varied activity of this class of our citizens, is to be found, we believe, in the singular diversity of their training. From the passion for travel which has at all times characterized the Scotch, and the custom, still existing among them, of finishing their education in foreign countries, we find amongst those belonging to the profession of the law in Edinburgh, men partaking of the intellectual peculiarities of almost every European nation; and leading as they do an eminently public life, and mingling continu-

ally together, scarcely any one is thus permitted to slumber quietly on in his own opinion, or sluggishly to take refuge behind a bulwark of authority.

But whether the extra-professional activity of the Bar is to be ascribed to the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed, or to other circumstances coming, either accidentally from without, or springing necessarily from within, the fact is certain, that here in our own city, we have, within the pale of one single profession, not only as great a number of men who exercise an intellectual influence as is to be found in any other society of equal size, but what is more to our present purpose, nearly the whole intellectual activity of Scotland. We can scarcely doubt that a movement in the direction we have suggested would be in harmony with the wishes, as it certainly would be with the interests, of these men; and the question then comes to be, ought we, the citizens, rashly to throw to the winds the aid that they may possibly afford us in advancing our prosperity and increasing our importance? If we follow an opposite course,—if we strive after a trading and commercial development, we must lay our account with dispensing not only with their assistance, but also with the residence of many of them among us. If legal customs and *habits* have become indispensable to them, it is as easy to belong to the English as the Scotch Bar; most of the enterprising publishers are unhappily even now resident in London, and the formation of a Scotch Literary Colony in that city is by no means an impossible, and if we provoke it, perhaps not even an improbable event.

But though we have spoken of the Bar as a prominent example of the present tendencies and capabilities of Edinburgh society, it is not to it only that we are to trust, or from it alone that we would draw our augury. We believe that among all the professional classes, there is a remarkable unanimity on this subject. The other branches of the legal profession, though seldom actively engaged in literary occupations, usually manifest no inconsiderable sympathy with those who are; and as regards the medical profession, the high position which our school has always held, and the celebrity of many of our practitioners of the present time, are sufficient guarantees for the liberal views and tastes of its members. Nor are the interests of the medical profession, as might at first sight appear, at war with their feelings in this matter. An increased population, of

whatever kind, would no doubt widen the range of medical practice ; but our medical men are usually of such a class as to appreciate the advantage which, to those whose pride and whose pleasure it is to cultivate their profession as a science, arises from their being resident in a city which is the seat of a great medical school. For all the purposes of a school, Edinburgh is already sufficiently large, and if it were swollen to the proportions of Glasgow, or even London, though the number of practitioners who should gain a subsistence might be greater, it is by no means likely that their character, either for science or skill, would be raised.

But apart from the professional classes altogether, we are persuaded that the feelings of the great body of the people are in harmony with the views which we have indicated. We believe that the pride with which an intelligent Edinburgh tradesman regards his native city, has quite as much to do with its former and present literary celebrity, as with any other circumstance connected with it. When he looks on the monuments which our gratitude has raised to the benefactors of our city in former times, he finds that, with scarcely a single exception, they commemorate the labors of men of letters ; and he remembers that these men have not only earned for themselves, but have conferred upon us a celebrity lasting beyond what the most successful career of mercantile speculation could have secured. He reflects that in the case of an individual, real grandeur consists less in what is possessed or enjoyed, than in what is left behind ; that the case of a community is similar ; and that with us the man of letters alone has a sphere which enables him to lay hold of the future, either on his own behalf or on ours. Of him alone, then, can we safely pride ourselves in the present, for to him alone can belong, and through him alone can come to us, the longevity of fame. If the place of their birth is to be an inheritance to our children, it must be as the birth-place also of those whose laurels the gratitude of men will not suffer to wither. But we can twine no wreath for a conqueror, we have no field for a ruler, and the thinker is their only peer.

But when we have spoken of the professional and trading classes, we have by no means exhausted even the influential portions of our community. There is a large body of sojourners within our walls, who compose a fluctuating, but as regards both wealth and position, by no means an unimportant

part of the population of Edinburgh. These persons, we believe, are attracted to our city for the most part by one or other of these causes.

First, and chiefly it may be, as Lord Cockburn asserts, by the beauty of the place.

Second, By the excellence and cheapness of the education which they can here procure for their families ; and

Third, By the prospect which Edinburgh society holds out of their being here able to gratify those refined and cultivated tastes which they may have elsewhere formed.

That their residence among us is desirable for all classes of the indigenous population, but particularly for our tradesmen, to whom their presence annually brings a large accession of business, cannot be doubted ; and in order to secure their continuance, or to increase their numbers, whichever of the above-mentioned causes may have formed their original inducement, we can see no line of conduct more effectual than that which we here recommend. Nor is it unreasonable to hope that so long as our endeavor is thus to gather within our city, to a still greater extent, those attractions which have already marked it out in their eyes as a suitable place of residence, their sympathies will not be confined to such an expression of good-will as their continued residence would afford.

3d, We have already in some measure anticipated our third reason for the view which we have here taken of the possible future of our city—that, viz., which arises from the peculiar character of the place itself. We have said that it is a capital to the extent of containing the springs both of action and thought, so far as Scotland is concerned, and that there is life enough circulating in it still to preclude the appearance of those fungous excrescences in the body social, which the stagnation of provincial towns is so apt to generate. But to the man of letters its negative are perhaps more important than even its positive advantages. Amongst the chief of these we must reckon the circumstance, that from living in a community where few are idle, he is in a great measure freed from the inroads of gossip. Although eccentricity is unquestionably very often affected by those who, in their occupations and modes of thinking, differ in nothing from the vulgar, it is equally certain that in proportion to the grasp which men have of the deeper realities of life will their value for what is contingent and conventional diminish, and the consequences will be, par-

ticularly among the students of abstract truth, whose avocations rarely bring them in contact with the world, a style of living and acting inconsistent with the habits of those who are doing the ordinary business of life. The occupations of such men will almost necessarily give rise to habits which will seem strange to many, though in themselves they may be blameless, and, with reference to the objects for which the individuals live, positively praiseworthy. Those of this description will not only act without reference to effect, but, liberty being the first boon which they ask from society, they will feel seriously constrained and annoyed by any sensation which their irregularities may produce. They will have none of the consolations which, in all cases of annoyance, fall to the share of the pretended eccentric, who, conscious that to glory in the results of any course of conduct can never be his, finds, in the wonder which his mode of life excites, a recompense for the effort which his vanity has imposed upon him. Their eyes being fixed on the end, they ask only for an occasion to employ the means without constraint; but as few men, even of this class, are superior to the influence of opinion, they will feel thoroughly unconstrained only where they can escape observation. We are far from holding out so vain a hope as that Edinburgh can furnish a complete immunity from vulgar annoyance, but we believe it will be felt quite as little here as in any of the numerous circles into which the society of such places as London and Paris is broken up, and infinitely less than in any of the provincial towns of England.

But in addition to being delivered from the obtrusive curiosity of neighbors, the man of cultivated tastes will probably find that in Edinburgh he enjoys a comparative relief from other sources of annoyance which elsewhere meet him at every turn. There is here, perhaps, as little of that foolish idolatry of mere wealth as is consistent with the rudeness of the measure by which the common herd of mankind must ever mete their reverence; and even pedigree, for the most part, is valued only in so far as it is a guarantee for good manners. But what to the fastidious man above all things is valuable, there are few vulgar sights or sounds which he will be here called upon to encounter. From the singular felicity of the situation, he can scarcely select a residence from which his eye will not be gratified by the sight of natural beauty; and even the architectural features of the city, though far from fault-

less, are unquestionably superior to those of any other British town. There is less of a squalid population than in most places of similar extent; and the lower orders, when not weighed down by poverty, are a good, and, as it strikes us, a handsome Saxon race. Even in the humbler matters which contribute to the every day enjoyment of life, there are few things which either the senses or the imagination can desire, which are not within the reach of the moderately wealthy in Edinburgh. The southron will not find it a land of flowers, for of their culture we are perhaps more neglectful than even the climate warrants; but if the coarser gratifications of the sense of taste will content him, he will have no difficulty in satisfying a rational Epicureanism.*

But though it will probably be admitted without much hesitation, that, for the residence of persons of this class, Edinburgh, both in point of natural and accidental advantages, is singularly suited; and though many will also agree with us in thinking that it is to the increase of their numbers that we must look for our advancement both in prosperity and reputation, few perhaps of our fellow-citizens will be willing, at first sight, to recognize the extent to which it seems to us we have hitherto been neglectful of our duty toward them. It will be strange to those who have been accustomed complacently to regard their native city as what Lord Cockburn calls a "city of refuge" for the muses, to be told that there is scarcely a town of equal size in Europe that holds out

* It has always appeared to us that there is something particularly pleasing to the imagination in the manner in which the article of *fish* is brought upon our tables in Edinburgh. From the moment when it quits the sea to that in which it touches our palates, there is not a single stage of its progress which we cannot contemplate with pleasure. In "the pride of the morning," to use a fisherman's phrase—of a bright morning, we shall suppose, in this present month of February, when the sun has scarcely gilded the east beyond the green Inchkeith, and the "trailing garments of the night" still cover the western hills, your cod is hauled up glittering in the dawn, by the hands of brave and honest men. Thence, through the sparkling sea, it is borne to the stone pier at Newhaven, where, instead of suffering the indignity of the huckster's cart—the fate of fish in all other marts—it is transferred to the shoulders of a strapping and tidy, perhaps pretty wench, who, clothed in a quaint, antique, but very becoming garb, singing and jesting with her "kimmers," as she strides along, bears it to your door. There, after a world of chattering, it is purchased, for a sum not greatly exceeding its value, by your own ancilla, who with friendly hands prepares it for your board.

so few direct encouragements to men of letters, and that if the gifted, the wise, or the learned are to be found within our walls, it is to a kind interposition on our behalf that we are indebted for the circumstance, rather than to any exertion of our own or of our fathers. As a test of the accuracy of this observation, let us contemplate for a moment the condition of our University, and contrast it with the manner in which the idea belonging to such institutions has elsewhere been realized. A University, when discharging its proper functions, forms the heart and centre of the literary institutions of the country. The source from which solid learning is expected to flow, and by means of which the disconnected and random efforts of the community of letters are to be gathered up and weighed against the existing memorials of the past, either to be dismissed as worthless, or to receive a deeper and more consistent meaning—it must be at once a magazine and a laboratory of thought. The notion which has too much prevailed in Scotland, of its being a mere teaching institution, a sort of Higher-School, by no means either corresponds with, or exhausts its true idea. In order to satisfy as it ought the intellectual wants of a community which has passed the first stages of development, it must be an institution where learning is fostered and advanced as well as communicated,—and for the performance of these two different functions it will require to be furnished with laborers of very different characters. The lively, energetic, and accurate public lecturer will by no means always be found in the person of him whose insight into his subject is deep, and who can advance its boundaries into the region of the unknown. Yet, but for men of the latter class, where would be the function of the former? Nor is it enough when we perceive that the investigator is an equally, or as a rarer, even a more valuable character than the instructor: if we would be just to him, we must go farther, and admit that he is the one who must *necessarily* stand most in need of our protection. The successful teacher, without aid of ours, will have no difficulty in securing a competent portion of the goods of fortune, for he is able to bring to sale a commodity for which there is a ready market in these times. But it is different with the investigator, the original worker or thinker, as the case may be. Years of unintermitting and unknown toil must by him be spent in producing a book, pamphlet, or it may be a series of notes,

which, though invaluable to the learned in his department, and to mankind through them, will never yield to their author the return which a popular writer will obtain for a trifling tale, or an eminent lawyer for conducting the most trumpery case. Now, in all other Universities except those of Scotland, provision is made, either directly or indirectly, for laborers of this class. The munificent endowments of Oxford and Cambridge, whatever we may think of the manner in which they are administered, or of the results which they at present produce, are well known to be more than sufficient to satisfy this requirement, to the small extent to which it exists in England at present. In every one of the foreign Universities of which we know anything—in those of France, of Germany, and even of Italy—there is a little army of professors in every possible department, *publice, privatim, et privatissime docentes*, of whom, though the immunity may not, as in the case of Oxford, be openly recognized, many, and these the most eminent, are never expected to take part in actual teaching.*

* As we have reason to think that many of our readers, though acquainted with this fact in a general way, are ignorant of the *extent* to which the custom of encouraging learning by means of nominal professorships prevails, in Germany, at all events, we shall subjoin a list of the numbers in the different departments in the University of Berlin, which we extract from the *Verzeichniss* of lectures for the winter session 1842-3, the latest which we happen to possess; and by way of contrast, we shall add the corresponding numbers in our own University for the present year.

	Berlin.	Edinburgh.
Theology,	12	2
Law,	15	3
Medicine,	38	8
Philosophy,	12	2
Mathematics,	9	1
Natural Science,	20	4
Art and the History of Art,	6	2
Politics, Diplomacy, and Manufactures,	9	0
History and Geography,	8	1
Philology,	21	3
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	150	26

We exclude from our computation the teachers of modern languages, along with the fencing masters, riding masters, gymnasts, &c, whom the *exhaustive* principle, which lies at the root of so much both of the folly and the wisdom of our neighbors, has there induced them to add to the staff of the University; and we ought farther to explain, that of the one hundred and fifty Professors whom we have enumerated, *all* are not actually in the pay of the State, though enjoying the privileges of the University; that is, of publicly teaching by its authority, within its walls, and of receiving fees from their

But before proceeding to any further arguments which may occur to us in favor of the encouragement of men of learning, derived from the advantages which their residence among us may be expected to confer, we think it not amiss that we should here consider for a moment whether this question, bound up as it is with that of the encouragement of learning itself, and the whole mental progress of that portion of our race over which our influence extends, ought not to be viewed by us in the far higher light of a positive duty. We continually hear of the duty of educating the people; it is enthusiastically acknowledged by the popular voice, and latterly it has been recognized by the Legislature in a series of enactments, which, however inconsistent and unsystematic we may think them, sufficiently prove the sincerity with which it is felt. But all this has reference to the dissemination of knowledge alone, and that, too, only in its lower departments. Is then our whole duty, as men, or as a community, fulfilled, when we have spread among the middle and lower classes such an amount of knowledge as is consistent with their circumstances and position in life; and is every effort of intelligence beyond this to be left to the guidance of accident, aided by such means as centuries ago our ancestors had provided for the purpose? Have our wants, which in the lower departments of mental culture have so marvelously increased, remained stationary in the highest alone? Has God made man responsible for his gifts only up to a certain point, or will the indefinite multiplication of ministers in the vestibule of the temple of knowledge, exculpate us for neglecting the support of those whose function it is to watch over the sacred fire within? The learning of a community is the fountain from which civil-

ization flows forth to it like a bountiful river; and if so much of our duty consists, as we seem to acknowledge, in devising the means of duly disseminating these vivifying waters over the social field, shall we be blameless if we neglect to see to it, that the source is pure, and the supply abundant?

But even if we suppose our duty to terminate with the dissemination of such knowledge as we now as a community possess, we ought to bear in mind that our only security in the possession consists in our constant employment of the means of advancement. In knowledge, as in virtue, and most things human, there is no possibility of standing still; if there is no progress, there will speedily be retrogression, nay, even the very fact of our ceasing to advance, is itself equivalent to a step backward. The man who arrives at the end of one single day without being wiser than he was at its beginning, will infallibly be deteriorated to the extent to which the habit of mind, which brought him thus far, will have suffered relaxation. Now this same habit of mind, this *ἔξῃς*, or whatever we may call it, is in truth the most valuable characteristic of mental culture; and thus, though no actual fact has been forgotten during the season of torpor, a very sensible loss may still have occurred. The "perdidi diem" of the Roman, if true, expressed only half the truth, for, in losing the day, he lost a portion also of his own being, and of the power which he would otherwise have possessed of availing himself both of the days which preceded, and of those which should follow.

But if a portion of existence cannot be cut off in the case of an individual with impunity to the rest of it, neither can it in that of a community; and if we cease as a nation to struggle on in the upward, we shall very soon be forced into the downward path. If by neglecting the means we lose the habit of acquiring knowledge, our stock in hand will diminish as we ourselves are deteriorated, till our disseminating friends will find in the end nothing left to disseminate; and the Philosophical Institution, as the last relic of Edinburgh civilization, will be closed by the orders of a barbarian Provost. We may depend upon it that there is a most intimate sympathy which exists between the members of the body intellectual, and that every effort that is neglected in behalf of learning, in its highest departments, is a blow struck at our whole civilization. If amongst the professors in our Universities there are none who are boldly pushing on in the paths of inquiry,

pupils. Besides the academicians, however, who are the great European men of Germany, and with whose position, hovering as they do between the University and the Court, we are not accurately acquainted, we can count about fifty-four of the above list who are *ordinary Professors*, receiving an income of about 1000 thalers (£150) per annum, besides what they derive from fees, and altogether in the enjoyment of what may be equivalent to about £500 or £600 a year in Edinburgh. The average number of students at Berlin is under 2000; and as they do not attend a greater number of lectures than students in Edinburgh do, it is obvious that so large a staff of Professors cannot be required for purposes of mere teaching. In the smaller Universities, Leipzig, Bonn, Halle, &c., there is a similar provision for men of learning, by means of nominal Professorships.

we shall not stand still simply, but the torpor which waits upon inactivity will be diffused as a new element of mischief, to the meanest and most distant of our provincial schools. For an example of the manner in which this action takes place, we need look no farther than to the history of classical studies in our own city. In these, for half a century at least, we have not even made an effort to advance; and the result has been that, not only as compared with the rest of the world, but absolutely, we have gone backward. It may be, that even at the period to which we refer, in the days of our Humes, our Stewarts, and our Robertsons, we were not very distinguished for scholarship: but there is every reason to think that most well-educated Scotchmen then (educated in Scotland) possessed a very fair and creditable acquaintance with the writers of antiquity. As learning then existed in these branches, at all events, they were probably on a par with other Europeans. Now, however, we grieve to say, our inferiority is almost beyond dispute; and to such a pass have matters come with us of late, that instead of being able to complete the education of our youth in this department, we cannot even *prepare* them to avail themselves of an English or Foreign University. The standard of scholarship in the highest philological classes in our University is absolutely inferior to that in the fifth form of any respectable English or German school! Let it not be supposed that, in bringing this disgraceful fact thus openly before the public, we mean to cast any imputation on the efficacy of individual labors. The fault, in our opinion, lies now in the system, not in the men, (whether some men may not, by sins of omission, at all events, be responsible for the continuance of the system, is another matter;) but as it now exists, until some radical changes are introduced, some bracing measures applied to the whole teaching of the country, by the adoption either of an entrance examination at the University as in England, or of a departing examination at school as in Germany, no real amelioration can be expected from the individual efforts even of the most energetic professors. With such mere boys as compose at present the majority of their pupils, and these boys also in stages of advancement the most various, it is absolutely impossible for the professor to do more than teach them the merest elements of learning.

But it is not merely as illustrating the tendency of the wheel of learning to run

backward, so soon as we cease to urge it in an onward course, that we have been induced to refer to the condition of classical learning amongst us. In a community which finds its chief enjoyment in those tastes and pursuits which we are happy to think distinguish our city, the neglect into which classical studies have fallen, seems to us more especially to be regretted, since in the case of most persons it is only by a continual exercise of that sterner criticism which is necessary for appreciating the severer beauties of the writers of antiquity, that those habits of superficial diletantism, and indolent receptivity, which are so apt to take possession of those who pursue literature as a mere pastime, can be warded off. It is given to few to be originally productive, and nature herself has wisely arranged that there should be hearers as well as expounders of the word. But whilst we acquiesce in this arrangement, we must bear in mind that even a worthy hearing is by no means so light a matter as is sometimes supposed. If the sole advantage which any one derives from coming in contact with superior minds, be a species of intellectual titillation from which he derives a pleasure of which he can give no rational account, and which he describes, if at all, in phrases only of vague delight and stupid wonder, then for all good and serious purposes assuredly, the contact had better not have taken place. Ennui may be relieved, or vanity gratified by its means, but its only after effect will be a derangement of the mental, similar to that which the use of stimulants produces on the bodily system. In such a case there is neither digestion nor assimilation, the palate has been tickled, but the principle of life has received no augmentation. Still the memory, in all probability, has retained the facts with a marvelous tenacity, for as food lies unaltered in a weak stomach, so a mind in which there is no generalizing power has the faculty of preserving dead knowledge. Now, if a cure is to be hoped for in such a case as this, it must be by the adoption of a system, the tendency of which will be to brace and invigorate the intellect, and to develop, if possible, the thinking principle. But we can act upon this principle only by exercise, and the question then comes to be, in what department shall we exercise it? The close and perfectly abstract reasoning of Mathematics is a drudgery to which a person of the class we have supposed will scarcely submit, and the subjects about which it is conversant are, besides, totally without interest to one of an enthusiastic and imaginary tem-

perament. Philosophy, on the other hand, in its abstract form, to many men is an impossible study. In its very first steps, it calls for the exercise of those powers of reflection which are the last to develop themselves in all minds, and which in many minds are of great activity and no small acuteness, are almost wholly wanting even to the last. For such men the principles of philosophy have no subjective life, for an appeal to consciousness with them is impossible; and even if they should be capable of following the reasoning, the data upon which it proceeds will seem as arbitrary as those which lie at the root of heraldry or chess. If they learn it at all as a science, to them it will be simply a science of facts, in which light it is probably, of all sciences, the most profitless. But with philosophy in some shape or other, consciously or unconsciously, we must all have to do; and though impossible to many in its abstract, it is by no means necessarily so in its concrete form. To how many persons, for instance, could the character of Othello or of Juliet be critically explained, to whom a psychological development of the passions of love or jealousy would be utterly incomprehensible. It is when allied with criticism alone that philosophy can be popularized without being degraded. But for the purposes of philosophical criticism, and particularly with a view to mental training, there are many reasons why the study of the ancients has been preferred to that of the moderns. The simplicity of form which belongs to their works, and the rigor with which it is adhered to, renders a half understanding of them almost impossible. If we comprehend them so as to derive any æsthetic pleasure from their perusal at all, we will perceive in them a completeness which, even in the greatest moderns, we have difficulty in discovering. A passion is exhibited rather than a character; and the complexity of life being exchanged for the simplicity of art, the consequence is that the study of them insensibly develops our powers of abstraction. It is as near an approach to metaphysics as is possible for many minds; for whilst form is still present to such an extent as to preserve them from that bewilderment into which they immediately fall when they attempt abstract reasoning, it is so transparent as to exhibit the idea almost as an abstraction.

But to some it may seem that the class of minds to which our argument applies, is of so low an order as not to warrant us in adapting the instruction of the community to its requirements; that so little serious benefit

can be conferred on persons of a character so superficial, however great may be their activity or their zeal, that the best course we can follow is to leave them out of account, and form our arrangements exclusively with reference to those in whose case nature seems willing to join hands with the schoolmaster. Now, we do not admit that there is any portion of mankind, and more particularly of the zealous and striving part of it, which the rest is thus entitled to cast overboard, and therefore we demur to the justice of the view itself; but even supposing it to be one on which we were entitled to act, we deny that it has any force against our argument. Though the course we have recommended may be the only possible one with such minds as these, it does not follow that it may not be the best and safest with others of a much higher order, and that even with the highest it may not be as good as any other. To minds of the second of these classes the search after abstract truth demands an effort too severe to be long continued. An occasional flight into the higher and thinner air of pure philosophy they will find bracing and healthful, but it is in the lower regions of the concrete that the path of their usefulness lies. Literature, in short, not philosophy, is their calling, and criticism, not speculation, must be their daily food. Nor does it seem necessary, even in minds of the very highest order, that the course of training, in so far as it is conducted by others, should be different. By them learning will be turned to higher uses than those of criticism; but it is by its means alone, in their own department, that they can stand on the vantage-ground of the past, and calmly and steadily look forth into the future. The peculiar depth which has characterized all the recent philosophical systems of Germany, as compared with those which have sprung up either in France or among ourselves, is, we believe, in no small degree owing to the extensive acquaintance which their authors possessed with the philosophy of Greece.

Nor can it be said that these studies are alien to the natural genius of our people, for, leaving out of account their connection with metaphysics, to which a greater number of minds have always turned in this country than in England, we know that at one most momentous period of our history they were not only cultivated with success, but that they bore to us fruits which even now we are daily reaping. It is the glory of classical learning that its revival was among the leading causes of those two events which decided the whole

intellectual life and progress of Europe, the rise of art in Italy, and the German Reformation; and it was no accidental coincidence, that in Scotland, where the principles of Protestantism were so heartily embraced, classical studies were then cultivated with a degree of assiduity and success very remarkable, when we consider the poverty of the country, and the incessant troubles of the times. Nor did the devotion of our fathers to learning stop short whenever they had received this benefit at our hands. Even in after times, when a variety of unfavorable circumstances had prevented a farther development of what had so brilliantly commenced in Buchanan and Melville, the prevalence of a certain acquaintance with these subjects, the extent to which the beginnings of a learned education had been imparted to all ranks of Scotchmen, was a subject of astonishment in every country into which their well-known wandering propensities led them, and contributed not a little to the success which usually attended their undertakings.

But it is not in classical philology alone that we have thus fallen behind the world. The advances which have been made in other departments of the science itself have been, if possible, greater than in this. Comparative philology has been called into existence within the last half century, and has thrown light upon regions of history which our fathers had handed over to impenetrable night. Ethnology, seizing on its results, has disclosed ties of forgotten kindred between race and race, and bound mankind together like the children of one house. In no science, with the single exception of chemistry, it may be, has such progress been made within the memory of man. The success with which learning has been applied to this subject in all its departments, is the glory of an age not very distinguished for creative literary effort. Yet who is there to guide our youth into this newly-discovered land of knowledge? What laborer have we sent into this fruitful field? or what traveler have we tempted to relate to us the wonders he has seen? Even of those northern tongues from which are derived about five out of every six words that we utter, there is no authorized or competent expounder in our city; and if any knowledge of them prevails in the community at all, it is owing to individual industry, or accidental foreign instruction. As regards our own language, at all events, it will surely seem not a little preposterous to any intelligent man, that the systematic study of it should terminate, as it does with most of us, at the

age of nine or ten; and yet what opportunities do the institutions of our city afford for carrying it farther? In this, as in classical learning, we have allowed even our English neighbors to outstrip us, for both at Oxford and in London there are chairs devoted to the history of our mother tongue, which, though of recent origin, have already been filled by a succession of men of very considerable eminence.*

We shall not dwell longer at present on the crying evils of our University system, as at no distant period we shall probably be forced to treat of them in a more detailed and systematic manner. But there is one other subject allied, and more closely, we believe, than is generally admitted, to sound and radical critical learning, to which even in the cursory and imperfect sketch which we are here attempting, of the most prominent defects in the learned and educational institutions of our town, a few words before parting must positively be devoted. The subject to which we refer is that of art, properly so called; and whilst we approach it more hopefully than any of the others, in consequence of the interest which it already excites, we do so at the same time with greater hesitation, from the amount of ready-made opinion which we must necessarily encounter. When we speak of art as nearly allied to criticism, and more especially to the critical study of the ancients, we do so with reference to that very circumstance which constitutes the test of whether a particular work is or is not entitled to rank as a legitimate work of art,—we mean its absolute and ideal character. The great and distinguishing excellence both of the art and the literature of Greece, and in a great measure of that supplement which the Romans added to them, consists in the ideal spirit in which all their productions are conceived. The region of the absolute, to which, in other times, one or two favored minds, in their happiest moments, have succeeded in attaining, is to them

“Their own calm home, their crystal shrine,
Their habitation from eternity.”

That same union of the utmost possible simplicity of manner, with grandeur of sentiment and conception, which characterizes the

* On subjects connected with modern philology we find no less than eleven Professors advertising to read in the Berlin Verzeichniss, to which we before referred, among whom occur the well-known names of the two Grimms and Von der Hagen.

early masters of the Florentine school, in comparison with their great successors, marks the position which the art of classical antiquity bears even to the most eminent of succeeding ages. It was the consciousness of the truth and heroic greatness of the antique which led the kindred nature of a Michael Angelo to withdraw himself proudly from the art of his own age, wonderful as it was, in order to dwell in solitary communion with the naked and austere form in which the Grecian sculptor had "objectivized" the law of the grand and the beautiful. But in saying this we would not be understood as at all wishing to exalt the works which genius brought forth in one age, over those which it produced in another; and we believe there are few of the adherents either of the classical or romantic school, who will not confess along with us, that those who, like Raphael, Thorwaldsen, and Goethe, have succeeded in combining the objective perfection of the one with the subjective depth of the other, produce a *tertium quid* often more exquisite than belongs exclusively to either. The relative position and characteristic tendencies of each have been most aptly described by Goethe, when he says that the idea of ancient art is law, that of modern art—freedom; and hence, while the one exhibits unity and perfection, the other is characterized by greater individuality and intensity of subjective feeling. The one took its rise in the worship of nature, in true pantheism, the idea of the *κόσμος*, or harmony of the whole; the other in the new subjective world, brought to light by Christianity, the unspeakably deep and awful relations between individual man and a personal God.

What we have here stated we by no means bring forward as containing either new or unadmitted principles in art. Theoretically we believe few will deny that something more than a mere heightening of individual characteristics is required, in order to confer the artistic character; that there must be a difference in kind as well as in degree, and that this difference must consist, in the case of a statue or painting, in its being a representation rather of the law according to which the individual came into existence, than a copy of the individual existence itself. Nor will even the universality of the principle be called in question. It will be granted by most that it applies to a Madonna of Raphael, as well as to a Minerva of Phidias, or a Venus of Praxiteles. Practically, however, that is, in their works, we rarely find it recognized by our artists, and for this simple reason,

we believe, that it forms no part of their habitual thinking. They admit it, but their admission is a mere bending to authority; they do not *feel* its truth; and whenever they come to an artistic expression of their ideas, they naturally and involuntarily express not what they admit, but what they feel. To them ideal and absolute are mere empty sounds, because their faculties of abstraction and generalization being undeveloped, they are incapable of performing those mental processes by means of which alone they can become part of their subjective thinking; and what has no subjective existence in the artist's mind, we may rest assured he will never produce in an objective form. The contingent characteristics of individual existence, on the contrary, are palpable to the senses, no mental process is required for their detection, and in order to reproduce them, all that is requisite is that technical dexterity in which many of our artists are not deficient. But if this be a correct representation of the state of matters amongst us, it follows that it is with the minds of our artists that we have to do, and that studies analogous to those which have long been admitted to be necessary for success in the various departments of purely mental effort, are not less indispensable for him who would succeed in plastic art. We know that such studies were considered by the great masters of Italy to be a necessary part of their artistic training, and that they prosecuted them with such success that, as regarded the early masters of the Florentine school, at all events, few of their contemporaries were superior in any department of mental culture. True it may be that their eminence as painters was chiefly owing to other causes, and to causes which it may be we cannot reproduce; but though thus it may be doubtful whether our artists would attain to anything like their eminence, even with the advantages of liberal studies, it does not, therefore, become likely that they will do so without them. By neglecting such means we throw to the winds the only chance which we have of ever possessing anything worthy of the name of a school of art. Whether our object, then, be to form a painter or a sculptor, our course will be to supply him with an opportunity of well and carefully studying the art of the Greeks, where the idea of the human form is at once more perfectly and more simply presented than by any of the moderns, even the greatest; and for a commentary on the art of Greece, the best source to which we can direct him will be her literature. When

thus he has grappled with the abstract in its simplest form, he will be in a condition to add to it the subjective element, the sentiment of the Christian art of Italy, without risk of falling into that weak and morbid sentimentality which so frequently disgraces the works of modern artists whenever they attempt religious subjects.

The vagaries into which the want of this radical instruction has betrayed many of our modern artists, would form one of the most curious subjects of psychological inquiry which the present state of society presents. Of these, one of the strangest is that which lies at the root of what we may designate as the *genteel* school of art. The method by which the followers of this school seek to convert a real into an ideal man consists solely in the removal of those peculiarities which they take to characterize the lower orders, and their practice consists in continually diminishing every prominent feature. Of large hands, and feet, and limbs of every sort, they have the utmost horror, and consequently they hate both Rubens and Titian with a bitter hatred.

It never occurs to them that the faults of the individual form for the most part are either deficiencies or deformities, not superfluities; and if they commence, for example, with a strapping dragoon, instead of raising him to the proportions of a Hercules, which would be to fulfill the idea of nature with regard to him, they reduce him to those of an enervated and emaciated Parisian dandy. If such principles of idealizing as these were carried out, (and we grieve to say they are prevalent,) where would our artists land before the end of the next half century—*ὅταν τὸ ὕδωρ πνίγῃ, τί οὐκ ἐπιπνέουσιν*, if water chokes them now, what would they drink then? But the reply of some of our readers to all that we have said, or could say, on this subject, will be, that though it may be true that our artists are badly instructed, and though the fact in itself may be an unfortunate one, still this is a matter with which we, as a community, have nothing to do. They will tell us, that if we offer to artists, as we do to other producers, a market for their commodity when it is presented to us, we do all that a community can be expected to do for its individual members. In this answer, however, the error is committed of supposing the artist to be in circumstances equally favorable with the mechanic for gaining his livelihood; whereas not only does his calling require a course of training infinitely more protracted, but the value of

his productions depending on their quality, and not on their quantity, it is scarcely possible for him ever to secure a constant and sufficient subsistence, without injury, so to speak, to his artistic health. The course which is followed by the promoters of art in our city at present, being consistent with the reply which we are here controverting, is, in our opinion, not only ineffectual for the attainment of its professed end, but positively prejudicial to the cause itself. By creating an artificial market, (a course which our political economist friends will reprobate as only protection under another form), and purchasing the pictures of half-instructed artists, even at low prices, we hold out a temptation to productiveness at a stage of their artistic life where study ought to be their sole object. Our artist, we shall say of twenty years of age, who has acquired the mechanical part of his art, knows that if he produces three pictures for the Exhibition annually, two of them, in all probability, whatever may be their quality, will be purchased by the Association, and thus, besides gratifying his vanity in the first instance, he is supplied with a provision for life, which, calling as it does for a continual exercise of his mechanical productive powers, acts as a positive premium on mediocrity. If the same sum which we pay him for his pictures, which are worth nothing, and which, if they have any effect on the taste of those to whom the lottery assigns them, must have a prejudicial one, were devoted to his instruction, he might possibly, in time, bestow on us a picture which would be a boon to his country and his kind. True, no doubt, he still might fail; with all the opportunities we could possibly afford him, he might be unable to mount to the artistic region; but if one artist in fifty should succeed, and if that artist should produce but one picture, we hesitate not to say, that it would fifty times outweigh in value the five hundred and fifty-five which the Association might in the mean time have called into existence by the continued labors of the fifty. It will be said, that if the system were changed, the sum which, one way or other, is now expended on art, could not possibly be raised; that those who regard pictures as mere pieces of ornamental furniture, would not subscribe if the temptation of the lottery were removed, and that their guineas are as good as those of better men. But though the number of subscribers of this class might diminish, others who now hold off from a feeling of the worthlessness of the institution

would come forward, and some of them, probably, to a much greater extent than one single guinea per annum. Even if the present system were retained, many of its evil consequences might be obviated by simply diminishing the number of pictures purchased, and greatly increasing the sums paid. Suppose, for example, *two* pictures only were to be purchased annually for the sum of £1000 or £1500 each, the immediate tendency of such a change would be to hold out an inducement for the acquisition of greater artistic attainments, by rendering them indispensable to all who were even to hope for the prizes.

The main stay and support of the present system of indiscriminate purchase at low prices consists, we verily believe, in an absurd confusion between the objects of an association for the encouragement of art and a charitable institution for the relief of indigent artists. We continually hear it said that so and so is needy, *therefore* we hope the Association will buy his pictures. With just as much reason we might hope that he would one day be appointed to that naval command for which it is said our present premier conceives himself qualified. The fact of his poverty may constitute an excellent claim on our charity, but it can never entitle him to the rewards of successful endeavor. To confound the two is not only to insult the true artist, but its effect is to create that very evil which we thus charitably seek to remedy, by tempting a multitude of unqualified persons to enter upon a career which can never bring them anything but disappointment and humiliation.

But there is another argument which we frequently hear against the instruction or the support of artists by the State or the community, viz., that the great masters of Italy enjoyed no such advantages. Now, this argument can be honest only in the mouths of those who are altogether forgetful of the state of society in which these men lived. In those days in which the State was nothing, the prince, and above all, the Church, everything, a provision of the only kind now possible, was not, and could not be made. But it does not follow from hence that artists were left unaided, or supported from the first by the sale of their works. With scarcely a single exception they were under the patronage either of their native princes or the reigning Pope, and their style of living, of which we have ample records, gives indubitable signs not only of ease, but of positive splendor. As

one single instance, it may be remembered, that the beauty of Leonardo da Vinci's horses was the admiration of Florence; whereas if one of our artists were to indulge himself with a street cab to drag him to his studio of a morning, it would be looked upon as a piece of extravagant luxuriousness.

It is not our intention, in the conclusion, as it has not been our object in the course of this Article, to point out the specific means by which the imperfections of the social institutions of our city are to be rectified. The first step toward amelioration is the feeling of its necessity; and if we shall in any degree have awakened this feeling, the duty which weighed upon *us*, as citizens, will have been performed.

Questions concerning the ways and means are neither suited for our pages nor consistent with our habits. *Non omnes omnia.* These must be left to hustings and town-council orations, to the periodical press, and the pamphleteer; and if, in the after discussion, any occasion should offer itself to us of spreading the flame which we have attempted to kindle, we trust we shall not be found sleeping at our post. One word, however, before parting, we must even here adventure with the worldly wise, for his first objection we can readily anticipate. The money? the money? All your schemes demand it, and whence is it to come? Our Town-Council is poor, our community not rich; we have taxes to pay, and charities to support; and to look for the interposition of Government in our behalf, is pretty much as if we were to hope that Arthur's Seat would become a Californian mine, or the Water of Leith roll down the sands of Pactolus. But does it never occur to our practical friend, that somewhere or other, there must be a hitch in his argument, when he finds that of money there is not the slightest lack when the object in view is the construction of a railway, the lengthening of a pier, the establishment of an insurance office, or the building of a bank; and that it is only when the question concerns the highest and most sacred duties of man with reference to this world, the development of his own being, that this abject prostration of our resources is exhibited? Is he (the *πραγματικός*) positively certain that the absence of that zeal, which in all material matters renders us omnipotent, may not lie at the root of our impotence in all that is spiritual? Even if our material interests alone were worthy of consideration, and if man did live by bread alone, would his

course be a wise one? for where, we would ask, would have been that civilization of which the external manifestations seem to him so important, but for those deeper causes, which to him are so little apparent; If there had been no thinker in the closet, there would have been no desire for travel to support his railways; no prudence to call for his insurance offices; no enterprise to crowd his piers; no money to put into his banks. There would have been, in short, no demand for the external arrangements of civilization, and consequently none of those arrangements themselves; for in this case, at all events, the supply is the consequence of the demand; and if you neglect the cause, your hold on the results will speedily become insecure. That where there is no tillage, there can be no harvest, is as true in this case as in any other; for material improvements, if not always exactly in proportion to, are still certainly the results of, culture and refinement. The negro has constructed no railway over the wide plains of Africa, and the gold on his coasts he has never coined, for he has never felt the want

of the one or the other. If you could have made him a mental, he would have become a material speculator also; and if a grain of culture could have been instilled into his mind, grains of gold innumerable would speedily have been paid in dividends to all the nations of the earth. With reference, then, to our most immediate and material interest, we can assure our friend that our scheme *will pay*, though we fain would think that there are few among us whose conduct is influenced by such motives alone. So soon as a social want is felt, and a social duty clearly recognized, we are persuaded, that from every class of our community, and not of our little civic community alone, but of Scotland at large, will come forth ready, zealous, and effective workmen, who will speedily remove from us the reproach, that in this our boasted nineteenth century, we cannot even adapt to the exigencies of the times those institutions, which in an age of comparative ignorance, under the pressure of poverty, and amid the turmoil of war, our forefathers were wise, and rich, and energetic enough to establish in our land.

I HEAR A SPIRIT SINGING.

I HEAR a spirit singing as from a distant sphere,
The music of the melody, oh! it is sweet to hear;
Its cadences are floating on all the air around,
Yet I alone, of human kind, have caught the solemn sound;
And words come gently whispering, mysterious and low,
With an accent and a tone I remember long ago:
For my mother in her tenderness would talk to me like this,
And her spirit it must be, though I do not feel her kiss:—
"My child," she says, "your tide of life is ebbing fast away,
The moments of existence, though you hold them, will not stay;
Like flashes of the lightning, when you see them they are gone,
And naught remains to dwell upon, but memory alone.
All kindly thoughts, all lovingness, survive forever here,
And a balsam in our bosom is each charitable tear:
No room have we for flinty hearts, nor any pride of birth,
But God is still as high to us as when we were on earth.
And oh! my child, be heedful that you wander not in sin,
For your sorrow will the greater be the more you venture in;
And the sorrows of the essence, when it leaves its fleshly cell,
Are deeper than the angels to mortality may tell!"
At the silent hour of midnight, thus my mother sang to me,
And I felt that she was near, though her form I could not see.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ON THE LINKS CONNECTING THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

BY MAJOR LUKE SMYTH O'CONNOR, FIRST WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to detail how long and anxiously the governments of Spain and Great Britain struggled to discover a "short cut" between the *Atlantic* and *Pacific* Oceans. Spain was unsuccessful from a blind, bigoted, and besotted system in ruling over her vast American possessions—clogging science and closing up the fountains of knowledge, and which finally wrested them from her iron grasp.

England and her merchant princes, for full two centuries and more, have lavished incredible sums in endeavoring to find a north-west passage to the Pacific. By the one, the ablest, most enterprising and resolute officers of her navy were employed—while the other never shrunk from any expenditure to accomplish this desired, and most desirable object.

Meanwhile, Brother Jonathan has not been idle; no, silently and steadily he endeavored to promote the same "speculation"—looking keenly to the advantages he might derive, and the accession of territory he could in conscience "annex." Nor were the United States behind the European powers, either in the qualifications of the officers engaged, or the solid and liberal arrangements for the expeditions fitted out to ascertain a point of incalculable importance to the *whole* civilized and commercial world.

Hitherto the most strenuous exertions have failed to produce any permanent and satisfactory result—no adequate recompense has followed for the dreary years passed in the cold, inhospitable regions of the North Pole—interminable fields and mountains of ice seem to oppose impenetrable barriers to all advancement beyond a certain point, to block up all approach, and cast a bitter chill upon the most sanguine and daring adventurers es-saying to explore a north-west passage.

Thrice did the gallant Parry attempt, to burst the icy barrier, and the bold Ross, when all hope vanished, return after four years' so-

jour in the Polar Seas, with like ill-success. And now, to this very moment, the fate of the distinguished Franklin seems shrouded in melancholy mystery.

The obstacles appeared, and in *reality* are, so great—and even if overcome, success would prove of so little utility to the *commercial world*, that general attention has been from time to time directed to a land, or land-and-water communication between the *oceans*, and several routes (seven or eight) across the American continent have been suggested, as well adapted for this mighty undertaking; any one of which could be carried into operation and completed at no very extravagant outlay, or any extraordinary human exertion. The three principal routes deemed most feasible are, via the *Isthmus of Panama*, via *Juan Nicaragua*, and via the *Isthmus of Tehuantepec*.

The first, Panama, has many advocates, who maintain it would prove the shortest, easiest, and most eligible route, for vessels could proceed from Europe, the United States, and other ports, to *Chagres*, which river empties itself into the Atlantic in latitude 9 deg. 18 min. north, and 80 deg. 35 min. west longitude—and transport their cargoes across the Isthmus of Panama. The Rio Chagres is navigable only for large flat-bottom boats (bungos) for about thirty miles to *Cruces*—a small, miserable, filthy town, from whence a road to Panama winds along the central base of the chain of mountains, considered by the learned Humboldt a continuation of the New Grenada Andes; the total distance by water and land now traversed being about sixty-five miles, but coupled with many disadvantages.

A bar at the mouth of the *Rio Chagres* admits no vessel drawing more than ten feet of water. At certain seasons the current is extremely rapid, and heavy rollers break upon the beach. Of eight vessels which recently attempted to effect the passage, seven

were either lost, or damaged beyond repair. But even if a greater depth of water was found, steam navigation employed, a canal cut, or a railroad constructed, from *Chagres* to *Panama*, the water in the deep bay, and along the coast of the latter, is so shallow as to totally preclude vessels of considerable tonnage approaching within five to six miles of the city; and then in an open roadstead to load and unload shipping entails an expense, to say nothing of the danger, which speedily counterbalances any benefit that might accrue from this route.

There is no use in beating about the bush, or concealing the matter; the several official and private surveys and reports of the Isthmus of Panama are to the present hour imperfect, in many instances incorrect, partial plans, got up for peculiar purposes, or to answer wild and selfish speculation. Now, indeed, the gold-seekers, tramping to the El Dorado in California, will render the passage more generally known. However, as yet, the go-ahead Yankee, with all his pioneering propensities, finds the communication between Chagres and Panama inconvenient, difficult, and expensive; and as the journey must be made in small canoes and on mules, a very scanty allowance of baggage can be transported with each traveler.

The second route, and for the formation of which a company has been formed in *New York*, is via *San Juan*, up the river, through *Lakes Nicaragua and Leon*, past the remains of a city named after the latter, standing within *ten miles* of the Pacific, over which "short-cut" the Yankee company intend (if permitted) to fix "a pretty considerable plank road."

Now, let any unprejudiced person take a good map and look at the *San Juan Nicaragua*—trace the river to the lake, from thence to *Lake Leon*, and pass over the morsel of land separating the latter from the Pacific, and it must at once strike him that this line is in every respect—Lombard-street to a China orange—a more easily attainable, and more natural route than via Panama.

The noble river, *San Juan*, derives its source from the *Lake Nicaragua*, and after rolling a deep, sullen, impetuous current, empties its vast volume of water into the *Atlantic*, about the latitude of 10 deg. 45 min. north, and which could be considerably increased by turning into its channel the *Rio Colorado*.

There are four minor entrances to the *Boca Grande*, across which runs a bar with twenty-five feet of water over it, and this

passed, safe and snug anchorage is found in six fathoms, more or less.

The river has been navigated by small vessels from its mouth, seventy-nine miles to the Lake, which then affords water conveyance for ninety-five miles, with a depth of fifteen fathoms.* A small river connects this vast body of water with *Lake Leon*—the city, so called, standing on the north-west bank, from whence to the Pacific is *twelve miles!* the whole land communication required between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The river connecting the *Lakes Nicaragua and Leon* proving too shallow to admit vessels passing (which, by-the-by, is here only assumed, and not known to be the case), a canal could be easily cut, parallel to its bank. Or, leaving this and the *Leon* route aside, from the *Lake Nicaragua* to the *Golfo Papagayo* is but sixteen miles, and the ground between the Lake and the sea a dead level. By this last route direct to *Papagayo*, more than one-half of the water conveyance on the *Lake Nicaragua*, the whole of the connecting river and *Lake Leon* would be saved, and the land carriage increased but *four* miles.

The angle being made on the left or western shore of the *Lake Nicaragua*,† where the town stands, the road would run in an almost direct line of sixteen miles to the *Gulf of Papagayo*, the coast of which is free from shoals, rocks, and banks, and so bold, that a ship of the largest tonnage can anchor within a short distance of the beach.

For seven or eight months of the year the winds are moderate and favorable, the seasons mild, the climate at all times healthy, and the wholesome breezes which set in every morning from the Pacific, diffuse a freshness unknown on the opposite coast of Panama.

During July, August, September, and October, the northern gales prevail, but are trifling, when compared with the heavy blows—a jolly north-wester off *Cape Hatteras*, the small hurricanes in the *West Indies*, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the tornadoes on the coast of *Africa*, all of which I can speak of from bitter personal experience.

But even if the shoals and rapids in the

* The *New York Company* conveyed a small steamer in pieces to *San Juan*, put it together, and went ahead up the river.

† "The surface of *Lake Nicaragua* is about one hundred and thirty-five feet above the *Gulf of Papagayo*, and the Lake being eighty feet deep, its bottom is forty-six Spanish feet above the level of the South Sea."—*Humboldt's Narrative*.

river *Saint Juan* present impediments which would demand an expenditure of money, time, and labor, beyond the advantages to be derived from it, a navigable canal could be cut parallel to, and fed by, the river, from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Papagayo, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, from the nature of the country, with little or no difficulty; and, aided by the *Mosquitians*, the most indefatigable laborers, and the interests of whose kingdom would be incalculably promoted by such a work, at a very moderate expenditure. In fine, nature herself seems to lend every aid for the ingenuity, enterprise, and wealth of modern times, to complete this gigantic work, connecting the two oceans by a simple but powerful *link*, and by a route presenting not one solitary impediment, which patience, perseverance, and the mechanical power of the present day, could not easily and effectually conquer.

And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to observe, now that the *Mosquitian* boundary-line, and the said *right* of route seems to have become a sore subject, perchance a bone of contention, with *Uncle Sam*, how sound and judicious was the foresight and policy of the late Mr. Patrick Walker, the British resident at Mosquitia—how prompt and able the measures of Sir Charles Grey, the Governor of Jamaica, and how consistent the judgment of Captain Loch, of the *Alarm*, who, with his brave compeers in arms, both the red and the blue, swept away at *Sezapagui*, the paltry and unjust impediments offered by the *Nicaragua Government*, obliging them to acknowledge their error, apologize for their uncalled and insolent aggression on our “ancient ally,” the *Mosquitian King*,* and, finally, notwithstanding the shifts and chicanery of the *Nicaragua* authorities, bolstered up with the quirks and quibbles of a bar of lawyers, like a plain, straightforward, honorable Englishman, concluded a *treaty* which “secures the tariff in the port of *San Juan*, now *Grey Town*, as belonging to the *Mosquitian King*, and that no *Nicaragua* custom-house shall be established in proximity to the said port of *San Juan* to the prejudice of its interests.

But surely, no tariff, exorbitant or unjust, would be exacted—no bar placed across the river for the purpose of selfishly monopolizing its advantages, or closing it up. Such blind and narrow-minded policy never would be the recommendation of Great Britain to

Mosquitia. No, but to render the *line* accessible and beneficial to the *whole* commercial world, profitable to the *legitimate* owners and holders of its terminus, and a check upon the insatiable lust for “annexing” every spot of ground in the New World; which events, now shadowing forth, point out as the innate principles of a powerful party in the “*United States*.”

The last, and certainly not least, important project for connecting the two oceans, is via the Isthmus of *Tehuantepec*, in the state of Oaxaca or Guayaca, lying between *Guatemala* and *Mexico*.

The Bay of Campeachy washes the northern, and the Pacific the southern shores of this small slice of Central America, possessing very considerable charms for “*Uncle Sam*,” and valuable inducements for “annexation;” had not, as the organs of the Yankee press in high dudgeon declare, “the *English* secured the right of the *Tehuantepec* route, and on this occasion outwitted the *United States*.”

The narrowest part is between the Port of *Guasacualco*, or *Huascalco*, in 18 deg. 13 min. in the Gulf, and the Bay of *Tehuantepec* in 14 deg. 40 min. on the Pacific Ocean. From the summit of the *Chillido Monte* both oceans can be seen; the rivers *Guasacualco*, *Tustepec*, *Canas*, discharge their waters into the northern bay; the *St. Pierre* and *Tabasco*, near the coast, named after the latter, while the *Chimalapa* and *Tehuantepec*, rushing in a southern direction, roll their vast currents into the Bay of *Tehuantepec*. Thus nature, with very little artificial assistance, presents at once the means of connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean; and through a country blest with the finest climate, adorned with the most gorgeous and romantic scenery, and with every facility for procuring labor. The spacious entrance of the *Guasacualco* affords one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic shores of Mexico, has twenty-two feet of water over the bar, and is navigable for the largest vessels to within *thirty-six* miles of the *Chimalapa* and *Tehuantepec*; which rivers, taking up the *link* of water conveyance, carries it on to the Pacific, with a depth of channel for vessels drawing *twenty feet*.

If a canal was cut, or a railroad constructed, *thirty-six miles long*, the space between the navigable waters of the *Guasacualco*, the *Chimalapa*, and *Tehuantepec*, the Atlantic and Pacific would be connected by steam navigation and railroad, within twenty-four hours, or perhaps a less interval of time.

* The *Mosquitians* accompanied the late Lord Nelson in his expedition up the *Saint Juan Nicaragua*.

The productions of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa-Rica, Yucatan, in fact, of all the Central American States, instead of the tedious route to *Vera Cruz*, would be sent by this way from Tehuantepec to Guasacualco, and hence to Europe. The United States and Canadas, and the manufactures of these countries, brought to Guasacualco, would return by the same route for circulation among these extensive and widely-dispersed states.

Besides, what a mighty prospect, what a golden harvest the *Californias* promise; look to the difference for commercial men, emigrants, speculators, adventurers, and the "motley crowd" proceeding by this route to the El Dorado of the day, or via *Panama*. What is it? Not less than eight degrees doubled; take a chart, prick off from *New Orleans* to *Guasacualco*, and from the former (if not now, certainly soon to become the greatest port and commercial city in the New World), to *Chagres*, and see the distance saved. Twelve hundred geographical miles, besides the tedious and dangerous run between Cuba and the Cape of Yucatan, along the eastern shore of Central America, with currents beyond the calculation of the most experienced navigators; with rocks, shoals, banks and kayes, and not one friendly light to warn the mariner of the dangers of these seas, save that which the spirited settlers of *British Honduras* have erected and maintain at their own and sole expense on Half-Moon Kaye. But the *China* trade, the gorgeous silks, the golden stuffs of the east, must not be forgotten. Steam navigation would reduce the voyage from *China* to *Tehuantepec* to thirty or thirty-five days, one day more to cross the Isthmus, and at the Port of Gua-

sacualco a fleet could convey the riches of the Indies to Europe, the States, Canadas, or any other portion of the *globe*.

While thus opening fresh mines of wealth, increasing the facilities of commercial conveyance, almost annihilating space, leaving "the doubling of the Horn" as a tale of ancient mariners—connecting the broad *Atlantic* with the boundless waters of the *Pacific*—let it be borne in mind the great blessings which would be conferred by a constant and general intercourse between and through the Central American States; introducing regularity of government, security of property, peace, prosperity, and plenty among these hitherto crushed and ill-directed nations; instead of anarchy, rapine, bloodshed, misery, wretchedness, the calm and healing influence of religion diffusing its holy influence over millions wrapped in darkness and unbelief.

But I dare not venture to pursue farther this grand, most interesting subject, feeling unable to shadow forth one tithe of its importance. The feeble and imperfect outline I have presumed to sketch pretends to no merit, save that of being derived from the authentic resources which fell within my reach, some personal observation, and a hearty, honest desire to communicate in plain and homely language a matter which, if coolly investigated by *those competent to do it justice*, if undertaken with spirit and adequate resources, pursued with judgment, vigor, and *perseverance*, and conducted with liberality, may, without any stretch of imagination, raise Great Britain to a higher pinnacle than the proud position she now holds, by uniting in one mighty commercial bond the nations of the Old and of the New World.

ORIGIN OF THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, &C.—Commander C. Morton, R. N., has propounded a new Geological theory respecting the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway and of Staffa; contending that they are not of volcanic but of *vegetable* origin, and the splendid relics of stupendous bamboos of a far distant age!! In support of this hypothesis he alludes to the fact of the separate joints, both in bamboos and basaltic columns, being articulated with semi-spherical tenons, and corresponding sockets or mortices; the tenon or mortice being, in both productions, sometimes in the upper and sometimes in the lower ends of the joint; as particularly remarkable in the columns of the Giant's Causeway. In reference to the established theory of basaltic columns being crystalized from torrents of molten lava, he shows that it is opposed to the general laws of crystalization; and remarks upon the utter impossibility of the separate joints, blocks, or crystals, of which the columns are composed, selecting

(if thus formed) their fellow-joints of similar diameter, with corresponding sockets or mortices, and arranging themselves so closely and exactly one above another, till stupendous columns were raised many hundred feet in height; the length of the joints, and diameter of contiguous columns, exhibiting all the relative variety of dimensions which mark a field of sugar-canes or a forest of bamboos. He also shows that bamboos, even in the present day, secrete silex or flint, the chief component part of basaltic columns; and that the well-known material called "vegetable ivory," now substituted for animal ivory in many articles of ordinary use, is the production of an existing order of palm-trees. There is not, says Capt. Morton, such disparity in size between the most colossal of the columns of the Giant's Causeway and the bamboos of the present day, as between the monstrous antediluvian lizard, the iguanodon, and our diminutive reptiles of similar tribes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNE AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Histoire de Madame de Maintenon, et des Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV. Par M. le DUC DE NOAILLES. Paris: 1848.

ON a spring day of the year 1560, an excited crowd was assembled without the walls of a town of Touraine, which, although of small size and importance, had been the residence of several kings, and the birth and death place of Charles VIII. of France. Upon this occasion, no regal pageant attracted the throng, nor was the gaze of the mob one of idle curiosity. Gratified hatred and savage exultation were legible on most of the faces there collected together; only a few countenances wore an expression of horror and pity; and fewer still were those whose contracted brows, compressed lips, and pallid cheeks, betrayed their suppressed grief and indignation. The sight that aroused these various emotions in the spectators was that of a row of human heads fixed upon the battlements of the fortress, and bearing horrible testimony to the power and cruelty of the house of Guise, then paramount in France. The vast plan of insurrection, known in history as the Conspiracy of Amboise, whose chief was Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and its object the overthrow and imprisonment of the haughty Balafre, and of his no less arrogant brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had been discovered and frustrated; and twelve hundred nobles and gentlemen, including much of the best Huguenot blood in the land, had expiated upon the scaffold their failure and offence. Francis II., a feeble and incapable prince, then occupied the throne, and the sword of Guise was virtually the sceptre of France.

Of those who contemplated, with ill-concealed fury, the horrible trophies of that bigoted and vindictive party which, twelve years later, rioted in the bloody saturnalia of St. Bartholomew, one of the most remarkable was a middle-aged man, of robust frame and martial aspect, whose dress was travel-stained, and who was accompanied by an intelligent-looking boy, ten years of age. Long

did the old Huguenot soldier gaze, in mingled wrath and anguish, upon the blackening features of his former leaders and comrades, beneath whose banner, and by whose side, he had so often spurred to victory. At last his deep emotion found vent in words. "The assassins!" he exclaimed, "they have beheaded France!" Then, laying his hand upon the boy's head, and heedless of the lowering attention his exclamation had drawn upon him—"My son," he said, "you must not grudge your head, when mine shall have fallen, to avenge those noble chiefs, so full of honor. My curse cleave to you, if you are miserly of your blood in that holy cause!" The exhortation was heartfelt, but imprudent. Murmurs were heard amongst the bystanders as the stranger's words passed from mouth to mouth, and a cry of "Down with the Huguenots!" arose in the crowd. For a moment the cause of this commotion seemed disposed to abide the gathering storm. His nostril expanded with defiance, and his hand sank down to seek the hilt of his trusty sword. But his eye fell upon his son, and repressing the vengeful impulse, he turned and left the place, unimpeded by actual violence, but pursued by the vociferations of the mob. The soldier smiled scornfully at the hootings of the rabble. But upon the boy who clung to his side a deep and ineffaceable impression was made by the whole of that scene—by the severed and ghastly heads, by his father's passionate injunction, by the hoarse cries of the brutal populace. That day was an epoch in the life of Agrippa d'Aubigné. Then was confirmed in him a hatred, which ended but with his life, of the persecutors of his Protestant brethren, an attachment to his creed, which he ably vindicated both with sword and pen, and to which he never hesitated to sacrifice the favor of kings and the brightest smiles of fortune.

The life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné

was a grand romance, crowded with marvelous adventures and heroic traits. Brave as any real or fabulous hero of antiquity, he possessed qualities and acquirements that are to be found combined in few military heroes, whether of ancient or modern times. His failings were those of his century, whose virtues and vices were reflected, as in a mirror, in his active and turbulent career. Precocious in all things, at six years of age he read four languages. At that period, learning was confined to a few. The chiefs of the Huguenot party had a large share of what little was abroad. As to the Roman Catholic clergy and nobility, their ignorance would be incredible were it less well attested. In the very same year in which we find d'Aubigné (already a learned linguist, and the translator of Plato's *Criton*,) proceeding to Paris with his father to complete his studies, Jean de Montluc, himself a bishop, denounced before the king's council the gross ignorance of the dignitaries of the church. "Bishoprics," he said, "are now given to children and to ignorant persons, having neither knowledge nor will to fulfill their duties. Cardinals and bishops have not hesitated to bestow benefices on their house stewards, and even on their valets-de-chambre, cooks, barbers, and lackeys. The same priests, by their avarice, ignorance, and dissolute life, have made themselves universally odious and contemptible."* "A cook-maid of our times," says Dulaure, in his *History of Paris*, "would blush to write French with such gross orthographical errors as are to be found in a letter written by the Duke of Guise to M. de Connor, after the capture of some fortifications at Orleans."† A marshal of France, the Count de Brissac, could barely sign his name; and the constable Anne de Montmorency, by birth, station, and wealth, one of the first men in France, could neither read nor write, and signed with his mark. In 1573, when the Polish envoys went to Paris to offer the crown of their country to the Duke of Anjou, it was found necessary to send to Auvergne for a nobleman who could converse with them in Latin, they not understanding French. In so ignorant

an age, young d'Aubigné's unusual acquirements could not fail to give him prominence, even though they had not been combined with rare probity, dauntless bravery, and a daring frankness that more than once embroiled him with his superiors. His fortitude and staunchness revealed themselves at a very early age. Soon after his arrival at Paris, he and his preceptor were arrested on a charge of heresy, and their guards told him that he and all his band would be condemned to the stake. "My horror of the mass," replied the intrepid child, "is far greater than my fear of the flames." He was eighteen years old at the outbreak of the third civil war between the Catholics and Protestants. His father was dead, and his guardian opposed his taking arms, kept him a prisoner, and at night removed his clothes, lest he should escape. But the scene at Amboise, and his father's injunction, were vivid in the young Huguenot's memory; combined with religious fanaticism, and a warlike temper, they drove him with irresistible force to the battle-field. A company of men-at-arms were to leave the town for a Huguenot rendezvous, and some of his companions, who had joined them, promised to fire a shot as warning of their departure. On hearing the signal, d'Aubigné let himself down from his window by the aid of the sheets, scaled two walls, narrowly missed jumping into a well, and, with his shirt for sole covering, overtook his friends, who were already on the march, and who wondered greatly to see a naked man pursuing and calling to them, and crying out because his feet were tortured and bleeding from the stones. The captain of the band, after scolding him and threatening to make him return home, took him on his horse and gave him his cloak to sit upon, because the buckle of the crupper lacerated his skin. A league farther on, they fell in with a troop of Papists making for Angoulême, who were routed after a slight skirmish, in which the breechless volunteer obtained an arquebuss and some indifferent equipments, but refused to take clothes, notwithstanding his need and his comrades' advice. Thus he reached the rendezvous at Jonsac, still in his shirt; and there, some officers having dressed and armed him, he wrote at the end of his receipt for these advances: "Upon condition that I shall never tax the war with having despoiled me, since I cannot return from it in more piteous plight than I joined it." At Xaintes, the general rendezvous, M. de Mirebeau, governor of the province, would have

* *Mémoires de Condé*, i. 560.

† The following is an extract from this curious epistle: "Mon bon homme, je me mange les doigts de penser que si j'eusse eu vi. guanons pour en tirer 2 mille coups, ceste ville étoit à nous. Ils n'avoient qu'un seul parapet qui vaille. Ils n'ont pas quatre cans soldas bons. Je ne puis fere mieux que de essaiier de gagner le pont, qui couppent; ce qui m'est mallezé," &c.

sent him home, first by remonstrance and then by menace. But d'Aubigné was indocile; and abruptly quitting de Mirebeau and his captain, who would have put him under arrest, he broke through the company, fled, and, checking with the sword's point a cousin of his own, who pressed him hard, he reached the quarters of another captain, named Asnières, whom he knew to be on bad terms with de Mirebeau; and the next day, a scuffle occurring between their respective followers, he was foremost in the fray, and nearly killed his cousin. He shared in all the actions of that war, excepting in the battle of Moncontour; at which time, however, as he himself tells us in his Memoirs, he was as dangerously employed: for "being," he says, "in his native province of Xaintonge, he was surprised at night in a village, escaped—as did only four others out of eighty that composed the party—crossed the Dronne by forcing a peasant, who came to kill him, to show him the ford; passed through Coutras, and having encountered on the quay several arquebuss-men, who began to blow their matches, threw himself unhesitatingly into the river, and swam across it with his horse, peppered the while by the bullets." He now found that a stranger had got possession of his paternal estate, sustaining to his face that he had been killed at the combat of Savignac. Sick and suffering, treated as an impostor, denied by his tenants, renounced by his maternal relatives, who hated him for his religion, he reached Orleans with difficulty, obtained leave from the judges to plead his own cause, and did it with such eloquence and pathos that the tribunal rose as one man, indignant against his opponents, and, exclaiming that none but the son of d'Aubigné could speak thus, reinstated him in his rights. Such were the sufferings, perils, and adventures for which, at the age of twenty, Agrippa d'Aubigné was already distinguished. "The narrative of such a life," says M. de Noailles, "is the history of a whole epoch. It is the living picture of the state in which France then was. Every man had to guard his own life; on all sides were seen strong castles supplied with military stores and prepared for war, and armed bands spreading terror abroad. There was no traveling but with pistol in hand and sword loose in the scabbard; at each moment one was exposed to fall in with a party of enemies. Some fought in their own quarrel; others enrolled themselves in the innumerable expeditions which every little chieftain organized after his own fashion. The life of

d'Aubigné is full of such adventures." After narrowly escaping the fatal night of the 24th August, 1572—having left Paris, in consequence of a duel, three days previous to the massacre—he was recommended the following year to Henry the Fourth, then King of Navarre, by an officer of that prince's household, as "a determined man, for whom nothing was too hot or too cold, and who was as firm in counsel as bold in execution." This recommendation took d'Aubigné to court, and soon afterward, at the earnest entreaty of Henry, who had outwardly abjured Protestantism, he accompanied, although with great reluctance, an expedition against the Huguenots of Normandy. Instead of serving the Roman Catholic cause, however, he did his utmost, but in vain, to rescue the Count of Montgomery—the accidental slayer of Henry II.—then besieged in Domfront. His design came to the ears of Catherine de Medicis, who afterward taxed him with it under very remarkable circumstances. For when that odious assassin of his Protestant subjects, Charles IX., had just given up the ghost, bathed in a sweat of blood, and poisoned, it is said, by his own mother, d'Aubigné, desirous to ascertain his decease, and perhaps also to feast his eyes with the sight of this dead enemy of his faith, penetrated into the king's chamber, and there met Catherine, who threatened him, reproaching him with his endeavors to save Montgomery, and telling him he would resemble his father; whereto d'Aubigné boldly replied—"God grant it!" In disgust, and to avoid the anger of the vindictive Florentine, he would then have withdrawn altogether from the court, but was dissuaded by his friend Fervacques, a Catholic gentleman attached to Henry IV., and only left it temporarily for a short campaign in Germany. At court he was a great favorite for his wit and skill in composing poetry and plays, and arranging *ballets*, masquerades, and other diversions. He was noted for his gasconades, a propensity which in him was united with the most headlong valor. "Various quarrels," he says in his Memoirs, where he speaks of himself in the third person—"an attack that he and three others made on thirty *badauds* (Parisian cockneys), most of them armed with halberts, who took to flight; another on the guards of Marshal de Montmorency, who besieged Fervacques in the hostelry of the Chapeau-Rouge; another to rescue the children of the Marquis of Trans, pursued by a great number of archers; another, in which he and Fervacques, at-

tended by a page and some grooms, were wantonly assailed by thirteen fellows armed in mail, and both wounded: these and other combats, on foot and on horseback, in company with the brave Bussy,* gave him so great a reputation, that this cavalier conceived a friendship for him—after seeing him serve as second to the said Fervacques against himself—and one day induced him, by a stroke of folly, with some nobles of the court, to enter the city guard-house sword in hand, where he was hard pressed and disarmed, but nevertheless recovered his weapon and escaped." Such were the recreations with which the young gentlemen of that day filled up the intervals between frequently-recurring wars. Peril was their element, battle their pastime. In such men as Bussy, d'Aubigné, and Fervacques, modern romance writers have found the models (and have overdrawn them less than might be supposed) of those valiant adventurers and soldiers of fortune, whose skill of fence, strength of arm, and contempt of death, render them a match for a host of ordinary combatants. D'Aubigné, however, was too earnest a spirit to waste his life in street brawls and court diversions. It was with the dagger of St. Bartholomew suspended over his head that Henry IV. had abjured the Reformed religion; and in February, 1576, he fled to La Rochelle, and again publicly professed it. D'Aubigné, one of four who instigated and arranged this flight, then visited Languedoc, Normandy, and several other provinces, to encourage and rouse the Huguenots to take arms. On his return from this dangerous mission, Henry, whose good qualities did not include generosity, presented him with his portrait, beneath which d'Aubigné, dissatisfied with the unsubstantial reward, wrote the following epigram:—

"Ce prince est d'étrange nature
Je ne sais qui diable l'a fait :
Ceux qui le servent en effet,
Il les récompense en peinture."

From this time his favor declined, until he lost the good graces of the King of Navarre—partly, according to his own account, by his freedom of speech and bold replies, partly in consequence of Catherine of Medicis' intrigues, and partly by refusing to serve

* Bussy d'Amboise, one of the lovers of Queen Margaret of Navarre, "of invincible courage," says l'Estoile, "and a hasty temper, proud and audacious, brave as his sword, but vicious and slightly fearing God."

Henry in one of his numerous love affairs. He withdrew from court, leaving a farewell letter for his ungrateful master. "Sire," he said, "your memory will reproach you with twelve years of my services, and twelve wounds upon my body; it will remind you of your prison, and that the hand which now writes to you broke its bars, and has remained pure whilst serving you, unfilled by your benefactions, and exempt from corruption, whether proceeding from your enemies or from yourself." Repeatedly recalled by Henry, who knew the worth of his blunt but honest councilor, d'Aubigné obstinately refused to return, until, as he himself tells us, "the malcontent, learning one day that his master, who had been informed of his enterprise against Limoges, and believed him to have been taken prisoner there, had put aside some of the queen's jewels to pay his ransom; and then, being falsely informed of his death, had testified great grief, he was touched, and resolved to return his service." These quarrels and reconciliations were frequently renewed. At one time, d'Aubigné was about to take service under a German Protestant prince; but he fell in love, married, and remained in France, where he continued his adventurous life and feats of extraordinary prowess. "No one," says M. de Noailles, "represents better than he the exuberant and energetic vitality that animated the sixteenth century: writer, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, controversialist, when necessary, he constantly quitted the sword for the pen; and was, at the same time, the type of those rough Huguenot gentlemen—proud, independent, inflexible in their faith and in their hatred of Papacy; always with helmet on head and blade in hand. . . . Honest, devoted, ardently attached to his religion, keen-witted and accomplished, energetic and impassioned; on the other hand, he was a braggart, almost always dissatisfied, satirical and insolent of speech, and he called his master ungrateful." This his master unquestionably was, although his poverty may be taken as a palliation. "My friend," wrote Henry IV. to Sully, "my shirts are all torn, my doublet is out at elbows, my larder is often bare, and I dine where I can." But Henry, like a Gascon as he was, had a habit of promising much more than he could perform, and this bred discontent amongst his followers, whose murmurs, however, made little impression on the good-humored sovereign. "La Force," said d'Aubigné one night to a fellow-courtier, as they lay in bed in a closet adjoining the King's bedroom—

"La Force, our master is a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface." "What say you, d'Aubigné?" inquired La Force, who was half asleep. "He says," cried the King, who heard every word, "that I am a thorough niggard, and the most ungrateful mortal on the earth's surface," at which d'Aubigné was somewhat confused. He tells the story himself, and says that his master made no difference in his manner to him the next day; but neither, he adds, did he give him a livre the more.

It was great grief to d'Aubigné when Henry, after his succession to the crown of France, once more abjured the Protestant faith; and, from that time forward, he was much less about his person. A report having got abroad that he had lost the king's favor, he repaired, in 1595, to the siege of La Fère. "On arriving, he went straight to the house of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and remained for more than two hours with Henry and his mistress. It was in this conversation that Henry, having shown him a wound on his lip, inflicted by the dagger of Jean Châtel, who had attempted to assassinate him, d'Aubigné made that memorable reply, which was afterward repeated throughout France,—'Sire, you have as yet renounced God but with your lips, and He has contented himself with piercing them; if you one day renounce him with your heart, he will pierce your heart.' Too bold a speech of a subject to his king, says l'Estoile, and even criminal and capital in any other than d'Aubigné, to whom his Majesty, for the much that he loved him, gave entire liberty of speech, taking nothing he said in bad part." D'Aubigné, it has been shown, was not one to whom such license could be accorded with impunity. His tongue was as sharp, and almost as formidable a weapon, as his sword. At a celebrated religious conference which took place in the year 1600, in presence of Henry IV. and his court, between the Bishop of Evreux, on the part of the Catholics, and Duplessis Mornay, on that of the Protestants, d'Aubigné supported the latter; "and his arguments," he says, "put the prelate in so great embarrassment, that great drops of water fell from his forehead upon a manuscript of Chrysostom, and were remarked by all the assembly." This was two years after the edict of Nantes, which secured protection and liberty of worship to those of the Reformed faith. The period that elapsed between Henry's accession, and the date when he deemed it fitting and practicable to pub-

lish that edict, was agitated by the manoeuvres and active political opposition of the Huguenot chiefs, amongst whom d'Aubigné was prominent. Personally attached though he was to Henry, he bitterly blamed and inveighed against the renegade king, sparing him not in his addresses to the synods and Congregation, and even urging these to take arms against him. Henry was well informed of his proceedings, even to the satirical and indignant words in which his former adherent inveighed against his change of religion, which proceeded, he said, "not from ignorance, or want of knowledge of the truth, but from pure ambition, and from desire of greater liberty to indulge in pleasures and worldly delights." But between those two great men—that able sovereign, and that stern and heroic Protestant chief—there existed a friendship which circumstances might cloud, but could never destroy. It is, indeed, most interesting to trace the frequent struggles in the soul of d'Aubigné, between his love and loyalty to his royal friend and master, and his deep attachment to his religion. Henry, a subtle politician, steered his devious course amidst the great conflicting interests of the age, often bending lest he should be broken. D'Aubigné, a fearless soldier of the faith, and tinged with fanaticism, would admit of no compromise; and was irritated, almost to madness, at each fresh appearance of temporizing or vacillation on the part of the king. "When the death of the Duke d'Alençon rendered the King of Navarre presumptive heir to the crown of France, and the League, throwing off the mask, declared itself both against Henry III.—accused of sacrificing the Catholic religion—and against Henry of Béarn, who threatened to give France a Protestant king—d'Aubigné was everywhere, raised several companies, defended Poitou, was left for dead at the enterprise of Angers, took the island of Oléron, and was made prisoner for a moment, at Brouage; but, as the king of Navarre restored Oléron to the Catholics, d'Aubigné again retired, furious, and was for bidding an eternal farewell to his master; he even set himself to study books of controversy, to see, he said, if he could find some shadow of salvation in Rome." It did great honor, both to Henry and to his plain-spoken friend, that, when the Huguenot opposition was weakened by the death and defection of its leading members, and still more, by the leniency and toleration they enjoyed, and d'Aubigné was about to leave the country, he received a letter from the king urging him to go to

court, and promising him a good reception. He passed two months there without exchanging a word with Henry on the subject of past dissensions: until at last, one day that they were walking together, the king broached the question, and some discourse ensued between them, which ended by Henry's saying,—“I have greater confidence in you, d'Aubigné, than in those who have played a double game,” and then embraced and dismissed him. “But d'Aubigné, returning to the king, said,—‘Sire, when I look you in the face, my old liberty and boldness of speech returns to me; unbutton three buttons of your doublet, and do me the grace to say how you could come to hate me.’ Then, that prince, growing pale, as was his wont when moved by affection, replied,—‘You were too attached to La Trémoille, (a Huguenot chief, then dead.) I hated him, you know, and yet you declared for him.’ ‘Sire,’ replied d'Aubigné, ‘I was brought up at your Majesty's feet, and there I early learned not to abandon persons afflicted and oppressed by a superior power. Approve this apprenticeship of virtue which I served with you.’ This reply was followed by a second embrace and adieu.” After Henry's death, d'Aubigné was again involved in Protestant insurrections, but finally retired to St. Jean d'Angely, and occupied himself with literature, revising and completing his works, and publishing in 1616 his most important book, the *Universal History* of his times, which was burned by order of the Parliament, “as containing many things against the state, and against the honor of kings, queens, and other nobles of the kingdom.” In 1620, after Louis the Thirteenth's short campaign against the Huguenots, Poitou being full of the royal troops, he deemed himself unsafe there, and escorted by twelve well-armed cavaliers, and lightly bearing the weight of his seventy summers, he reached Geneva through many perils and fatigues, and was there received with great honor as the old and valiant champion of the Protestant church. His mental and bodily activity were still unimpaired; he was chosen president of the council of war, fortified Geneva and Berne, carried on negotiations with various Protestant princes, and was condemned to death in France, “the fourth similar judgment,” he says, “rendered against me, and which has done me honor and pleasure.” At the age of seventy-three he married a second wife, and had completed his eightieth year when he died surrounded by friends, and la-

mented by all good men. His death was as calm and happy as his life had been turbulent and agitated.

How troubled would have been the dying hour of this brave old Huguenot warrior could he have foreseen that, fifty-five years later, his grandchild, the daughter of his son, would countenance, if she did not instigate, the cruel persecution of the religion he had so steadfastly adhered to and defended! The date of the secret marriage of Louis the XIV. and Françoise d'Aubigné agrees, as nearly as it can be ascertained, with that of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A striking coincidence! for it is hard to believe, that the influence and seduction which could bring one of the proudest kings who ever sat on throne to wed the widow of the jester Scarron, in opposition to urgent advice and entreaties,* might not have been efficaciously exerted in behalf of the suffering and persecuted Huguenots. It had been a graceful act of the elderly Egeria of the fourteenth

* “The King,” says the Abbé de Choisy, “confided one day his intended marriage to M. de Louvois, as a thing which was not yet quite decided upon, and which he was fully determined never to declare, and asked his opinion. Louvois had never had the least idea of such a thing. ‘Ah! Sire,’ he exclaimed, ‘does your Majesty really mean what you now tell me? The greatest king in the world marry the widow Scarron! Do you wish to dishonor yourself?’ He threw himself at the king's feet, and burst into tears. ‘Pardon me, Sire, the liberty I take; strip me of my offices, put me in prison—so at least I shall not witness this indignity.’ The king replied: ‘Rise; are you mad, have you lost your senses?’ Louvois arose, and left the room without knowing whether his remonstrances had taken effect; but the next day he thought he saw, in the embarrassed and ceremonious manner of Madame de Maintenon, that the king had been so weak as to tell her what had passed; and from that moment he perceived that she was his mortal enemy. The secret marriage took place some time afterward; M. de Louvois was not summoned to it.” M. de Noailles, a fervent partisan and admirer of Madame de Maintenon, declares her hostility to Louvois to have existed only in that minister's imagination. St. Simon, in his *Memoirs*, and Duclos, in his *Mémoires Secrets*, give the scene between the King and Louvois as occurring subsequently to the marriage, and as having reference to its declaration. M. de Noailles scouts the statement; Madame de Maintenon, according to him, was so utterly devoid of ambition, that she would have been shocked at the idea of becoming Queen of France. Amidst the mass of conflicting evidence handed down by an age prolific in memoirs, posterity will probably always remain divided as to the real merits and aims of that extraordinary woman. We cannot but think that, in his zeal to exalt her virtues, her most recent biographer is too apt unceremoniously to put out of court, as untrustworthy, the assertions and opinions of unfavorable witnesses.

Louis, to have extended the shield of protection over the descendants of those who had fought for their faith by the side of her valiant grandsire.

Agrippa d'Aubigné was unfortunate in his eldest son. The heir to his name and honors, notwithstanding the great care taken of his education, was a profligate from his youth, a rebellious son, a renegade to his religion, a traitor to his party. After repeatedly pardoning him, his father, indignant at a crowning act of perfidy, disinherited and cursed him. The parent could forgive offences against himself, and had more than once welcomed back and confided in the prodigal, when he professed to revert to the Reformed church; but the Huguenot chief sternly refused to pardon the double traitor who revealed to the Roman Catholic government of France the plans of England for the relief of La Rochelle, when that Huguenot stronghold was beleaguered by Cardinal Richelieu in 1627. The crime of the son was deemed a merit in the subject. Constant d'Aubigné, now a declared Catholic, and apparently devoted to the court, received an appointment about the person of Louis XIII., had a confiscated barony restored to him, and contracted an honorable marriage. But treachery was his element. He was detected in correspondence with English agents, and was imprisoned at Bordeaux, and afterward at Niort in Poitou, in which latter place of confinement was born, the 27th Nov. 1635, his daughter Françoise, celebrated in history under the name of Madame de Maintenon. Two or three years later, his wife's exertions having obtained his liberation, he sailed with his family to seek his fortune in Martinique. There he acquired considerable property, lost it again at the gaming-table, and died, holding a small military office, barely sufficient to enable him to live. At his death, Madame d'Aubigné returned to France with her children. Françoise was then nine or ten years old. Already, according to some of her numerous biographers, she had had marvelous adventures, and had narrowly escaped being devoured by a serpent, carried off by pirates, and thrown overboard for dead. But no perils that her childhood may have passed, can have equaled in strangeness the vicissitudes of her after life.

Once more in France, Madame d'Aubigné, reduced almost to penury, supported her misfortunes with courage, and busied herself with her daughter's education. Compelled, however, to revisit Martinique, she left Françoise in charge of her sister-in-law, Madame

de Vilette, who brought up the child in the Reformed religion; wherefore she was taken from her by an order of the government, and placed under the care of another relation, Madame de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, who spared no pains to instruct her in the Romish faith. "At first gentleness and caresses were tried as means of conversion; then it was attempted to subdue her by harshness and humiliation: she was left with the servants, and employed in the most menial offices. 'I commanded in the poultry-yard,' she afterward said, 'and it is there my reign commenced.' Every morning, a mask on her face to preserve her complexion, a straw-hat upon her head, a switch in her hand, and a little basket upon her arm, she was sent to take care of the turkeys, strictly forbidden to touch the basket till she had got by heart five verses of Pibrac." She was subsequently sent to an Ursuline convent, and there, by kind treatment, was induced to abjure Calvinism. Her mother's death, and that of Madame de Vilette, again left her without other resources but the charity of Madame de Neuillant, which was very scanty, avarice being that pious lady's most prominent characteristic. In her house, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné had to endure innumerable privations and vexations; but she was rescued from seclusion by the vanity of her parsimonious benefactress, who found her own importance in society increased by the association of a young and beautiful girl,—for beauty she unquestionably possessed, although such is not the popular notion. The error is accounted for by M. de Noailles. "Unfortunately for Madame de Maintenon," he says, "it is only at too ripe an age that her elevation attracts our gaze. We know her only as an old woman; we always picture her to ourselves in her fillemot dress and coif, devout and severe; ruling the court which had become as serious as herself, and supporting, besides the weight of years, her own *ennui* and the king's. Her best-known portrait, taken at the age of sixty—the one in which she was painted by Mignard in the character of St. Frances—has an expression of nobility and dignity, but, at the same time, of sadness and melancholy, which contributes to fix her in our imagination under that aspect. For us, no lingering reflection of youth softens upon her countenance the wrinkles of advanced age. She should have been known young. Happy those whose likeness is handed down to posterity as an image of grace and beauty; for them posterity is more indulgent. . . . An oval

face, chestnut hair, a complexion fair almost to pallor, black eyebrows and long lashes, dark eyes, at once soft and sparkling, regular and delicate features, a graceful and intelligent physiognomy, an elegant and noble carriage of the head, and very handsome shoulders, rendered her a person of rare distinction, and of an uncommon style of beauty; it is thus that she is represented in the enamel by Petitot, preserved at the Louvre, (an engraving from which is prefixed to M. de Noailles' work), and in the portrait which Scarron had taken of her, at the same period, by Mignard." She was then four-and-twenty. It was nine years previously that Madame de Neuillant, who sometimes assisted at Scarron's conversaziones, introduced her to the gay and accomplished, but mixed society, which was wont to assemble at the house of the witty, eccentric, and good-hearted cripple. "She was already handsome, but timid, and embarrassed by her provincial-looking dress and by her gown, which was too short, and on her entrance she began to cry. Her youth and confusion touched everybody, but especially Scarron." About two years afterward, her mother having died in the interval, he married her. If he had been attracted at first sight by her beauty, he was still more charmed by the wit, good taste, and good sense, which he soon afterward discovered in her. In short, he fell in love, although the cynic could not help sneering at himself—as he sat in his easy-chair, crippled in every limb, and bearing, as he himself said, "no bad resemblance to the letter Z"—for daring to entertain such a sentiment. Influenced by this feeling, and by the compassion with which her forlorn condition inspired him, he offered her his hand. "I preferred him to a convent," was her reply to those who expressed surprise at her acceptance of so strange a suitor.

The history of Madame de Maintenon is so well known, so many distinguished writers have busied themselves directly or incidentally with her biography, that a mere outline of her career would tell nothing that is new to anybody. Even M. de Noailles, whose voluminous work might naturally be supposed to contain novel particulars—as it certainly contains original views—of a subject that is rather hackneyed, thinks proper to prelude by an apologetic explanation. Whilst preparing a new edition of Madame de Maintenon's letters, he proposed prefixing to it a tolerably extensive notice of her life. Led away by the interest of the subject, and the importance of the period, his memoir imper-

ceptibly grew into two copious volumes, which he was induced to publish in an independent form, and which he considers to compose a tolerably complete history of the reign of Louis XIV. Viewed in this light, the part where the work is most defective is the military history of that remarkable reign. That is compressed into a short chapter, whilst a third of the whole work is occupied with a discussion of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the causes that led to it, and of the degree of blame to be attached to Louis, with a vindication of Madame de Maintenon from stimulating the persecution of the Huguenots, and an endeavor to prove that it was wholly out of her power to prevent it. All these points are settled by M. de Noailles in a manner which he deems perfectly conclusive. For the justification of his heroine, he especially cites her letters. "Above all," he says, "I have let Madame de Maintenon speak for herself. There is no historical personage concerning whom more falsehoods have been promulgated, and, after all that has been said of her, the only way to know her is to read her correspondence. I have been careful at each epoch and incident of her life, to let her explain and show her true sentiments. I have sought to make her history out of her letters." He supports this evidence, which alone might not carry conviction to all, by quotations from numerous contemporary writers, and by long and elaborate arguments of his own, sometimes more specious than convincing. He begins, after an able sketch of the social movement in France during the first half of the seventeenth century, by describing her married life with Scarron, and by repelling the calumnies leveled by St. Simon and others against her conduct as a young woman. A more trying and perilous position can scarcely be imagined than that of this beautiful girl of seventeen, exposed to the seductions and contaminations of the equivocal society that frequented the house of the paralytic wit, whose nurse she had become when she accepted the title of his wife. Whilst the Hotel Rambouillet, in the words of St. Simon, "was a sort of academy of wits of gallantry, virtue, and science, the rendezvous of all who were distinguished by quality and merit—a tribunal to which it was imperative to defer, and whose decisions had great weight in society," there existed in Paris another coterie, whose meetings, less select, were often far gayer than those of the more aristocratic and dignified assembly. "There, too," says M. de Noailles, "courtiers were to be seen in

company with Marion de Lorme and Ninon de l'Enclos, and mingled with men of letters, but all those were *bon vivants* and gay companions. In the midst of this circle was enthroned a little man of grotesque countenance, deformed from illness, and constantly in pain, but always laughing and making all around him laugh. Of inexhaustible gayety, fertile in sallies, and full of wit, his reputation drew a crowd around his sick couch. This little man was Scarron; he is entitled to a place here, not only from his personal celebrity, but also because his house was one of the principal meeting-places of that secondary society, which was not unconnected with the social transformation we speak of. When the *beaux esprits* of the Hotel Rambouillet assembled in the neighborhood of the Palais Cardinal, in the quarter of the Marais Scarron's drawing-room opened. In the one place, fine sentiment, refined conversation, romantic intrigues and brilliant but somewhat pretentious entertainments; in the other, gayety, joy, folly, suppers to which each guest contributed his dish; and where the language was as free as the thoughts."

Scarron, a clear-sighted appreciator of the failings and vices of himself and his boon companions, foretold, in cynical phrase, a speedy change in the retiring simplicity of the young girl who was to become the daily witness of their joyous meetings. For once he was mistaken. As Madame Scarron, Mademoiselle d'Aubingé exchanged her timidity for dignity, and curbed instead of sharing, the license of her husband and his friends. "By her decent and modest manners," says Madame de Caylus in her *Souvenirs*, "this young person inspired so much respect, that none of the young men who frequented the house dared utter an ambiguous expression in her presence, and that one of them was heard to say—'If I had to take a liberty with the queen, or with Madame Scarron, I should not hesitate an instant; I would risk it rather with the queen.'" The becoming dignity that inspired this feeling of awe was unmingled with that austerity which—we say it with all deference to M. de Noailles and her other eulogists—contributed to the gloom that overshadowed the latter years of the court of Louis XIV. Already, the lately converted Calvinist showed herself rigid in the prescribed observances of her new creed. "In Lent time," says Mademoiselle de Caylus, "she would eat a hering at one end of the table, and then retire to her chamber." This, however, the same writer remarks, was part of a necessary sys-

tem, adopted out of regard to her reputation, and to check the forwardness of those who habitually surrounded her. Scarron, jovial and easy, took no offence that his friends brought to his table the materials of a feast. Once the Count de Lude did this rather unexpectedly; Scarron shared the repast, but his wife betook herself to her apartment. Her amiability, and the charm of her conversation, destroyed the sting of these tacit reproofs, without neutralizing their wholesome effect. She was generally liked, not only by men, but by her own sex. When the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin were sent to Brouage on a party of pleasure, planned to remove one of them from the vicinity of the young king, who had fallen in love with her, they were most urgent that Madame Scarron should accompany them. Her poverty prevented her. Scarron was not fortunate. A lawsuit lost him the chief part of his income; a satirical couplet, leveled at Mazarin, cost him a pension; and, although he humbly retracted the lampoon, the avaricious Cardinal would not restore the allowance. Notwithstanding these reverses, the last years of Scarron's life were probably the happiest. "I am not surprised," Queen Christina of Sweden said to him, when she had seen his wife, "that, with the most amiable woman in Paris by your side, you are, notwithstanding your sufferings, the most cheerful man." It had long been a system with Scarron to conceal his sufferings; it was his whim to play the philosopher, and to laugh and jest when writhing with the gout. But he had his hours of deep dejection and prostration, and these his watchful and affectionate wife soon detected. At the same time she saw that pity was intolerable to him, and that applause and admiration alone consoled him for his physical pains and degradation. She laughed at his sallies, she tended him as his nurse, she acted as his secretary—writing, at his dictation, his letters and books, and frequently prevailing with him to modify objectionable passages and coarse expressions.

The circumstance most likely to tarnish the reputation of Madame Scarron was her intimacy with Ninon de l'Enclos, who won her heart by her graceful and affectionate manners, and by the charm of her intercourse. Here we are forbidden to follow the common rule of judging persons by the company they keep. Neither can we apply the rigorous code of decorum now happily in force. We must endeavor to enter into the ideas and feelings prevalent in France two centuries ago, although, even then, this in-

timacy gave their greatest advantage to the enemies and calumniators of Madame Scarron. "Some persons," says M. de Noailles, "have difficulty in understanding how Madame Scarron's habits of piety and virtue could be reconciled with such an intimacy, which was believed, however, to be closer than it really was, the report having long been spread that she and Ninon were accustomed to share the same bed—a circumstance which at that time would have had nothing very strange. This friendship is explained by the part that Ninon played—so singular a one, that the great Condé, meeting her on the public promenade, did not hesitate to pay his respects to her, hat in hand, at the door of her carriage. It is explained also by Madame Scarron's position in her husband's house, where Ninon had long been a visitor, and by the easy morality of the period. . . . Ninon was then nearly forty, twenty years older than Madame Scarron. Her conduct was more restrained than in her youth, and, without being much more moral, it was externally more decent." The extent of this comparative decency may be judged of from the fact that Ninon was then living in the country with Villarceaux, her favorite lover, to the great grief of his young wife, who, with her infant daughter, dwelt in retirement at Paris, or at her mother's chateau. Villarceaux fell in love with Madame Scarron, and Ninon, who was desirous of transferring her favor to Coligny, assisted him in his pursuit of *la belle Indienne*, the name frequently given to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, from her childhood having been passed in the West Indies. Informed of the conspiracy against her virtue, Madame Scarron was about to quarrel with Ninon, but abstained upon reflection, and, in concert with the Abbé Têtu, arranged a plan to reclaim Villarceaux. The counter-plot was crowned with complete success. Villarceaux was inveigled into writing a letter, in which he declared he renounced forever the unworthy connection with Ninon. On repairing to a rendezvous accorded him by Madame Scarron, he found himself in presence of his wife, who thanked him with tears, and an effusion of tenderness, for the assurance of future fidelity he had spontaneously transmitted to her. She had received the letter intended for Madame Scarron. Touched by her affection, and by that of his little daughter, Villarceaux accepted with a good grace the part of a penitent husband thus skillfully imposed upon him, wrote a grateful letter to his fair deceiver, and was ever after-

ward her attached friend. Madame de Genlis, in her historical romance, or romantic history, of *Madame de Maintenon*, relates this incident in much detail, and with all the attraction of style for which the clever mistress of Egalité was distinguished. But at the best it has a Decameronian savor; and although the end attained was unquestionably laudable, it is impossible to reconcile with the notions of propriety of the present day the part played in the intrigue by a virtuous and beautiful woman of twenty. The chief imputations cast upon her by contemporaries have reference to this same Villarceaux, but subsequent to the death of Scarron. During his life, only one person, Gilles Boileau, dared, out of animosity to the husband, to defame the virtue of the wife. This he did in an epigram, which excited universal indignation, and a hint from a person of quality, that he might perhaps be repaid by cudgeling, induced him to retract the calumny. Ninon herself, who, it appears, was very anxious to see her otherwise, did unwilling homage to the strict correctness of her young friend's conduct; and Tallemant des Réaux, the scandalous chronicler of the day, who was apt enough to record as facts malicious and unfounded reports, casts no imputation upon her. St. Simon furiously attacks her conduct after the death of Scarron. This writer, deprived by his independent character of the favor of Louis XIV., scarcely attempts to dissemble his hatred of Madame de Maintenon, and of the king's legitimated bastards—and doubtless it frequently rendered him partial and unjust; but M. de Noailles goes too far in refusing all historical value to his Memoirs. "St. Simon," he says, "is a painter, a poet, an orator, anything you like, except an historian." And he devotes some pages to an attempt to destroy the credit of the author he thus condemns, as eagerly as though he had inherited the animosities of his ancestor, that Duc de Noailles whom Duclos shows as trembling with fury, when compelled by St. Simon's persistence to do justice to the town of Périgueux, cruelly oppressed by his friend Courson.* He successfully exposes certain weaknesses and blunders of St. Simon, but we doubt the success of his attempt wholly to put aside his Memoirs, as untrustworthy in all that relates to Madame de Maintenon, although St. Simon has certainly too lightly accepted calumnies respecting her, current at a period when he himself was as yet un-

* Duclos, *Mémoires Secrets*, i. 330-34.

born. But controversies of this kind are now interesting to very few, except for the curious traits and details they bring forward, of times from which the present generation is separated by the magnitude and crowd of events, even more than by the lapse of years.

After Scarron's death, his widow was living in retirement in a little lodging of the Rue des Tournelles, occupied with books, and with such charitable works as her limited means allowed, when fortune sought her out. The post of governess to the king's children by Madame de Montespan was offered to her, and she accepted it, on condition that the appointment should come in the form of an order from Louis XIV. "She feared, perhaps, lest the clandestine education of children, who might never be recognized by their father, should place her in a false position in society, by which she was honored and cherished; and she would not have it said that she had sought it, or even, in some sort, voluntarily accepted it." It was a mixture of prudery and prudence, of care for her reputation, and regard for her interests, frequently observable in the course of her career, which dictated this stipulation. M. de Noailles admits that, besides the delicate motive above cited, she thought it safer to hold her appointment by the king's will, than at the caprice of his mistress. There was less chance of an affront, and a better one of a pension. As to her position, it was unavoidably equivocal in the eyes of the world—at least after a time, when, owing to the increased numbers of her charge, she went to reside in a large isolated house near Vaugirard, where she ceased to receive her friends, and occupied herself entirely with the children, her care of whom was most tender and maternal. Her sudden renunciation of society, her solitary life, and the king's visits, made the world talk, and reports even spread of her having supplanted Madame de Montespan. Gradually, however, the mystery was dissipated, and the true state of things became known. It was very soon after her installation in this retreat, according to Madame de Caylus, that she first began to occupy the king's thoughts. Madame de Montespan's eldest daughter having died, "Madame Scarron was as much affected as the most tender mother could have been, and much more than was the real mother; whereupon the king said, 'She knows well how to love, and there would be pleasure in being beloved by her'—words which constitute an epoch in the intercourse of Madame de

Maintenon and the king. It is thought that from that time the king was sensible to her attractions, and even that he testified as much to her." One of her letters to Madame de Coulanges, written at about that period, and quoted at length by M. de Noailles, fully confirms this opinion. This was in 1672. It was the commencement of a long attachment, full of romantic incidents and sentimental episodes—of quarrels with Madame de Montespan, and of moral relapses on the part of Louis, who, during the latter part of the time, was in the transition state from the character of the elegant profligate to that of the *ennuyé* bigot. Twelve or thirteen years later—in 1685, according to the most likely calculation—the king being forty-seven years old, and Madame de Maintenon three years his senior, the Archbishop of Paris celebrated their secret marriage in an oratory at Versailles, in presence of Père la Chaise, (who said the mass), of the king's *valet-de-chambre*, and of M. de Montchevreuil, an intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon. Some writers have said that Louvois was present, but this, for reasons already given, appears very doubtful, as, indeed, are many of the details popularly credited with regard to this singular union. The date of the event seems fixed with tolerable certainty by La Baumelle, in his *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*. He says, that one day, when reprimanding the Duchess of Burgundy, she said to her—"I was what I am before you were born." The Duchess of Burgundy was born the 13th December, 1685. Voltaire assigns a later date to the marriage—incorrectly, if this anecdote be true; and St. Simon alleges it to have taken place immediately after the queen's death, in the winter of 1683-4, without, however, assigning any valid reasons for the assertion. The date, however, is immaterial; the fact of the marriage has long since been established by testimony that admits not of dispute. And even if the Bishop of Chartres, and other equally trustworthy persons, had not left written evidence of the fact, the king's behavior to Madame de Maintenon, and certain parts of her own deportment, would leave no room for doubt. "At the promenades of Marly," says Duclos, "shut up in a sedan-chair, to avoid the least breath of air, she had the king walking by her side, and taking off his hat each time that he bent forward to speak to her. Thus was she also seen on a rising ground at the camp of Compiègne, surrounded by all the court, the king on foot beside her, and the Duchess of Burgundy seated on one of the poles of the

chair. In her own apartments, it was still less possible to mistake the queen. She rose not on the entrance of princes of the blood, who had to demand an audience before they were admitted to her presence, unless, indeed, they were sent for to receive some dry reprimand. She never called the Duchess of Burgundy otherwise than *mignonne*, and the duchess always addressed her as *aunt*." How strange a contrast! Thirty years previously, this woman of fifty, before whom the greatest king in Europe now stood uncovered—a mark of respect he had never shown to the queen, or to any of his mistresses—had walked, in the flower of her youth and beauty, beside the chair in which the poor cripple Scarron took his airing, beneath the arcades of the Place Royale.

For some years before the marriage, Madame de Maintenon's power over Louis XIV., although occasionally weakened by the fugitive seductions of Madame de Fontange, or some other favorite of the hour, was as great, to all appearance, as at any subsequent period. Already the influence of the priests and Jesuits who accompanied her advent, was visible in the violent efforts made for the conversion of the Huguenots—efforts which, when unsuccessful, were replaced by the most oppressive and cruel measures. These persecutions were preceded and accompanied by ardent attempts at proselytism. On all sides missionaries were at work. When they failed, dragoons replaced them. The sword succeeded to the crucifix. Neither were successful; but a hundred and fifty thousand families, belonging to the most intelligent classes of the French population, fled from their native land, where religious liberty was refused them, to enrich other countries by their ingenuity and industry. By guarding the frontiers, Louvois endeavored, but in vain, to check this wholesale emigration, the evil of which was insufficient to wrest concessions from the king. "The first of religions for Louis XIV.," says Duclos, "was the belief in the royal authority. Ignorant, besides, in matters of doctrine, superstitious in his devotion, he pursued a real or imaginary heresy as an act of disobedience, and thought to expiate his faults by persecution." Always inclined to tyranny, this quality augmented tenfold when he threw himself into the arms of bigotry and the Jesuits, of which body St. Simon asserts that he became a lay member. Certain it is that he was as much under their influence as if he had been bound by the terrible obligations imposed upon the members of that execrable fraternity. "The revoca-

tion of the Edict of Nantes was the most terrible act of this fanatical devotion. Louis pretended to the rule of consciences. France, already ruined by war, luxury, and festivals, was depopulated by proscriptions; and the foreigner was the gainer by our losses. Louis was but the blind instrument of this barbarity. They represented to him, under the blackest colors, those heretics to whom his grandfather Henry chiefly owed his crown. Madame de Maintenon, born in the bosom of Calvinism, feared to draw suspicion on her own orthodoxy by intercession for her former brethren."* Voltaire, whom M. de Noailles admits to be tolerably correct in his judgment of Madame de Maintenon, says that she did not press the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and its consequences, but that neither did she oppose it. It is significant, however, of the unscrupulous lengths to which she deemed herself justified in going to obtain converts to Rome, that, during the absence at sea of her cousin, M. de Villette, she fraudulently obtained possession of his young children, and prevailed with them to abjure their father's religion. "She was full of joy," says M. de Noailles, "to have rendered so great a service to their souls—greater even than to their fortunes." The latter point, however, was not neglected; and, subsequently, the king gave a regiment of dragoons to the eldest son, and a commission in his guards to the younger. In a letter to her brother, dated 19th December, 1680, she develops her plan for the conversion of all her young relatives. "Young de Murçay," she says, speaking of M. de Villette's eldest boy, "has long been a Catholic. M. de Saint-Hermine arrived to-day, and I think will give me more trouble. In a few days I shall have Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Hermine, de Caumont, and de Murçay; I hope I shall not miss one. But I like Minette, whom I saw at Cognac. If you could send her to me, you would do me a great pleasure. *There are no other means than violence: for they will be much afflicted in the family by de Murçay's conversion*; you should prevail with her, therefore, to write to me that she wishes to become a Catholic. You will send me her letter; I will send you back a *lettre-de-cachet*, in virtue of which you will take her into your own house, until you find an opportunity of sending her off, by means of the M. de Xaintes, or M. de Tours." In this creditable manner were employed, it appears, a part of the nine thousand *lettres-de-cachet*

* DUCLOS, i., 193-94.

issued under the reign of Louis XIV., sur-named the Great. It were easy to give a host of similar details respecting Madame de Maintenon's propagandist manoeuvres. Doubtless, she acted according to her conscience, guided by the jesuitical maxim that the end justifies the means. We find her exulting in the success of her intrigues: "*On ne voit que moi*," she says, "*dans les églises, conduisant quelque Huguenot*."

"Whilst the king was occupied with his amours," says Duclos, "the court was gallant: the confessor stepped in and took possession, it became dull and hypocritical. The courtiers ran to the chapel as they before had hurried to ball and pageant; but the king was still the god to whom the worship was addressed. He had opportunities of perceiving this. Once that he was expected at evening prayer, the aisles were full of courtly devotees. Brissac, major of the body-guard, entered the chapel, said aloud to his men that the king was not coming, and withdrew them. In an instant the chapel emptied itself; the Marchioness of Dangeau and three or four other women alone remaining. A quarter of an hour afterward, Brissac replaced the guards. The King arrived, and was astonished at the extraordinary solitude. Brissac told him the reason; Louis laughed, and perhaps he pardoned the indifference to religion in favor of the respect and fear shown to his person."

The morality of which the king set an example after his second marriage, found as few sincere imitators as his exaggerated devotion. No words, that we can venture to employ, would give an adequate idea of the profligacy prevalent under his reign—of the debaucheries of the clergy, the vileness of the courtiers, the immorality of all classes. Dulaure, in his *Tableau Moral* of Paris, under Louis XIV., gives a frightful picture of the state of society; and although he has been taxed with exaggeration in certain financial statistics relating to that reign, his evidence is corroborated by the records of the time, in all essential particulars, as to its morals. "The clergy," he says, "with the exception of a few men of genius, who threw a bright lustre upon their century, and of a few others, commendable for their talents and regular lives, were plunged in ignorance and dissoluteness. When the conversion of the Protestants was undertaken, hardly a priest was to be found in the rural districts capable of instructing them by his discourse, and of edifying them by his conduct. The king set an example of disorder by his gallantries." A king who scrupled not to travel with his wife and his two mistresses, (de Montespan and La Vallière,) all in the

same carriage—whilst the people flocked to see the three queens, as they called them—could with ill grace have shown himself too severe a censor of his subjects. Later, however, in the height of his fanaticism, when he was completely in the hands of the pious Madame de Maintenon and his spiritual advisers, and religion was the order of the day, the clergy and courtiers continued their evil courses, merely adding hypocrisy to their other vices. The Archbishop of Paris, de Harlay, was noted for his debaucheries, notwithstanding which he was about to receive a cardinal's hat, when he was carried off by apoplexy in 1695. "What is now wanted," wrote Madame de Sévigné, "is some one to make his funeral oration. They say there are only two trifling considerations that render the task difficult—his life and his death." The corruption of the ladies of the court was extreme. "They united," says Dulaure, "pride with baseness, licentiousness with devotion, the forms of politeness with acts of cruelty. When too old for amorous intrigues, they became passionate gamblers, quarrelsome, litigious, false devotees, the tyrants of their homes, the curse of their families. The annals of tribunals, and historical records, afford abundant and indisputable proofs of the truth of this picture. We have already seen a specimen of their morals in the matter of the poisonings"—referring to the affair of La Voisin and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, in which a great number of noble persons belonging to the court were mixed up, although most of them got off with light punishment. When devotion (or hypocrisy) had become the fashion at court, "the lady gamblers," says a contemporary writer, "upon separating, pronounced a formula, by which they reciprocally made each other a present of any gains that might have been unfairly acquired. This mode of defrauding God, practiced by so many pious harpies, even in the very apartments of Madame de Maintenon, appeared to me an eminently characteristic trait." Tolerance went yet farther; and men, known to have committed ignominious crimes, such as theft and coin-ing, were admitted, in virtue of their ancient names and amusing qualities, into the very highest circles. As for cheating at cards, nothing was thought of it. The author of the *Memoirs of the Duke de Grammont* speaks jestingly of his addiction to this base practice. "A great sharper and a great cheat at play," says St. Simon. This is the Duke de Grammont of whom we read in Lemon-*tey's Nouveaux Mémoires de Dangeau*, that,

in his seventy-third year, his wife made him say a paternoster, for the first time in his life. "Truly a fine prayer!" he said; "*who made it?*" Bussy Rabutin, in his *Memoirs*, mentions that, having been robbed, he suspected one of his retinue: "I strongly suspected that gentleman," he remarks, as if the thing were quite natural, "for he had been all his life a sharper." And elsewhere he speaks of an equerry, a soldier of fortune, whose bravery and friendship he extols, and adds, (as quietly as if he were saying that the man was a good shot and horseman,) "he was addicted to every vice, and robbery and murder were as familiar to him as eating and drinking." Such lenity is best explained by the practices of the great nobles themselves. At the rejoicings celebrated at Versailles, for the marriage of Louis XIV.'s grandson, where the princes and courtiers literally bent under the weight of embroidery and jewels,* some noble thieves made an immense booty, and had the audacity to cut off a piece of the Duchess of Burgundy's dress, in order to obtain possession of a diamond clasp. "The Chevalier de Sully caught one of the robbers in the act: *it was a man of the first quality*. They supposed he wished to get wherewith to pay for his coat, and the king pardoned him." The mixture of bigotry and libertinism, prevalent at the end of the 17th century, was most curious. Compliance with the forms of religion, with fasts, and penitence, was held far more important than a virtuous life. Louis XIV.'s son, known as the *Grand-Dauphin*, considered it one of the blackest of crimes to eat meat on a fast-day. During Lent he sent to Paris for one of his mistresses, an actress named Raisin; and when she came he gave her nothing to eat but salad and bread fried in oil, imagining that a sin avoided expiated a sin committed. The king's brother, eating a biscuit, said to

* Luxury in dress was carried to a scandalously extravagant height under the reign of Louis XIV. The king set the example, and seemed to think that the splendor of his clothes contributed to his personal grandeur. Dulaure is very severe upon him for this weakness. "When, in February, 1715," he says, "the Jesuits, to divert the *ennui* of Louis XIV., sent him a supposititious ambassador from the King of Persia, a foreign merchant being made to play this part at the Court of France, the monarch, continually the dupe of these priests' knavery, thought it necessary to display all his magnificence to the pretended envoy. He put on a dress of gold stuff and watered silk, embroidered with diamonds to a value of twelve and a half millions of livres, and the coat was so heavy that he changed it after his dinner." See also *Dangeau's Memoirs*, by Madame de Sartory; ii. 117.

the Abbé Feuillet, a canon of St. Cloud, "This is not breaking the fast?" "Eat a calf," replied the priest with a frankness and honesty rare at that time, "and be a Christian." It was the age of hypocrisy and outward observance. The husk of religion was offered to God; the grain was nowhere. People went daily to church; there to talk and laugh, and see their friends. In a work that appeared in 1713, entitled "A Letter from a Layman to his Friend on the immodesty and profanation committed in Churches," the author, after describing the irreverence and unbecoming attitudes of the congregation, adds this reflection—"It is truly extraordinary that people reckon it a great sin not to attend mass, but make no scruple of the profanations they there commit." But neither satire, sermon, nor reprimand could repress the indecency then remarkable in woman's attire, and which was prescribed by court etiquette, whose laws none dared violate or attempt to reform. Even in his most fervent hours of fanaticism, etiquette was paramount with the king to every other consideration. As usual, the town took pattern by the court, and the immorality of Paris has seldom been greater than during the years of Louis XIV.'s devotion and ennui—those years of dullness and discontent of which Madame de Maintenon so bitterly complains in her letters. From the hypocritical concealment of this reign, to the open license of the Regency, the apparent change was great, but the real increase of depravity was far from considerable. M. de Noailles, in common with all the admirers of Madame de Maintenon, represents her heart to have been more interested than her ambition in the success of the skillful course of conduct by which, after the death of the queen, she riveted the king's fetters, and decoyed him to the altar. If her anticipations of happiness from the marriage were sanguine, they were far from realized. It was difficult for any attachment to endure the constant presence of Louis's intense egotism, and her strong good sense cannot but have been disgusted by the prodigious doses of adulation he daily complacently imbibed. The magnitude of these is shown in a curious passage from Duclos:—

"Never was a prince the object of so much adoration. The homage paid him was a worship, an emulation of servility, a conspiracy of eulogiums, which he blushed not to receive, since others blushed not to offer them. The dedication of his statue in the Place des Victoires was an apotheosis. The prologues of operas intoxicated

him with corrupt incense to such a degree that he *naïvement* sang them himself. The Bishop of Noyon, (Clermont Tonnere,) so vain-glorious and so vile, founded a prize at the Academy, to celebrate in perpetuity the virtues of Louis XIV. as an inexhaustible subject. Men went in the morning to the chapel of the Louvre, to hear the panegyric of St. Louis; and at night, at the Assembly, they attended with greater devotion to that of Louis XIV. Nor was it without his knowledge; they shamelessly communicated to him the subject of each eulogium. It was not without opposition from certain servile Academicians, that I succeeded in changing the subject of the prize;* such difficulty has the soul that has once groveled to raise itself from the earth. The Duke of Grammont, son of the first marshal of that name, asked of the king an appointment as historiographer, that he might flatter by right of office. If others were preferred to him, truth was nothing the gainer. Is it astonishing that, in the midst of a court of poisoners, Louis fell into a delirium of vanity and self-adoration? . . . Nothing better paints the impression made by the king's presence than what happened to Henry Jules de Bourbon, son of the great Condé. He had an hysterical affection which, in any other than a prince, would have been called insanity. It showed itself in his occasionally fancying he was a dog, and then he barked with all his might. He was once seized with a fit of this kind in the king's apartment. The monarch's presence restrained the madness without wholly checking it. The maniac went to the window, and, putting out his head, stifled his voice as much as he could, making, at the same time, all the grimaces with which his barking was habitually accompanied.†

Madame de Maintenon must have felt continually humiliated in the person of her royal husband, whose greediness of flattery was scarcely less despicable than the baseness of those who administered it; and, in a woman of her character, it is difficult to imagine affection surviving esteem. Many passages in her letters lead to the inference that her love for Louis, if it ever distinctly existed, was exchanged, for years before his death, for utter indifference, not to say dislike. "With all my good fortune," she wrote to one of her friends, "I am dying of melancholy. The king keeps me constantly in sight. I see no one. I am obliged to rise at five in the morning, to find time to write to you." And, in another letter, "I feel too well that there is no compensation for loss of liberty." Her disgust at the baseness of the courtiers is forcibly expressed in various letters: "Almost all," she says, "are ready to drown friends and relations in order to say a word

the more to the king, and to show him that they sacrifice everything to him. . . I see and hear things that rouse my displeasure and indignation. Cold-blooded assassinations, causeless envy, treason without resentment, insatiable avarice, despair in the midst of prosperity, baseness misnamed magnanimity. I pause; I cannot think of these things without anger." Louis XIV.—whose death was more exemplary than his life, and who recognized, on the brink of the grave, some of the chief errors of his reign*—testified, in his last illness, much affection for Madame de Maintenon, embracing her tenderly, and even shedding tears at the thought of parting from her—the best sign of human feeling and weakness that marked the closing scene of his existence. "I have not made you happy," he said, "but I have always entertained for you the sentiments of esteem and friendship you merit. In quitting you, I am consoled by the hope that we shall speedily meet again in eternity." To this adieu, according to Duclos, she made no reply, and the idea it expressed seemed repugnant to her. It is most unlikely, however, that she would have allowed such repugnance to appear. "Boulduc, chief apothecary, assured me that she said, as she left the room, 'A pretty rendezvous he gives me! That man has never loved any one but himself.' These words, which I will not guarantee to have been spoken, because the chief domestics loved her not, might better have come from the lips of Scarron's widow, than from those of a queen." Duclos is right to doubt so improbable an anecdote. But what admits not of doubt, or of excuse, is her desertion of her king and husband during the forty-eight hours preceding his death. Her most ardent admirer, Madame de Genlis, is for once compelled to censure. "It is the sole blamable action of her life," she says. "She should have received the king's last sigh." Unquestionably she should. Though affection were extinct and gratitude forgotten, common decorum should have bound her to his dying pillow. It was a strange blunder of one habitually so circumspect. It furnished to her enemies an additional and valid pretext for taxing her with hypocrisy and cold-heartedness; and it weakened the position of her friends, who, with a greater but more amiable exaggeration, held her up as a model of perfection, such as is incompatible with the fragility and corruption of human nature.

* Duclos was a distinguished member and perpetual secretary of the French Academy, as well as historiographer of France, under Louis XV.

† Duclos, i. 199-201.

* In his last words to the Dauphin: "My dear child, I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, nor in the too great expenditure I have made."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GODIVA.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER, OF EDINBURGH.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

JOHN HUNTER, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse, and lover of all duty.
Hear how the boldest naked deed was clothed in saintliest beauty.

Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds it turn'd aside;
His lady, to remove the toll that makes the land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry, naked as she was born:
She said—The people will be kind; they love a gentle deed:
They piously will turn from me, nor shame a friend in need.

Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close, in penitence and prayer;
The windows are fast boarded up; nor hath a sound been heard
Since yester-eve, save household dog, or latest summer bird;
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obedience know.

The mass is said; the priest hath bless'd the lady's pious will:
Then down the stairs she comes undress'd, but in a mantle still;
Her ladies are about her close, like mist about a star;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but knows not what they are;
The door is pass'd; the saddle press'd; her body feels the air;
Then down they let, from out its net, her locks of piteous hair.

Oh, then how every list'ner feels, the palfrey's foot that hears!
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and brave in tears;
The poorest that were most in need of what the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature born to rescue men forbid:
He that had said they could have died for her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death frights not old Heart-ache.

Sweet saint! No shameless brow was hers, who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of poverty:
No unaccustom'd deed she did, in scorn of custom's self,
She that but wish'd the daily bread upon the poor man's shelf:
Naked she went, to clothe the naked. New she was, and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy preach'd of old.

They say she blush'd to be beheld e'en of her ladies' eyes,
Then took her way with downward look, and brief, bewild'ring sighs.
A downward look; a beating heart; a sense of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every door she pass'd;
A pray'r, a tear, a constant mind, a listening ear that glow'd,
These we may dare to fancy there, on that religious road.

But who shall blind his heart with more? Who dare, with lavish guess,
Refuse the grace she hoped of us, in her divine distress?
In fancy still she holds her way, forever pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the shame unbreath'd upon;
The step, that upon Duty's ear is growing more and more,
Though yet, alas! it hath to pass by many a scorner's door.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

[Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for March.]

WE have made our readers so perfectly acquainted with the progress of research in the Arctic Regions, that it may be very fairly expected, in a case where interest is so intense and so widely diffused, that we should persevere in our chronicle of enterprise and adventure. We have seen that, in the year 1845, 138 as noble fellows as ever trod a plank, sailed from England in the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Captain Sir John Franklin, with orders to enter the Polar Sea by Barrow's Straits, and sail westward to those of Behring. On the 26th of July, 1845, this expedition was spoken with in latitude 74 deg. 48 min. north, and longitude 66 deg. 13 min. west, not far from the entrance of Lancaster Sound, the ice comparatively open, prospects promising, and officers and men in health and sanguine spirits. The vessels were victualed for three years, yet since that day, now four years seven months ago, naught has been heard of them.

In 1848 three expeditions left England in search of our missing countrymen. The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were sent on the of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, under Sir James Ross: they wintered in Leopold Harbor, examined the neighboring shores for many miles by means of land parties; but when, in August, 1849, the ships got out of their winter quarters, they were, as we have before recorded, immediately inextricably surrounded with ice, and swept by it into Baffin's Bay. The second expedition was an overland party under Sir J. Richardson. We have recorded its progress, and mentioned that Dr. Rae had been left on the Arctic shores, to attempt, during the summer of 1849, to penetrate into Victoria and Wollaston's Lands. Intelligence of the results of such a bold undertaking may be almost daily expected.

The third expedition—and of which we have not before been able to give an account—was composed of the *Plover*, Cominander Moore, which was to approach the Arctic

Archipelago from Behring's Straits, but being an old, clumsy vessel, she failed in 1848, and was only able to enter on the prosecution of her appointed work in the summer of 1849. The same year the *Herald* (Captain Kellett) was ordered up from Oahu to the Straits, to forward the object of the expedition. The *Herald* found at Petropaulski the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner *Nancy Dawson* (Mr. Shedden), who had come along the Chinese coast to Behring's Straits, also in search of Sir John Franklin and his party. The yacht was placed at Captain Kellett's disposal; and the crew being in a state of disorganization, an officer was sent on board. The two vessels sailed from Petropaulski on the 25th of June, and on the 15th of July joined the *Plover*, at anchor under Chamisso Island. On this island they dug up 336 lbs. of flour, left there twenty-three years before by Captain Beechey, of which 175 lbs. was as sweet and well-tasted as any they had on board. The sand in which it was buried was frozen so hard, that it emitted sparks with every blow of the pickaxe. On July 18, the vessels stood out to sea, with a south-west wind. On the 25th they were off Wainwright's Inlet, surrounded by vast numbers of whales, walruses that kept up a continual bellowing and grunting, innumerable seals that barked as lustily as dogs, and immense flocks of ducks.

At this point another expedition, consisting of four boats and twenty-five persons, with seventy days' provisions, was started, under the command of Lieutenant Pullen. On the 26th the ice could be seen in heavy masses, extending from the shore near the Seahorse Islands, and the same day they made the pack, which was composed of dirty-colored ice, not more than five or six feet high, with columns and pinnacles some distance in. The pack was traced for forty leagues, and being perfectly impenetrable, the most northerly point reached was in latitude 72 deg. 51 min. north, and 163 west.

July 30th, being packed in shore, the survey of Wainwright's Inlet was recommenced. The natives supplied them freely with fresh provisions. Early in August the pack was again coasted in a westerly direction, wolves grunting around in groups of eight and ten together; but strong winds and thick weather forced them to return to the eastward.

On the 12th of August, being in latitude 70 deg. 20 min. N., and 171 deg. 23 min. W. long., the *Herald* discovered a shoal. On the 15th, at noon, the vessel was in lat. 70 deg. 20 min., and long. 171 deg. 10 min. W., and on the 17th the exciting report of land ho! was made from the mast-head, and several small islands were gradually made out, with a very extensive and high land beyond. One of these islands being a solid mass of granite, about four and a half miles in extent east and west, and rising about 1400 feet out of the sea, in 71 deg. 20 min. N., long. 175 deg. 16 min. W., was reached in the *Herald* boat with great difficulty, and taken possession of in the name of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The high land seen in the distance, Captain Kellett considered to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangell in his Polar voyages.

A strong northerly wind, constant snow-storms, and excessive cold, prevented further examination, and obliged Captain Kellett to return to the rendezvous off Cape Lisburne for the boats. On the 24th of August the *Herald* sighted off the low land the *Nancy Dawson* yacht and one of the larger boats. Mr. Shedden came on board, accompanied by Mr. Martin, the second master of the *Plover*, who had been sent back by Lieut. Pullen in charge of the two large boats of the expedition. The boats had been accompanied as far as Point Barrow by the yacht. This vessel had many escapes. She was pressed on shore once, ran on shore on another occasion to the eastward of Point Barrow, and was only got off by the assistance of the natives, who manned her capstan, and hove with great good will. On another occasion she parted her lower cable from the pressure of the ice that came suddenly down on her, and had a narrow escape from a severe squeeze.

Finding it impossible to remain on the coast, Captain Kellett began on the 28th to work off with all the sail the ship would carry. Passed Cape Krusenstern on the 1st of September, and the same evening found the *Plover* and the yacht at anchor under Choris

Peninsula, Chamisso Island. After a boat expedition up Buckland River, the *Herald* sailed from the Kotzebue Sound, in company with the yacht, on the 29th of September for the Pacific, Mr. Shedden being at that time suffering from the illness which probably predisposed him to that final malady which carried him off at Mazatlan, where the yacht arrived the 13th, and the *Herald* the 14th of November.

The *Plover*, it is to be remarked, remained during the winter now just elapsed at Chamisso Island, while the small expedition under Lieutenant Pullen, consisting of two twenty-seven foot whale-boats and one native baidar, manned with fourteen persons in all, and carrying 100 days' provision, were on their way, with God's blessing, to one of the Hudson's Bay establishments on the Mackenzie River. By the reports that were received of the expedition by the return boats, it appears that they fell in with the main pack of ice in 71 deg. 15 min. 58 sec. north—much further south than was expected, from the mildness of the weather and the fine open sea. Lieutenant Pullen stopped at Point Barrow till the 4th of August, when he parted company from the yacht and larger boats, amidst three hearty good cheers on both sides. News may be expected of this expedition this spring; and unless instructions of a different nature are forwarded by the Admiralty to York Factory, Lieutenant Pullen was to return in the summer of 1850 to Point Barrow, where it was the intention of Commander Moore to return to his assistance. Captain Kellett lays great stress in his reports on the health, bodily strength, endurance, ability, and great decision of character which ensure success to Lieutenant Pullen in this arduous voyage.

It is impossible to contemplate the results of this exploratory journey without being appalled at the difficulties which present themselves to the expedition sent out this spring under Captain Collinson by the same route. The day after the *Herald* left Chamisso Island in company with the *Plover*, the expedition changed colors with an American whaler, whales at the time blowing in every direction around her, but the wind was too strong, and there was too much sea for her "to attempt them." No sooner had the expedition attained a westerly longitude of about 162 deg. in the parallel of 71 to 71°30', than they were stopped by the ice, along the edge of which they ran to the northward, until finally stopped by the pack in 72 deg. 51 min. N. lat., and 163 deg. 48 min. W.

long.; that is to say, to the eastward of Point Barrow, and at the outermost verge of the seas which they were sent to explore.

The expedition from the west was thus stopped at a distance of nearly 1500 miles from Barrow's Straits, and nearly 1000 from the most easterly lands discovered in the Arctic Archipelago. And what difficulties may there not exist between the point reached by the *Herald* and Parry Islands? Suppose this vast portion of the Arctic Ocean to be without lands, the sea of ice to be traversed is fearful to think of! True, that when at their more northerly position Commander Moore and the ice-master reported a water sky, but the hope to be derived from so faint a promise is as delusive, almost, as the mirage. The fact is, that every exploratory expedition in the Arctic Regions which has got a few steps beyond another, has always found land. To Melville Peninsula succeeded Boothia; and to Bathurst Island, Melville Island. To the Continent succeeded Wollaston and Victoria Lands; and to the Parry Islands, Cape Walker, and Banks' Land. And now 1000 miles to the westward of these the *Herald* finds what its captain deems to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan on the coast of Asia! Everything, therefore, tends to the conclusion that that portion of the Arctic Sea which extends northward of the American continent is, with the exception of the line of coast, almost entirely land and ice-locked. Thus were the outer pack forced, what unknown obstacles would be presented to progress for some time yet to come by unknown and unexplored lands and islands? Where in regions of perpetual ice and snow, the point where land ends and water commences is so difficult to determine, how find where a channel lies, and when found, how tortuous and uncertain the line of navigation in an archipelago so circumstanced? Barrow's Straits were discovered in Parry's first voyage, and yet the very last attempt made to navigate them failed in two successive years. If this is the case in a known channel, what must it be in 1000 miles of unexplored ice and land?

We by no means wish to say that such an expedition as that sent out under Captain Collinson ought not to have been undertaken. No measures, so long as there is a chance left to save our fellow-countrymen, should be neglected. We only wish to point out to our readers the real difficulties of the case. It may be considered as pretty well determined, by Sir James Ross's expedition, that

Sir John Franklin had neither been imbayed in Prince Regent's Inlet, nor gone to the south instead of the west after passing the coast of North Somerset. There is every reason to believe that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, having screw-propelling power, would have forced their way through young ice into narrow and difficult channels and against contrary winds. These ships may be within sight of Cape Walker, or off Banks' Land. They may be beset amongst the Parry Islands, or they may be in the broad expanse of unknown sea which lies between Banks' Land and the longitude of Cape Barrow, to the east of which the *Herald* could not force its way. But neither *Herald* nor *Plover*, no more than *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, could, without propelling power, be expected to succeed by any amount of seamanship or manual labor in gaining the position which we are led to suppose Sir John Franklin's party to have attained. The best that can befall any party that shall follow in their track is to get back again. The same sea that would carry a vessel of succor to the relief of the missing expedition would in all probability set our countrymen at liberty. The chances are, the ships and their crews being safe and sound, that a fair season may restore them to us from their perilous position by their own unaided efforts, and that one of the many exploratory expeditions sent out will be there, not to rescue, but to tender to them that help and succor of which, by this time, they must assuredly be much in need of.

Last year, while the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were struggling in the east, the *Herald* and *Plover* and the little yacht in the west, and Sir John Richardson and his land party in the south, Parliament granted £20,000 reward as an inducement for whalers and private individuals to attempt the rescue of Franklin and his companions; and at an expense of £12,000 the *North Star* was filled with provisions, and dispatched with the hope of meeting Sir James Ross, to revictual his vessels and instruct him to persevere in his search. There are reasons to hope that the said *North Star* is safe at this moment in Leopold Harbor, and her stock of provisions may perchance be yet devoted to the very objects here faintly anticipated.

Thus at this very moment there are three relieving parties in the Arctic Seas: the gallant Lieutenant Pullen and his crew off the inhospitable coast of the Mackenzie River; Dr. Rae and his party off the still more perplexing coast of the Coppermine River; and

the *North Star*, it is to be hoped, on the very track of the long-missing expedition.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* sailed again from this country, but in an opposite direction to that previously taken, under the command of Captain Collinson, in the month of January, furnished with provisions for three years, as well as with a quantity of extra stores, and fortified in every respect against the dangers and inclemencies of the Arctic Seas. Captain Collinson was to proceed to Cape Virgins, where he would find a steamer in waiting to tow him through the Straits of Magellan, and so on to Valparaiso. From this port the two ships are to proceed to the Sandwich Islands, where they will receive dispatches from home, and meanwhile, if possible, effect a junction with the *Herald* and *Plover*. In case he should join company with these vessels, Captain Collinson is directed to add Commander Moore and the *Plover* to his expedition, and make all dispatch so as to reach Behring's Straits in July, and actually to strike the ice by the first of August.

Once arrived at the ice, for three years Captain Collinson is left to himself, subject only to some general directions as to winter quarters. For three years he will be sedulously engaged in dispatching parties of men in such directions as may seem the most likely to produce favorable results, and in organizing boat expeditions to search every nook and cranny of the Arctic shores for traces of Franklin and his companions. The reason why the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were dispatched by way of Behring's instead of Barrow's Straits was, as recorded by the Admiralty, because the efforts which had been made for the last two years to relieve the *Erebus* and *Terror* had failed, and all access to Parry Islands has been prevented by the accumulation of ice in the upper part of Barrow's Straits; and whereas it is possible that the same severity of weather may not prevail at the same time in both the eastern and western entrances to the Arctic Sea, they determined to send an expedition into the Polar Sea from the westward.

The result of the efforts made by the *Herald* and *Plover* to penetrate from the westward, and in which, as we have seen, they were repulsed by the ice at the very onset, having, in fact, like the eastern expedition, merely arrived at the extreme confines of the region in which the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* may yet be expecting relief in lingering misery, would to a certain extent negative this last hope held out of a difference

in seasons between the east and west approaches to the Arctic Ocean. The resolution now come to, however, of sending out another expedition to Barrow's Straits, lends very great importance to that under Captain Collinson; for while it is impossible not to feel that, taking into account the enterprising character and Arctic experience of Sir John Franklin, that if his ships were hopelessly involved in the ice, and life were yet spared to him and his companions, that he would not be contented to remain inactive until relief should reach him, and that the natural direction he would take would be either for the whaling ships by Barrow's Straits or for the northern coast of America, in order to reach one of the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company, still it is almost equally impossible to conceive two expeditions acting in concert from the east and the west at the same time, and that perseveringly during several consecutive years, aided by balloons, rockets, collared foxes, and a hundred other resources of an anxious and charitable ingenuity, but that, some how or other, intelligence of aid and succor may be conveyed across the great and unknown interval that will lie between the two expeditions. Lieutenant Pullen's expedition scarcely proceeds sufficiently to the eastward to have reasonable expectations of being of any use; but Dr. Rae's party should be strengthened; and for three years the Hudson's Bay Company should have the coast of North America, from the Great Fish River to the Mackenzie, under strict surveillance. This might be effected by three parties; one at each of the above-mentioned rivers, and a third in the centre, at the Coppermine River, keeping up constant communication with the natives. How far for purposes of combined movement with the naval expeditions parties could be dispatched from the northern coast across sea, toward Parry's Islands, we cannot venture to say. Our feelings are, that such are fraught with infinite danger. The seas in these regions are liable to sudden and great disturbances from trivial, almost unknown causes; and the currents in the narrow channels of the icy archipelago are most adverse. Captain Kellett, when off Cape Hope (August 25th) in a calm, describes heavy rollers as coming in without any apparent cause; and had the yacht and boats remained at their anchorage, they certainly would have driven on shore without his being able to render them any assistance. And again, on the 27th, he says: "I have never seen so hollow or distressing a sea for a ship; no small-decked boat could have lived in it." Noth-

ing seems so certain, that in those ordinances of Providence which govern terrestrial phenomena, the Arctic Ocean is, when free of ice, as much the peculiar region of movement and turbulence, and the abode of animals such as whales, walruses, seals, and birds, that delight in such (for it is at once their safety and that state of things which favors their alimentation), just as much as the Pacific is the region of calms and the home of the turtle and the coral.

We are not among those who trust that in this expedition all projects of geographical exploration will be discountenanced. Should the pack be found open in the parallel of, but north of Barrow Point, we should say by all means wait for nothing, but push on for Parry's Islands if possible—but this is begging the question; the pack may be found in 1850 as compact as in 1849, and to the westward of Barrow Point this expedition, with the *Plover* added to it, will be a large and efficient one, and one party, at all events, may visit Kellett's Island; an elevation of 1400 feet will give great power of observation as to the distribution of land, the trending of the high land discovered by the *Herald*, the existence of an open sea to the northward, or the possible existence of an open channel in the pack.

Sir Robert Inglis, in laying before the House of Commons a proposal for a new expedition from the eastward, very properly, although in opposition to opinions industriously circulated of late, placed foremost in consideration the expediency of applying steam navigation directly and primarily in the search. The honorable member for Oxford further suggested, that instead of two vessels being employed, the same amount of tonnage should be distributed among four vessels. The object, as he justly remarked, was not so much to go from one point to another, as to make a search in all directions.

Mr. McCormack, formerly surgeon in the *Erebus*, on the contrary, advocated that the expedition should be mainly carried on by boats, having a vessel as a *point d'appui* at the head of Baffin's Bay, to investigate Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Wellington Channel.

The Rev. W. Scoresby—the well-known Arctic traveler, and author of many works on the Arctic regions—has also published "Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our Absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions," in which, after giving it as his opinion—and a very important one it is, too—that the crews of two ships could not be *summa-*

rily lost—that Arctic expeditions are attended with small comparative risk to human life, for "there are no heavy seas which could prevent escape from a shipwreck, nor could any imaginable catastrophe by the ice of these regions suddenly overwhelm the entire crews." He argues, as we have also done, in favor of three combined movements from the west, the east, and the northern coast of America.

With respect to the renewal of the search in the direction of Barrow's Straits, Dr. Scoresby observes:—

"The plan of search in this hopeful direction, which I venture to submit, comprehends the employment of four vessels, together with one or two boats, or steam-launches, for detached parties in the proposed investigations. One of the vessels, the principal in magnitude and accommodations, I would propose for serving as a general depôt, receiving ship, or place of retreat for parties, or crews of other vessels. For it has appeared to me, after every consideration which I could myself give to the subject, to be of vast importance, in its bearing on this research of humanity, to retain to the very last one effective ship, at least, at some safe position within the range of our former explorations to Melville Island. Port Leopold, however unfavorable for an early escape for vessels designed for active operations, appears to present many advantages for the head-quarters of exploring parties in this particular region; 'a position,' as described by Sir James Ross, 'of all others the most desirable, if any one spot had to be selected, for the purpose of wintering.' With such an arrangement for a *point d'appui*, vessels of an inferior class, two or three in number, might be safely and advantageously employed for pushing investigation westward of Cape Walker, as well as up the channels extending out of Barrow Strait northward. Vessels of the class or description of the *dockyard lighters*, being strongly built, and of small tonnage, might conveniently serve this purpose; or vessels of a like class, at present employed in the coasting trade, or in the trade with the continent of Europe, being of a burden of 100 to 150 tons (or even below 100 tons might do), and these *fast sailers*, could easily be found for sale, so as to be capable of being fortified and fitted up for the navigation of the Arctic ices, and for an early departure in the ensuing spring. Could a whaler or two be procured, either by purchase or hire as transports—as to which, I imagine, there would, at the present time, be no difficulty—an advantage might be gained in economy, as well as in the time that would otherwise be requisite for strengthening ordinary vessels for collision with the ice. A vessel of this class would have abundant capacity for the one suggested as a depôt. A second vessel, as a depôt, might advantageously be planted at Melville Island, which would serve as an additional security for the whole expedition in this quarter, as well as being sufficiently well placed for active operations."

According to the plan here proposed, it would follow that the three or four ships would be thus disposed:—

“The largest vessel of the series (which might be a whaler) would be appointed to take position in, or not remote from, Port Leopold; another vessel—say the next largest—might take up a position as a second depôt and place of refuge at Melville Island. A third—a small vessel—would be directed to the west side of Cape Walker, for penetrating from thence, as far as she conveniently might, to the south-westward, should the position of the land and the condition of the ice permit an advance in that direction. The other small vessel would have assigned to her the search of Wellington Channel, and other inlets proceeding out of Barrow Strait northward; whilst the boat, being dropped, after the passage of the ‘middle ice,’ might undertake, with great advantage, the researches which are still requisite within the different indents of the upper part of Baffin’s Bay (principally that of Jones Sound, and secondarily that of Smith Sound, with any other penetrable channels which might be discovered), such indents seeming to promise additional outlets, westward, after the manner of Lancaster Sound.”

With regard to this plan, it may be observed, that something similar will no doubt be followed out by government; the number of outlets from Barrow’s Straits are not so numerous but that almost every possible or likely channel will be investigated. As far as Dr. Scoresby’s other suggestions go, we cannot, however, but think that the passages west of Cape Walker, and between Banks’ Land and Melville Island, are of primary importance. With respect to the weight attached by Dr. Scoresby and Mr. McCormack to the exploration of Smith’s and Jones’ Sounds, at the northern extremity of Baffin’s Bay, such cannot but be looked upon but as deviations from the great and primary objects of an expedition of relief; and even Wellington Sound, although within Barrow’s Straits, does not present itself to us as worthy of the same efforts as the due westerly and southerly line which the *Erebus* and *Terror* would in all probability have pursued, once the ices of Barrow’s Straits had been encompassed.

Dr. Scoresby conceives, with regard to expeditions from the northern coast of America, that one starting from the mouth of the River Colville, and proceeding northward, would be of considerable utility; and he recommends that another should proceed from Cape Bathurst in the direction of Banks’ Land. The learned doctor, it is to be observed, however, by no means makes out his case of Arctic expeditions being attended

with little risk. When illustrating the power of moving bodies of ice, he gives a long and detailed account of the total loss of twenty ships out of a fleet of whalers in the offing of Melville Bay in 1830. He describes ships as being actually run through their broadsides by the ice, and then thrown on their beam ends, or fairly on their broadsides, some actually tossed up almost in the position of rearing horses, others capsized, and others again overrun by the advancing floe, and totally buried by it!

The Lords of the Admiralty, on obtaining the sanction of the House of Commons, lost no time in deciding on the plan to be adopted for another expedition to proceed “onward to Melville Island” in search of Captain Sir John Franklin and the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The services of Captain H. T. Austin, C.B., were immediately engaged to command the new expedition, which is to consist of two sailing vessels and two small steamers, having a small draught of water, and both fitted with screw-propellers. Highly to the honor of the officers of the British navy, a host of volunteers, among whom Captains William Peel and Caffin, Commander C. Forsyth, Lieutenants M’Clintock, Browne, Osborne, and others, at once offered their services in this arduous and perilous enterprise. It will be at once felt that an expedition so constituted will meet all that has been proposed to be done by means of boats and fixed stations, and with the aid of two small steamers, we should think far more efficiently.

Mr. Penny, formerly of the *Advice*, has at the same time been retained by Lady Franklin for an especial expedition, to be accomplished in a vessel of his own selection at present at Aberdeen, and he is to be entirely under his own control, independent of Captain Austin’s expedition, excepting the mutual good services they may render to each other should they meet in the Polar Seas.

The President of the United States, appealed to in the cause of the missing expedition by the same lady, whose indefatigable exertions have won for her the admiration of the civilized world, has transmitted a message to Congress, in which he states that he had been hitherto prevented from “accomplishing the object he had in view,” in consequence of the want of vessels suitable to encounter the perils of a proper exploration, and the want of an appropriation by Congress to enable him to furnish and equip an efficient squadron for that object; but Congress being now in session, the propriety

and expediency of an appropriation for fitting out an expedition to proceed in search of the missing ships, with their officers and crews, were respectfully submitted to their consideration.

Truly, whatever ingenuity can suggest, or the means at the disposal of government can effect, is in the way of being done to relieve

the anguish and suspense of the hundreds of persons who are interested in the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to carry succor to our brave countrymen in suffering and affliction, and to wipe away the stain to our national honor that would be sustained by leaving the devoted and gallant crews of two ships to an unknown fate in unknown regions.

THE FEMALE DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LAURA MARIA CATHARINE BASSI was born 29th October, 1711. Her parents and friends, remarking in her, from the earliest age, a most ardent desire to learn, and a gravity much beyond her years, believed that by cultivating her mind by study they might develop some remarkable powers. Her rapid progress amply justified the hopes they had conceived. While she was yet very young, she easily acquired a knowledge of the Latin writers, so as to be able to appreciate their beauties. This proved of great advantage to her; for to write Italian with elegance and purity a most careful study of the Latin language is indispensable. In this way the value of the words which have in such large numbers been transplanted from it is estimated, and the majesty of the Latin tongue is imitated within the limits dictated by sound judgment. But as the loftiest genius is, by its very nature, bent upon the search for truth, which alone furnishes repose to the soul, Laura gave herself up to the study of philosophy, and therein discovered such charms, that to the end of her days it remained her favorite pursuit. The study of the laws of the universe, the observation of natural phenomena, everything which related to general and experimental physics, were for Laura the objects of indefatigable application. It would be difficult to paint the delight with which her friends and instructors observed so much wisdom in one yet in the budding of her youth, and how ardently they desired that her merits should be crowned by public approbation. They conjured her to overcome her sex's bashful-

ness, alleging that, since she was endowed by superior genius, and the cultivation of her powers had obtained for her so distinguished a position, it became her to demonstrate, in a public disputation on philosophy, that women have a right as well as men to penetrate into the mysteries of knowledge. But Laura, whose natural disposition led her, above all things, to delight in a quiet and retired life, and who also feared she might be accused of pride by acting in a manner so contrary to the usages of her sex, replied, "I have devoted myself to study in order to find incentives to good actions and models to follow. I know that glory is a vain and fugitive thing, frequently denied to him who is most arduous in its pursuit. I never felt any ambition to become illustrious in the eyes of the world, and am nowise solicitous to furnish arms to envy, which is always ready to tear to pieces even the most worthy. Leave me to continue, unknown to the public, my delightful studies; and greatly will they profit me, if I can by their aid procure some gratification for my relatives, and deserve the esteem of the worthy." The will and prayers of her relatives at last triumphed over her modesty. On the 17th April, 1732, she furnished a brilliant proof of her acquirements, by replying to five of the most celebrated professors of the university of Bologna, who interrogated her on the most important philosophical subjects before a large assemblage of the principal personages of the city. The audience were at a loss which most to admire, her elegant enunciation of the most profound

doctrines, or the modest reserve of her demeanor; and as a mark of the esteem and admiration she inspired, by the consent of all present it was determined to invest her solemnly with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The 12th May, when this prize of wisdom was conferred on Laura, was indeed a day of triumphant rejoicing for her friends. Accompanied by ladies of the highest nobility, Laura presented herself before the authorities of the university assembled to receive her, and having assumed the doctor's robe and a silver crown, thanked, with tears in her eyes, those to whose good opinion she felt herself indebted for so remarkable an honor. For several days the entire population celebrated with festivities an event which they regarded as adding to the glory of their town.

The favors which Laura had so deservedly received at the hands of the public were continued to her undiminished as long as she lived. Persons of note arriving at Bologna from foreign countries were at once conducted to her as being the person who could most advantageously represent Italian genius; men rendered eminent by their acquirements or dignities felt honored by her friendship; and foreigners, who were so sparing in their praises of her contemporaries, lauded her to the skies. All this failed to diminish the simplicity of her manners; her actions and language continued as gentle and benevolent as ever, and she always appeared anxious rather to conceal than exhibit her rare qualifications. Scarcely had she attained her twenty-first year, when the senate confided a professor's chair to her in the university; and her activity, her judgment and quickness, the luminous order in which she expounded the most difficult theories, and the gracefulness of her demeanor, placed her on a level with the most distinguished in the art of teaching. Students flocked from distant countries to hear her, and on their return, celebrated her wisdom and excellence. The Church of Rome was at that period governed by Benedict XIV., a pontiff who proved to the world that the sanctity of religion may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agree-

able relaxation; and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary; and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently; for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity, and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we clearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the "Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna," exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements; and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so remarkable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr. Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honorable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labors of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that mortal enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant and respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though of infirm health, she never abandoned her habitual labors—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th February, 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

From the Athenæum.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE following Memoir of the life of the late Ebenezer Elliott, written by himself, in the middle of the year 1841, has been obligingly furnished to us for publication. Here and there we have omitted certain passages, to be found in the manuscript; which omission may perhaps appear occasionally to disturb the continuity of the narrative. But various reasons have suggested these several suppressions:—which, after all, sacrifice nothing that is material or essentially characteristic in the autograph.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Soon after my Corn-law Rhymes had made me somewhat notorious, I was strongly urged by sundry persons to write a history of my life; which I then refused to do, because I had nothing remarkable to relate of myself, and because I knew not that I had done aught that could reasonably induce any person to ask, six months after my death, "What sort of man was Ebenezer Elliott?" I placed, however, in the hands of my friend G. C. Holland, M.D., a series of letters, in which I narrated some incidents of my early life, that had probably influenced the formation of my mind and character,—and which might form the basis of a posthumous narrative, if wanted. I embody in the succeeding narrative the substance of those letters now, following the advice which I rejected several years ago—reluctantly, for the same reasons;—not that this is "a world to hide virtues in," but that I have none to hide. I have another reason for my reluctance. The portion of my history which I am about to publish is not that portion of it which would be most instructive were it written as I alone could write it; that is, if I were brave and honest enough so to write it,—which I am not. Even that portion of it, however, would not be more instructive than the history of almost any one person out of millions of the Queen's subjects, if truly written; nor could I write it all without saying to dead sorrows, "Arise, and weep afresh,"—and to errors and failings that would fain sleep forgotten, "Be

ye remembered!" Two men alone in our time, Rousseau and Byron, told the truth of themselves; and how have they been requited? Yet the time may come when my present unwillingness to look back on days of trouble will be lessened; for there is might and majesty in the tale of the honest battle for bread, and of the strength which the struggle gives to weakness.

Of my birth no public registry exists. My father, being a Dissenter, baptized me himself, or employed his friend, and brother Berean, Tommy Wright, the Barnesly tinker, to baptize me. But I was born at the New Foundry, Masbro', in the parish of Rotherham, on the 17th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1781; and I narrate the fact thus particularly that about an event of such importance there may be no contentious ink shed by historians in times to come. Robert Elliott, my father's father, was a whitesmith, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; a man in good circumstances, or he could not have given to his son Ebenezer, my father, what was then considered a first-class commercial education, and put him apprentice to Landell & Chambers, of that great city, wholesale iron-mongers, who received with him a premium of £50. His wife, who rejoiced in the pastoral name of "Sheepshanks," was a Scotsman,—and, speaking metaphorically, wore breeches: a circumstance which does not seem to have lessened the love her husband bore her,—for he lamented her with tears long after she had been laid in the grave, even until the day of his death—especially when he was drunk. The ancestors of my grandfather Elliott, I have been told—and have the honor to believe—were thieves, neither Scotch nor English, who lived on the cattle they stole from both. That my grandmother Sheepshanks had ancestors is probable; but of what they were neither record nor tradition hath reached me,—which is the more pity, because my great difficulty in writing this narrative is want of materials. Famous men are fated to have wants; but ask yourselves, ye Famous! who could write

your histories, if all the children of want were famous? After my father left Landell & Chambers, he became one of the clerks of the Walkers of Masbro', where he lodged with a surgeon called Robinson; under whose roof he first saw my mother,—one of the daughters of a yeoman, at Ozzins, near Penistone, where his ancestors had lived on their fifty or sixty acres of freehold time out of mind!! I think, then, I have made out my descent, if not from very fine folks, certainly from respectables, as (getting every day comparatively scarcer) they are called in these days of "ten dogs to one bone."

If famous men are fated to have wants, so are they to have misfortunes, truly such,—and some of mine were born before me; for the whole life of my mother was a disease,—a tale of pain, terminated by death—one long sigh. Yet she suckled eleven children, and reared eight of them to adult age. From her I have derived my nervous irritability, my bashful awkwardness, my miserable proneness to anticipate evil, that makes existence all catastrophe. I well remember her sending me to a dame's school, kept by Nanny Sykes, the beautiful and brave wife of a drunken husband,—where I learned my A B C. I was next sent to the Hollis School; then presided over by Joseph Ramsbotham, who taught me to write,—and little more. In those days the science of monitorship was undiscovered; and as he had seldom fewer perhaps than 150 scholars,—of course none but the naturally clever made much progress. About this time, my poor mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a true believer in dreams, related to me one of her visions. "I had placed under my pillow," she said, "a shank-bone of mutton to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little, broad-set, dark, ill-favored man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stob nose and tup-shins: it was thy father."

And a special original my father was:—a man of great virtue, not without faults. One of the latter had its origin probably in some superstitious reverence for the cabalistic number "three." I allude to his bad habit of ducking his children thrice, and keeping them the third time some seconds under water when he bathed us in the canal; which produced in me a horror of suffocation that seems to increase with my years. To avoid this cruel kindness, I was obliged to show him that I could do without his assistance, by bathing voluntarily; a consequence of which was, that on one occasion I narrowly escaped drowning;—"the more the pity!"

I have often said since. I never knew a man who possessed the tythe of my father's satiric and humorous powers: he would have made a great comic actor. He also possessed uncommon political sagacity, which afterward earned for him the title of "Devil Elliott,"—a title which is still applied to him, I am told, by the descendants of persons who then hated the poor and honored the king. He left the Messrs. Walker to serve Clay & Co. of the New Foundry, Masbro', for a salary of sixty or seventy pounds a year, with house, candle, and coal! Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires,—for glorious fires we had; no fear of coal bills in those days. There, at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlor like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a beautiful thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to persons who came from distances of twelve and fourteen miles to hear his tremendous doctrines of ultra-Calvinism (he called himself a Berean) and hell hung round with span-long children! On other days, pointing to the aqua-tint pictures on the walls, he delighted to declaim on the virtues of slandered Cromwell and of Washington the rebel; or, shaking his sides with laughter, explained the glories of "The glorious victory of His Majesty's forces over the Rebels at Bunker's Hill!" Here the reader has a key which will unlock all my future politics. If ever there was a man who knew not fear, that man was the father of the Corn-law Rhymer. From his birth to his last gasp I doubt whether he knew what it was to be afraid, except of poverty; about which he had sad forebodings,—ultimately realized, after he had become nominal proprietor of the Foundry of Clay & Co.—the partners having sold him their shares on credit.

I have left some earlier incidents for after-narration, that I may found on my father's peculiarities a claim to speak now of my own—or rather of certain physical or constitutional weaknesses, to which, I fear, all that is poetical in me or in my doings is traceable.

"Oh blessed are the beautiful!" says Haynes Baily, uttering forever a sentiment to which I can feelingly and mournfully respond; for in my sixth year I had the small-pox, which left me frightfully disfigured, and six weeks blind. From the consequences I never recovered. To them quite as much as to my poor mother's infirm constitution,

I impute my nerve-shaken weakness. How great was that weakness I will endeavor to show the reader. When I was very young—I might be twelve years old,—I fell in love with a young woman called Ridgeway,—now Mrs. Woodcock, of Munster, near Greasbro,—to whom I never spoke a word in my life, and the sound of whose voice, to this day, I have never heard; yet if I thought she saw me as I passed her father's house, I felt as if weights were fastened to my feet. Is genius diseased?—I cannot remember the time when I was not fond of ruralities. Was I born, then, with a taste for the beautiful? When quite a child,—I might be seven or eight years old,—I remember filling a waster frying-pan with water, placing it in the centre of a little grove of mugwort and wormwood that grew on a stone-heap in the foundry yard, and delighting to see the reflection of the sun, and clouds, and the plants themselves, as from the surface of a natural fountain; for I so placed the pan that the water only was visible, and I seldom failed to visit it at noon, when the sun was over it. But I had also a taste for the horrible—a passion—a rage, for seeing the faces of the hanged or the drowned. Why I know not; for they made my life a burden,—following me wherever I went, sleeping with me, and haunting me in my dreams. Was this hideous taste a result of constitutional infirmity? Had it any connection with my taste for writing of horrors and crimes? I was cured of it by a memorable spectacle. A poor friendless man, who, having no home, slept in colliery hovels and similar places, having been sent, one dark night, from the glasshouse for a pitcher of ale, fell into the canal, and was drowned. In about six weeks his body rose to the surface of the water,—and I, of course, ran to see it. The spectacle which by that time it presented was daily and nightly, whether I was alone or in the street, in bed or by the fireside, for months my constant companion. Had this morbid propensity any relation to my solitary tendencies? Healthy man is social; but in my childhood I had no associates. Although the neighborhood swarmed with children, I was always alone; and this is perhaps one reason why I was deemed rather wanting in intellect, and why I might really have had fewer ideas than other children of my age, for I cut myself off from communication with theirs. But though I was alone, I have no recollection that my solitude was painful. On the contrary, I employed my time delightfully in swimming

my little fleets of ships, and repairing my fortresses on the banks of the canal between the Greasbro' and Rawmarsh bridges. My early fondness for carpentering is no proof that if I had been bred an engineer I should have made any improvements in machinery,—for all children are more or less fond of knickknackery; but I certainly excelled in handicrafts. I was the best kitemaker and the best ship-builder. Most captains of sloops and other vessels possess a model of a ship of some sort. By borrowing such models, I completed, when I was about thirteen years old, a model of an eighteen-gun ship. I gave it, many years afterward, to a boat-builder of Greasbro', called Woffendin, who begged it of me, that it might obtain for him the office of boat-builder to Earl Fitzwilliam. He gave, or sold it to Lord Milton, the present Earl Fitzwilliam, then a youth; and it was, I believe, a few years ago still at Wentworth House. But my imitative talents won me no respect; nor is this very surprising. Placed beside my wondrous brother, Giles, who was beautiful as an angel, I was ugliness itself; and in the presence of his splendid abilities, I might well look like a fool, and believe myself to be one. As I grew up, my fondness for solitude increased; for I could not but observe the homage that was paid to him, and feel the contempt with which I was regarded. But I am not aware that I ever envied or at all disliked him.

When I look back on the days of rabid toryism through which I have passed, and consider the then almost universal tendency to worship the powers that were, and their worst mistakes,—I feel astonished that a nerve-shaken man, whose affrighted imagination in boyhood and youth slept with dead men's faces,—a man, whose first sensation on standing up to address a public meeting is that of his knees giving way under him,—should have been able to retain his political integrity, without abjuring one article of his fearless father's creed. But even in those days, I find, I was a free-trader—though I knew it not. So barbarous were some of the deeds done in that time in the name of law, and so painful was the impression which they made on me when I was about sixteen years old, that I should certainly have emigrated to the United States had I possessed sufficient funds for that purpose; nor should I, I fear, have been very scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them,—so fully had the idea of emigration obtained possession of me, so passionately had my

mind embraced it, and so poetically had I associated with it Crusoe notions of self-dependence and isolation. It is not improper to blush for uncommitted offences. Even now, after forty-five years have been added to my previous existence, I shudder if I chance to meet an expedience-monger who tells me "that the end justifies the means:"—a false doctrine and fatal faith, which have wrought the fall of many an all-shunned brother, and of ill-starred sisters numberless, once unstained as the angels. Oh, think of this, ye tempted and ye tempters, even if ye be magistrates! but let no man believe that good effected by evil can be aught but evil done, and an apology for more!—I must return from these digressions.

My ninth year was an era in my life. My father had cast a great pan, weighing some tons, for my uncle, at Thurlestone, and I determined to go thither in it, without acquainting my parents with my intention. A truck, with assistants, having been sent for it, I got into it, about sunset, unperceived, hiding myself beneath some hay, which it contained, and we proceeded on our journey. I have not forgotten how much I was excited by the solemnity of the night and its shooting stars, until I arrived at Thurlestone, about four in the morning. It is remarkable that I never in after life succeeded in any plan which I did not execute in a similar way. If I ask advice, either the plan is never executed or it is unsuccessful. I had not been many days at Thurlestone before I wished myself at home again,—for my heart was with my mother. If I could have found my way back I should certainly have returned; and my inability to do so (though my having come in the night may in some degree account for it) shows, I think, that I really must have been a dull child. My uncle sent me to Penistone school, where I made some little progress. At this school, one of the boys, who had a bad breath, took a liking to me. He would always sit close to me, and almost poisoned me; yet if at any time he happened to be absent I felt as if I could not live:—so necessary has it ever been to me to have some kind bosom to lean upon. When I got home from school I spent my evenings in looking from the back of my uncle's house to Hoyland Swaine, for I had discovered that Masbro' lay beyond that village; and ever, when the sun went down, I felt as if some great wrong had been done me. At length, in about a year and a half, my father came for me:—and so ended my first irruption into the great world. Is it

not strange, that a man who from his childhood has dreamed of visiting foreign countries, and yet, at the age of sixty, believes that he shall see the Falls of Niagara, has never been twenty miles out of England, and has yet to see, for the first time, the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, Wales, and Scotland?

On my return from the land of the great pan I was again sent to Hollis school; where, as was my wont in all cases, I took the shortest ways to my objects;—and the easiest way to get my sums done was, to let John Ross do them for me. This practice, in its consequences, added not a little to my reputation for duncery at home. Yet I have an impression that I was looked up to by my schoolfellows—I cannot tell why; for I never fought, and I think they must have suspected me to be rather wanting in certain learned accomplishments. I say, I never fought,—and yet my brother Giles, when in danger, always took me out to defend him. How all this happened I am at a loss to conceive, for I took no pains to bring it about. But having got into the rule of three, without having first learned numeration, addition, subtraction, and division, I was sent by my despairing parents to Dalton school, two miles from Masbro'; and I see at this moment, as vividly as if nearly fifty years had not since passed over me, the kingfisher shooting along the Don as I passed schoolward through the Aldwark meadows, eating my dinner four hours before dinner-time. But, oh! the misery of reading without having learned to spell. The name of the master was Brunskill,—a broken-hearted Cumberland-man,—one of the best of living creatures,—a sort of sad-looking, half-starved angel without wings; and I have stood for hours beside his desk, with the tears running down my face, utterly unable to set down one correct figure. I doubt whether he ever suspected that I had not been taught the preliminary rules. I actually did not know that they were necessary, and looked on a boy who could do a sum in vulgar fractions as a sort of magician. Dreading school, I absented myself from it during the summer months of the second year—"playing truant" about Dalton, Deign, and Sliverwood, or Thrybergh Park, where I stole duck eggs, mistaking them for the eggs of wild birds, and was brought before Madam Finch. She, seeing what a simpleton I was, released me, with a reprimand.

Let it not be supposed that these were happy days. I was utterly miserable. I

trembled when I drew near home, for I knew not how to answer the questions which I feared my father would put to me. Sometimes I avoided them by slinking to bed without supper,—which to a lad who took care to eat his dinner soon after breakfasting could not be convenient. It was impossible, however, to prevent my father from discovering that I was learning nothing but vagabondism,—or from suspecting that my slow progress was owing more to idleness than to want of ability to learn. He set me to work in the foundry, as a punishment. But working in the foundry, so far from being a punishment to me, relieved me from the sense of inferiority which had so long depressed me; for I was not found to be less clever there than other beginners. For this there was a sufficient reason: I had been familiar from my infancy with the processes of the manufactory, and possibly a keen though silent observer of them. The result of his experiment vexed the experimenter,—and he had good cause for vexation; for it soon appeared that I could play my part at the York-Keelman with the best of its customers. Yet I never thoroughly relished the rude company and coarse enjoyments of the alehouse. My thoughts constantly wandered to the canal banks and my little ships; and—I know not why, but—I always built my fortresses, aye, and my castles in the air, too, where the flowers were the finest. The “yellow ladies’ bed-straw” (I did not then know its name,) was a particular favorite of mine; and the banks of the canal were golden with it. At this time I had strong religious impressions; and (when there was service) I seldom missed attending the chapel of parson Allard—a character who might have sate for Scott’s picture of Dominie Sampson. But I sometimes went to the Masbro’ chapel, (Walker’s, it was then called,) to hear Mr. Groves, one of the most eloquent and dignified of men, but hated by my father (who was a capital hater) for some nothing or other of discipline or of doctrine. I was on my way, I believe, to hear him, when I called, one Sunday, on my aunt Robinson,—a widow left with three children and about £30 a year, on which (God knows how!) she contrived to live respectably, and to give her two sons an education which ultimately made them both gentlemen. I thought she received me coldly. She did not, I think, know that I had been tipsy a night or two before; but I was conscience-stricken. After a minute’s silence, she rose, and laid before me a number of “Sowerby’s English Botany,” which her son Benjamin, then appren-

ticed to Dr. Stainforth, of Sheffield, was purchasing monthly. Never shall I forget the impression made on me by the beautiful plates. I actually touched the figure of the primrose, half-convinced that the mealiness on the leaves was real. I felt hurt when she removed the book from me,—but she removed it only to show me how to draw the figures, by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. On finding that I could so draw them correctly, I was lifted at once above the inmates of the alehouse at least a foot in mental stature. My first effort was a copy from the primrose; under which (always fond of fine words) I wrote its Latin name, *Primula veris vulgaris*. So, thenceforward, when I happened to have a spare hour I went to my aunt’s to draw. But she had not yet shown me all the wealth of her Benjamin. The next revealed marvel was his book of dried plants. Columbus when he discovered the New World was not a greater man than I at that moment; for no misgiving crossed my mind that the discovery was not my own, and no Americo Vesputius disputed the honor of it with me. But (alas, for the strength of my religious impressions!) thenceforth often did parson Allard inquire why Eb. was not at chapel?—for I passed my Sundays in gathering flowers, that I might make pictures of them. I had then, as now, no taste for the science of Botany; the classifications of which seemed to me to be like preparations for sending flowers to prison. I began, however, to feel mannish. There was mystery about me. People stopped me with my plants, and asked what diseases I was going to cure? But I was not in the least aware that I was learning the art of poetry, which I then hated—especially Pope’s, which gave me the headache if I heard it read aloud. My wanderings, however, soon made me acquainted with the nightingales in Basingthorpe Spring,—where, I am told, they still sing sweetly; and with a beautiful green snake, about a yard long, which on the fine Sabbath mornings, about ten o’clock, seemed to expect me at the top of Primrose Lane. It became so familiar, that it ceased to uncurl at my approach. I have sate on the stile beside it till it seemed unconscious of my presence; and when I rose to go, it would only lift the scales behind its head or the skin beneath them—and they shone in the sun like fire. I know not how often this beautiful and harmless child of God may have “sate for his picture” in my writings—a dozen, at least; but wherever I

might happen to meet with any of its brethren or sisters—at Thistlebed Ford, where they are all vipers, black or brown—or in the Aldwark meadows, on the banks of the Don, with the kingfisher above and the dragon-fly below them—or on Boston Castle ridge—or in the Clough dell, where they swarm—or in Canklow Quarry—or by the Rother, near Hail-Mary Wood,—whatever the scene might be, the portrait, if drawn, was sure to be that of my first snake-love.

I had now become a person of some note; and if I let my wondering adorers suppose that I copied my figures of plants, not at second-hand, but from the plants which they saw I was in the habit of collecting—pardon me, outraged spirit of Truth! for I had been so long a stranger to the voice of praise, and it sounded so sweetly to my unaccustomed ears, that I could not refuse to welcome it when it came. But my dried plants were undeniably my own; and so obvious was their merit, that even my all-praised and all-able brother sometimes condescended to look at and admire my “*Hortus Siccus*”—as I pompously named my book of specimens. It was about this time that I first heard him read the first book of Thomson’s *Seasons*; and he was a capital reader,—well aware, too, of that fact. When he came to the description of the polyanthus and auricula, I waited impatiently till he laid down the book; I then took it into the garden, where I compared the description with the living flowers. Here was another new idea—Botany in verse!—a prophecy that the days of scribbling were at hand. But my earliest taste in poetry was like that of Bottom the weaver, who of all things liked best “a scene to tear a cat in.” Accordingly, my first poetical attempt was an imitation in rhyme of Thomson’s blank-verse thunder-storm. I knew perfectly well that sheep could not take to flight after having been killed, but the “rhyme” seemed to be of opinion that they should be so described; and as it doggedly abided by this perversity, there was nothing for it but to describe my flock “scudding away” after the lightning had slain them. I read the marvel to my cousin Benjamin, from whom I received infliction the first of merciless criticism. God forgive him!—I never could. Neither could I help perceiving the superiority which his learning gave him over me; and never was I so happy as when listening to his recitations of Homer’s Greek, of which I did not understand a word,—and yet, after the

illapse of nearly half a century, its music has not departed from my soul.

Willingly, too, would I have shared the praises showered on my brother Giles:—but, alas, how was that to be accomplished? Hitherto, I had been fat and round as a ball,—I now became pale and lean. My health visibly suffered: but I had inly resolved to undertake the great task of self-instruction. I purchased a grammar; but proved unable to remember a single rule, however laboriously committed to memory. About a year afterward, I added the “Key” to my grammar, and read it through and through a hundred times. I found, at last, that by reflection, and by supplying elisions, &c., I could detect and correct grammatical errors. The pronouns bothered me most,—as they still do. At this moment I do not know a single rule of grammar; and yet I can now, I flatter myself, write English as correctly as Samuel Johnson could, and detect errors in a greater author, Samuel Bailey. Flushed with success, my enthusiasm knew no bounds. To the great joy of my father, I resolved to learn French. But though I could with ease get and say my lessons, I could not remember a word of them; I, therefore, at the end of a few weeks gave up the attempt. For once, however, I was lucky in calamity; for my French teacher not understanding the language himself, I was allowed to throw the blame on him,—which I did gloriously.

It would seem that my poetical propensities are traceable to certain accidents; but that about the end of my fourteenth year my mind began to make efforts for itself. Those efforts, however, were favored by an accident of importance in the history of my education. A clergyman, called Firth, who held a poor curacy at a desolate place called Middlesmoor, bequeathed to my father his library, containing, besides scores of Greek and Latin books, Barrow’s “*Sermons*,” Ray’s “*Wisdom of God*,” Derham’s “*Physico-Theology*,” Young’s “*Night Thoughts*,” Hervey’s “*Meditations*,” Henepin’s “*Travels*,” and three volumes of the “*Royal Magazine*,” embellished with views of Bombay, Madras, the Falls of Niagara, Pope’s Villa at Twickenham, and fine colored representations of foreign birds. My writings owe something to all these books; particularly to Henepin, who carried me with him from Niagara to the Mississippi. I was never weary of Barrow; he and Young taught me to condense. Ray also was a

favorite. The picture of Pope's Villa induced me to buy his "Essay on Man,"—but could not enable me to like it. In the "Royal Magazine" I found the narrative of a shipwreck on a South-Sea island; on which I made a romance in blank verse, twenty years before Scott printed his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." My next treasure was Shenstone: I could repeat all the mottos, translated from the Greek and Latin, which he has prefixed to his poems. I think he is now undervalued. Then followed Milton,—who held me captive long. I have said, I always took the shortest road to an object: this tendency led me into some errors, but is the principal cause of my ultimate success as an author. I never could read a feeble book through: it follows that I read masterpieces only, the best thoughts of the highest minds,—after Milton, Shakspeare—then Ossian—then Junius, with my father's Jacobinism for a commentary,—Paine's "Common Sense,"—Swift's "Tale of a Tub,"—"Joan of Arc,"—Schiller's "Robbers,"—Bürger's "Leonora,"—Gibbon's "Decline and Fall,"—and, long afterward, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the *Westminster Review*. But I have a strange memory. Sometimes it fails me altogether,—yet when I was twelve years old, I almost knew the Bible by heart; and in my sixteenth year I could repeat, without missing a word, the first, second, and sixth books of "Paradise Lost!" If, then, I possess that power which is called genius, how great must be my moral demerits,—for what have I written that will bear any comparison with the least of my glorious models? But I possess not that glorious power. Time has developed in me, not genius, but powers which exist in all men and lie dormant in most. I cannot, like Byron and Montgomery, pour poetry from my heart as from an unfailing fountain; and of my inability to identify myself, like Shakspeare and Scott, with the characters of other men, my abortive "Kerhoney," "Taurepdes," and similar rejected failures, are melancholy instances. My thoughts are all exterior,—my mind is the mind of my own eyes. A primrose is to me a primrose, and nothing more:—I love it because it is nothing more. There is not in my writings one good idea that has not been suggested to me by some real occurrence, or by some object actually before my eyes, or by some remembered object or occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men, heard or read. If I possess any power at all allied to genius, it is that of making other men's

thoughts suggest thoughts to me which, whether original or not, are to me new. Some years ago my late excellent neighbor, John Heppenstel, after showing me the plates of Audubon's "Birds of America," requested me to address a few verses to the author. With this request I was anxious to comply: but I was unable to write a line, until a sentence in Rousseau suggested a whole poem, and colored all its language. Now, in this case, I was not like a clergyman seeking a text that he may write a sermon; for the text was not sought, but found—or it would have been to me a lying and a barren spirit.

From my sixteenth to my twenty-third year I worked for my father at Masbro' as laboriously as any servant he had, and without wages except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money: weighing every morning all the unfinished castings as they were made, and afterward in their finished state, besides opening and closing the shop in Rotherham when my brother happened to be ill or absent. Why, then, may not I call myself a working-man? But I am not aware that I ever did so call myself;—certainly never as an excuse for my poetry if bad, or if good as a claim for wonder. There are only two lines in my writings which could enable the reader to guess at my condition in life. I wrote them to show that, whatever else I might be, I was not of the genus "Dunghill Spurner,"—for in this land of castes the dunghill-sprung with good coats on their backs are not yet generally anxious to claim relationship with hard-handed usefulness. But as a literary man I claim to be self-taught; not because none of my teachers ever read to me or required me to read a page of English grammar; but because I have of my own will read some of the best books in our language, original and translated, and the best only—laboriously forming my mind on the highest models. If unlettered women and even children write good poetry, I, who have studied and practiced the art during more than forty years, ought to understand it, or I must be a dunce indeed.

I have laid before the reader a history of my boyhood and youth. What excuse can I plead for troubling him with these common-place incidents in the history of a common-place person? That I write not for the strong but for the weak; who may learn from this narrative that as by the mere force of will such persons can write poetry, no honest man of good sense need despair of accomplishing much greater because more useful matters. The history of my manhood

and its misfortunes (your famous people have a knack of being unfortunate, and of calling their faults misfortunes,) remains to be written. It would not, I have said, even if honestly written, be more instructive than an honest history of almost any other man; but when I said so, I forgot that it would be, in part, a history of the terrific changes of fortune, the alternations of prosperity and suffering, caused by over-issues, or by the sudden withdrawal, of inconvertible paper-money, in those days "when none but knaves throve and none but madmen laughed—when servants took their masters by the nose, and beggared masters slunk aside to die—when men fought with shadows, and were slain—while, in dreadful calm, the viewless storm increased, most fatal when least dreaded, and nearest when least expected." I am not yet prepared—not yet sufficiently petrified in heart and brain, by time and trouble—to tell a tale, in telling which I must necessarily live over again months and years of living death.

When I made the astounding assertion many years ago (in *Tait's Magazine*) that the food-taxes were costing, or destroying, or preventing the earning of more than a hundred millions sterling a year,—I knew well that in a short time the truth of that assertion would be confirmed by the wisest and best informed of my countrymen. It has been objected to my political poems that I sometimes repeat in them the same thoughts

and words. Why should I not repeat the same thoughts and words, if they are wanted and I cannot find better? My countrymen were robbed of knowledge as well as food; and it is not my fault that, born dull and slow, I find thoughts and words with difficulty. I husband my materials because I am intellectually poor. No man can, "by taking thought," add an inch to his stature; but any man may do the best he can with the means in his power—and he who would usefully live in his deeds "must fight for eternity with the weapons of time." Newspaper-taught as I am, and having no ideas of my own, I can only seize those of others as they occur, earnestly applying them to current occasions. If I have been mistaken in my objects I am sorry for it; but I have never advocated any cause without first trying to know the principles on which it was based. On looking back on my public conduct—thanks to that science which poor Cobbett, ever floundering, yet great and brave, called in scorn "Poleetical Economy"—I find I have had little to unlearn. And when I shall go to my account, and the Great Questioner whose judgments err not shall say to me, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" I can truly answer, "Lord, it is here; and with it all that I could add to it—doing my best to make little much."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sheffield, 21st June, 1841.

From Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

THE infant weeping in its parent's arms,
In age of innocence, that knows no guile,
Sweet solace finds for all its vague alarms
In the soft influence of woman's smile.

The schoolboy, plodding onward with his task,
Dwells fondly as he goes, the way to while,
Upon the sole reward he cares to ask—
The kindly radiance of a mother's smile.

The wayward wooer, in th' impassioned strife
'Tween love and duty, when false friends revile,

Needs only, to inspire him with new life,
The soul-entrancing charm of woman's smile.

The soldier, fighting for his country's right,
And marching over many a weary mile,
Both in the blaze of day and dead of night
Thinks of his cottage-home and woman's smile.

And as old age and sickness come apace
Upon life's autumn, what can then beguile
The tedious hour, and smooth the wrinkled face?
The summer gladness of fond woman's smile.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

READER, the mere mention of Americans is probably associated in your mind with much that is wild, savage, and frightful—sanguinary duels, Lynch law, nigger babies boiled for breakfast, swamps and yellow fever; in short, a pleasing and promiscuous mess of “a’ things horrible and awful.” Or if, through some Whiggish leaning, or large feeling of fraternity for all the Anglo-Saxon race, you are disposed to stand up for your Transatlantic brethren, you will panegyryze them much in the same way that Rousseau and others have maintained the superiority of savage over civilized life. You will say, “These people are inferior to us in the graces and the courtesies of civilization, but they are more frank, more natural; fashion exercises no capricious tyranny over them; there is no room there for servility or luxury.” Doubtless, then, you will be surprised when, in presenting you to American society, I introduce you among a set of exquisites,—daintily-arrayed men, who spend half their income on their persons, and shrink from the touch of a woolen glove,—who are curious in wines and liqueurs, and would order a dinner against the oldest frequenter of the *Trois Frères*; delicate and lovely women, who wear the finest furs and roll in the most stylish equipages,—who are well up in all the latest French dances and the newest French millinery,—who talk very much such English as you do yourself, and three or four Continental languages into the bargain. And, moreover, in comparing English and American merits (for, knowing something about both Mr. Bull and Master Jonathan, belonging partly to both and loving both, I would rather compare their merits than their faults), I should say that the American was more successful in the minor elegances and amusements, and the Englishman in the more solid and domestic virtues of life. Now if you grow incredulous, and conclude

that I am trying to quiz you, or going to write about America without ever having been there, even *that* is no more than Englishmen have done before, ay, and turned out a big volume, and made “tin” by it, and been praised by “the Thunderer” for accuracy and fidelity of description. But, in sober earnest, I am writing about what I see and know. If, then, I tell you nothing about alligators, or regulators, or any such wild animals, it is simply because I have never met with any; not that I think it much loss to either of us, for, sooth to say, we have lately had enough of this bowie-knife school of writing, which, after all, is much as if one were to go to the wilds of Connaught, or the dens of St. Giles’s, to collect materials for “A Country Residence in England” or “London and the Londoners.” Suspend your opinion, then, or at least your incredulity; open your eyes and shut your mouth, and see what the Yankee will send you.

No. I.

THE THIRD AVENUE IN SLEIGHING TIME.

A heavy snow on Broadway! The house-tops are all iced over like so many big holiday cakes. The ugly telegraph posts, that suggest to the occupants of the second floors the idea of an execution perpetually about to take place under their windows, are not destitute of the same tempting white covering; and high up in the gutters are piled heaps of the plentifully-dispensed commodity—so high, that in places the foot-passengers can hardly see over them. But on the causeway (*Americanicè*, “side-walk”) the feet of pedestrians, and in the middle of the street the hoofs of horses and the runners of sleighs, have packed down the smoothest and sweetest of all “metal” for roads into a hard pavement three or four inches thick, of a dirty dun hue. Out of doors it is cold, but pleasantly cold,—brisk, exhilarating, sparkling,—as if an extra quantity of electricity

(and is it not really so?) were abroad in the atmosphere. This sensation is particularly observable during a snow-storm, and renders it absolutely agreeable to walk in one, until the insidious moisture begins to penetrate your garments; but both before and after the actual fall it is plainly perceptible, nor is it now unaided by the musical accompaniment of the sleigh-bells. Everything feels the influence, and goes a-head accordingly. Men shuffle and slip along in their India-rubber overshoes at a five-miles-the-hour pace. Boys half sliding, half running, with skates suspended on arm, are hurrying to the nearest ice-pond, or other temporary skating-ground they know of; and sleighs are swarming up and down the street, of all sorts and sizes, from the huge omnibus with its thirty passengers, that lumbers along behind four or six horses, some trotting and some cantering under great pressure of whip, to the light, gaily-painted cutters, with their solitary fur-capped tenants, their embroidered bear-skin robes flaunting down behind, and their iron-mouthed, lightning-footed pacers, that seem to draw them entirely by the bit, so slender and all but invisible is the attaching harness. And every now and then passes a family party, a little red or blue about the noses, but very jolly for all that; beautiful girls buried in furs and glancing from under their wrappings with demure looks of mischief, as if the bells rang for them the tune "I'm owre young to marry yet;" lots of children, who have always an intense appreciation of the fun; a tall black coachman, all alive to the dignity and responsibility of his position; the large and roomy sleigh decked with buffalo* and black bear and gray lynx robes, red-riband-bound and furnished with sham eyes and ears, so that the carriage resembles a portable menagerie; while the gallant horses, curbed with their heads well out from the pole, are stepping twelve miles an hour and ready to keep up that pace for half the day. The Londoner, who in his complacency brags of the carriages and horses of his native city as the

finest in the world, should go to New York to learn wisdom in coach-horseflesh. There he would see many a pair sold for six hundred dollars, that a duke would be glad to get for as many guineas. You can scarcely find a carriage-horse that is not a beauty; and they exhibit all varieties of beauty, from the blood chestnut colt, a-fire in every muscle, yet gentle and tractable amid a crowd of vehicles, to the heavy gray, sixteen-and-a-half hands high, firm as a statue, traveling on with a majestic action and a steady pace. A lover of the noble animal on arriving here congratulates himself on having reached the paradise of horses and horsemen, until he resides long enough to require a mount, when the mystery is explained. He finds that all the best horses in the country are trained to harness, and that a good saddle beast is for a gentleman the work of months to find,—for a lady, a very phoenix.

But there is one particular sleigh to which I must direct your attention—though, indeed, you would be likely to notice it without my doing so, as it sweeps round from one of the side-streets, for its style and equipments are in some respects unique. The body is a sea-green shell, not answering exactly to any known species, extant or fossil, but carved out of wood, after a fantastic pattern, something between a scallop and a nautilus, evincing considerable imagination on the part of the designer or builder. And you can see the owner is proud of the idea; for, while all the other sleighs that pass are so hung behind with bear or buffalo robes that you can scarcely discern the color, much less the shape of their bodies, this one, to show off its peculiar form, and also perhaps to do justice to its crimson velvet lining, has no back-robe at all, the black bear being placed in front, instead of the ordinary wild-cat or wolf lap-skin. The runners are a pale straw-color; the harness, which is rather more elaborate than usual for a one-horse sleigh, is adorned with silver crests, and the double-plated bells (suspended by a band of red leather, which encircles the body just behind the saddle of the collar) are acorns instead of the customary walnut pattern. The horse is not exactly such an one as a London exquisite might select for his cab; he has neither commanding stature nor clambering step, finely-arched neck nor gracefully-sweeping tail; but he is "all horse, what there is of him," and his points irreproachable for a roadster. He is a dark bay, fifteen hands and a half high, with the compact figure, chunky neck, powerful fore-arm, and projecting hip

* It would be as pedantic in America to call this animal *bison*, as to speak of "the earth bringing the sun into view," for "the sun rising." "Buffalo" is often used independently for "buffalo-robe," whence they tell a good story of two Englishmen just arrived in Boston. They ordered a sleigh, having heard of such a thing in a general way, without being conversant with the particulars of it. "Will you have one buffalo or two?" asked the hostler. "Why," says Cockney, looking a little frightened, "we'll have only one the first time, as we're not used to driving them."

of a trotter, and he steps fair and square in his gait, without a pause or a hitch anywhere, as a gentleman's trotter should. The portion of the turn-out most open to criticism is the groom, an unmistakeable Pat. He has on a Parisian hat, probably a second-hand of his master's; an old pair of fashionably-cut trousers, most likely derived from the same source; a white cravat; and a coachman's greatcoat of dark blue cloth, with huge plated buttons and a crest on them. Such make-shift liveries may be seen all along Broadway on fine days, marring the appearance of the otherwise perfect equipages that congregate before Stewart's, the Howell and James of Gotham. When some enterprising imitators of European customs first introduced liveries, there was a great outcry against them on the part of the sovereign people. They were hooted out of Boston, and remain banished to this day. In New York the hatband has gained a partial and the button a general footing, but the plush has not been able to keep its ground; so that the servants' costume presents a walking allegory of society, part English form and deference, part French affectation and dandyism, part native independence and outward equality.

The sleigh stops before a house in the upper part of Broadway. Broadway was once the fashionable place of residence, as it still is the fashionable promenade, and most of the city magnates lived in it; but the progress of business northward crowded them out, and their dwelling-houses became shops, till, throughout its three miles of extent, from the Battery to Union Place, scarcely a private residence remains, except in the most northerly half-mile, which still partly sustains its claim to be in the fashionable quarter of the town. Even here the dwellings are interspersed with shops; elegant mansions are beginning to be elbowed by dentists and boarding-houses, and to assume an appearance of *having been* in the aristocratic precincts. Such is the house in question; but, though hard pressed by a business neighborhood, it is still evidently the residence of a man of wealth and position. What is more remarkable, two or three garden lots are attached to it, and the garden and shrubbery form a marked break in the line of regularly-built four-story houses above and below. This is certainly a phenomenon in an American city, where a man will sip Cordon Bleu and Latour every day, or buy two hundred dollar handkerchiefs for his wife, or pay a fancy price for a fast trotter;

but to lose the interest on a town lot by making a garden of it, is an extravagance not to be thought of.

Two young men come out of the house. The first stands five feet ten (in his boots, which help him an inch), and is, probably, not a bad-looking fellow to begin with. At any rate, whatever he may be by nature, he has made the most of himself by art, being got up like a picture with a fine eye to effect and contrast. He has a very white overcoat, with a white velvet collar and large white silk buttons, and very black pantaloons (*Anglicè*, trousers), chequered with a white bar, so ambitious in its dimensions, that there is not more than a square and a half of the figure on each leg, said legs not being very large. For a muffler he wears a read India scarf, leaving a little aperture under the knot at the throat to let us have a glimpse of the diamond pin that fastens his red and black satin long cravat. His black hair is as glossy and neat as a woman's, and his moustache, which not being so old as his hair by twenty years is considerably lighter, has been brought up to a corresponding sable by some skillfully-applied dye, so as to set off to the best advantage the clear red and white of his complexion. Even through those thick white buckskin gloves and heavy cork-soled boots you may see that his extremities are delicately small; and even through the carefully-buttoned sack-coat you may notice that his figure is more slender in the waist and hollow in the back than you would have expected from his height, judging him by an English standard. His head is protected by a rich otter-skin cap, nearly as tall as a hat. The front and ear-pieces are turned up, and it is set rather jauntily on one side; but should the day prove too cold he can bury his features in it, till only the tip of his nose is exposed. That is Harry Benson, a young man of the exclusives, rejoicing in nothing to do and ten thousand a-year (dollars, not pounds) to spend. He has not long returned from his travels, and next week is to marry one of the most beautiful women in the city. She has just attained her majority, and he is just twenty-three.

His companion is about ten years older, though he might be any age, from twenty-five to forty, so far as his face shows, being one of those dark, wiry men, who retain the same appearance for fifteen or twenty years, and make up for looking like old men in their youth by looking like young men in their middle age. Not that Tibbets Schuyler the broker is an ugly man; on the contrary, he

is rather handsome—decidedly handsome, we might call him, according to the American type of men. He stands six feet two in his boots, and weighs barely one hundred and fifty pounds, great-coat and all. His hair and whiskers are jet black, his features regular and well-proportioned (except that his nose is a trifle long), and his dark eyes keen and expressive. If you were told that he was a jolly good fellow and a trump, there is nothing in his countenance to belie it; if you were told that he would take in his own father for sixpence, there is nothing in his countenance to belie that either: one thing only you would infer immediately and correctly, that it is no easy matter to take *him* in. His features, we have said, are good, but his face is of a uniform sallow tint, without freshness or color. In this dyspeptic countenance, in the lines about his mouth and the absence of a moustache, you read the young man of business, who works hard and lives high, smokes abundantly, and, though too frugal of time to indulge in after-dinner or midnight revelries, has a pernicious habit of taking small drinks in the morning. These men present a singular contrast and combination of strength and weakness. They can work at their desks all day, for days together; they walk like locomotives when they do walk; are impervious to the intoxicating effects of any known liquor; and though generally prudent enough to keep out of a row, acquit themselves manfully if ever caught in one. But they are continually bilious, dyspeptic, and altogether seedy; are subject to rheumatism and other venerable disorders, require strong excitement to amuse them, and know little of that every-day enjoyment of mere animal existence which a man derives from good health and consequent cheerful spirits. Of course Schuyler is not an exquisite. His drab great-coat is a real working, traveling garment, with plenty of pockets, and no superfluous ornament in the way of cording, velvet, or fancy buttons. His pantaloons (as he would call them) are an old black pair that have already done duty for dress, as long as they were presentable, for evening parties; his hat is not of the newest, and his neck is defended by a blue worsted comforter. Yet are none of these things put on carelessly, but with the air of a man who has been fashionably dressed when younger, and may be again when richer. His tastes now, however, are certainly not fashionable, nor can they be called literary. In the evening—if it is not the night before packet day, or no other business

call interposes—he patronizes Burton's Theatre or the Ethiopian Singers; and at three in the afternoon, when his office and the banks are shut, and his day's work generally through, he reads the papers (the usual extent of his reading), if the weather is unfavorable; if it is fine he drives a trotter, or rather assists at the driving of one. For he does not keep a "fast crab" now himself; he is too intent on making a fortune, in the pursuit of which he has missed fire once already. No, he goes out driving with one or another of his friends, and in this way partially gets the interest of his earlier investments in horse-flesh.

And now the two friends are in the quaint little machine, filling the shell body full to overflowing, so that the bronzed railing which runs around the top of the back seems very necessary to keep one or both of them from being canted out; Schuyler coils his long legs under him, the bear-skin is tucked in on both sides, "Ke-ip, Charlie!" and the sleigh glides off at a five-minute pace.

It is a nice position altogether, that of Benson's. Take a young man, handsome and clever enough to make him courted by others and on very good terms with himself, in exuberant health (for Harry has not been home long enough to lose his fresh tint and grow dyspeptic), comfortably off in point of "tin" for the present, and rich in anticipation and imagination for the future, in all the flush and exultation of a rapid, fervent, and successful courtship, and all his other delights swallowed up in the delight of reflecting that a witty and beautiful woman is soon to be his—put him into a well-appointed sleigh, and let an indefatigable trotter take him along eleven or twelve miles an hour, with the potentiality of nearly doubling that speed, and as he glides away musing on all his good luck, it would be a hard case if he were not happy and thankful.

Yet why is not his ladye-love with him? Poor girl, it is so near the time that half her mornings are spent in consultation with dress-makers, and the accepted one is postponed to the milliner. But he has the memory of her last ineffable smile in his heart, and feels content. Schuyler looks amiable, too. His are not the rosy visions and golden dreams of Benson, the pleasant realities rivaled by more pleasant anticipations; but he is thinking of the good hit he made in government sixes last week, and how comfortable the sleigh is.

"Why, you might go to sleep in this, Harry," says the broker, who has just settled down into the position that affords per-

fect support to his back, and is lying coiled up like a sea-serpent in repose.

Not the beginning of an answer from the other, who is dreaming of *that smile*, no doubt. The horse, meanwhile, seems to be taking care of himself. Having no winkers, he sees his own way and keeps a look-out, not only before but behind him. Were a hand lifted or a handkerchief exhibited by his driver, he would take it for a signal to be off, and would be off like a hurricane accordingly. And therefore is the cherry-handled whip kept completely out of his sight, lying in the hollow between Benson's side and the side of the sleigh, with the top sticking out behind under Harry's right arm, and appearing to grow out of his pocket. Few trotters will bear even the sight of the whip—at least, not till half tired. A man usually wants all his hands to hold them to their trot.

"That's really a nice animal," says Schuyler, at last. He has hit the right topic to arouse his friend, who immediately begins to show signs of returning consciousness.

"Yes, Charlie is a good horse. But I am not quite sure that he is now at the work he is best fit for. I rode him the other day and found he had the remains of a real canter, and all his paces were so good under the saddle that I think of devoting him to that purpose after this snow is over. He is not fast enough for harness."

"How fast?"

"Three seventeen with two in a wagon."

"But he is young."

"Seven."

"A horse does not fairly begin to trot till nine or ten. I wouldn't give up my original purpose. But we are out too early to test his speed against anything. It is only just past two." (He has taken a half-holiday to-day on the strength of its being his birth-day.)

"Exactly the reason I came out so early. I don't want to race him, at least on the out-road. He has been in the stable for two days, and is too free to trot. We will go to Yorkville at an exercise gait, and then turn."

While thus talking they have left Broadway, and, turning to the right, have passed through Lafayette Place, a short, wide street, with a marble colonnade on one side and large brick and granite mansions on the other. Another turn to the right brings them into the Bowery, the great democratic, as Broadway is the great aristocratic, thoroughfare. It is a wider and straighter

street, but the houses have a very different appearance. Markets, butchers' stalls and second-hand furniture shops, abound in it. Leaving this not very interesting ground, they shoot transversely into the Third Avenue, which, however, for the first five minutes, presents nearly the same features, till at the distance of a mile from their starting-point it begins to assume its proper characteristics.

The Third Avenue has been ever since it was made, that is to say, for twenty years, the exercise and trial ground of all the fast trotters and pacers in the city. It runs about a mile in town to the end of the "stones" or pavement, and nearly five miles out of town to Harlaem Bridge. In these five miles of road there are just as many hills, not steep, but gradual and pretty equally distributed, so that every third or quarter of a mile presents a different level; and in every mile you have the alternation of ascent, descent, and level ground. At the top and bottom of each hill are several taverns, at which the horses may rest and their masters "take a horn;" but more of these establishments are at the foot than at the summit, as it is the custom of the "fast crabs" to make a brush *down* the hill after ascending it leisurely. Besides the taverns the only houses along the road are blacksmiths' and coachmakers', so that if you break a tire or lose a shoe you may be set to rights on the spot. The Avenue is wide, and in good order. The middle of it is macadamized, the sides are left in soft earth for the benefit of the trotters, whose feet would be broken to pieces by hard pavement at their rate of going. These distinctions are now, of course, obliterated by the snow.

From three till dark the fast horses and fast men are in their glory here. It is too early for them yet, as Schuyler said; there are only family or omnibus sleighs out, so Charlie keeps on at one steady pace, without pulling very much, as there is nothing alongside to worry him. In fifteen minutes they are at Yorkville, a small and not over-clean suburb, inhabited chiefly by Irish, and here there are more taverns than ever. Benson does not stop at any; his horse needs no rest, and it is not altogether *comme il faut* to do so; but he has a word to say about some of them in passing.

"Wintergreen's is clearly the pet stopping-place now," he observes, glancing toward a white house on the highest ground in Yorkville. The long, low, white shed near it is tenanted, even at this early hour, by twenty

or more cutters, whose owners are tipping inside.

"A queer fellow Wintergreen is, too; When sober (those are the mornings when he comes to sell you a horse) he behaves like a gentleman, and if he were put into a decent suit might almost pass for one. When drunk, which he is invariably at night, and frequently at noon, he is the beastliest of buffoons, and the fancy men use him for their court-jester. His father was rich once; he had money himself and good prospects when a youth, and might have done well."

"Yes," says Schuyler, with an ironical smile, "he might have gone through college, traveled in Europe, learned the polka, and been one of us."

There are two miles more to Harlaem Bridge, but Benson suddenly determines to go back. Perhaps his fingers are a little cold. "Let us turn here," and round sweeps the sleigh. Charlie begins to bear on the bit. Benson is far from dreaming now. All his energies are concentrated on his horse, who is a handful on the home-road.

"Now we shall see them to the best advantage as they meet us."

"I must confess I should like one race, just to beat something before going in. I'm sure your horse is faster than you think him."

"Well, if anything comes along to give us a fair chance we *will* have a race. See, here comes a batch from the city already, all doing their best to be first at Wintergreen's."

Here they come, sure enough! First advances an old black pacer, that looks only fit for the crows: he is so fine-drawn as to appear all skin and bones, and steams like a lime-kiln; but he has come down the last hill at a 2' 40" stroke, and is going as well now if he can only keep it up a few seconds longer. What a pace it is! not like trotting in the least, nor yet like running—more a scramble than anything else. His feet rise two on the same side at once; sometimes all four are off the ground together, and he rocks till you fear he will roll over laterally. He tears along behind him a sleigh of the commonest construction, a mere deal box on runners, furnished with an ancient and fragment buffalo, which serves for robe and cushion both. The driver is "one of 'em," a young butcher probably, in glazed leather cap and pea-jacket, despising gloves, yelling frantically to his animal, and putting on the string unsparingly, while he holds him up as

if for life with his left hand. Close in the rear comes a beautiful clipped chestnut, a fair square trotter, driven in a handsome cutter by a fashionably-dressed youth. The young gentleman cannot be much above twenty, but he holds the ribands as carefully as an experienced jockey, and like a gentleman, too—no recourse to the whip, no screaming at his horse, but a perfect management of his mouth, so as to get his full speed out of him without risk of a break. His nag has less foot for a brush than the pacer, therefore he is behind; but more strength and endurance, therefore he sticks to him, and hopes to catch him. About two lengths behind come an old gentleman and his negro servant, with a fine team of bays. They are large and handsome enough for carriage-horses, matched exactly, and go "to the pole," *i. e.* together, in 3' 5"—in fact, they are going at that rate now. Down the hills they fall behind the single horses, but up-hill, where the weight tells, a team has the best of it, and accordingly you see them gaining now. The old fellow, who is as ardent for the sport as a boy, knows this well, and keeps them up to their work. The team gains on the chestnut, the chestnut on the black: they are not more than three lengths from the tavern. Suddenly the pacer stops short and capers. He is used up, and has "broken." The chestnut glides by like an arrow, and being none too fresh himself, escapes further pursuit of the team by slipping triumphantly under Wintergreen's shed, whither the discomfited black follows him; while the big bays keep their way up the road, and after them trail two men with a gray horse, who, though visibly tailed off, still persist in a fruitless attempt to overtake the gallant pair.

"There goes twelve hundred cash," says Schuyler, as he glances back at the receding trotters. "But it's a good team, and well worth the money if a man has it."

"I mean to treat myself to a team whenever I can pick one up at a fair valuation—when some one breaks or goes abroad, and wants to sell his horses. But I don't mean to trust myself in a jockey's hands again. I have had to do with the fraternity three times already, and come off tolerably well. Fortune is not to be tempted too often."

"You have no reason to quarrel with your last purchase. He goes prettily, and keeps it up well. Does he pull much?"

"Not as trotters go; but he requires a tight rein. Hallo! Wo-o, Charlie!"

The horse has made a leap that jerks both the occupants of the sleigh nearly out of it, and would be off in a run but for the ready hand of his driver. At the same moment a large brown mare rushes by with the least possible quantity of harness on her, a shadowy sleigh behind her, and a little black-eyed, fur-capped man in it. Though Charlie is stepping off at least fourteen miles an hour, he is left behind in an instant as if standing still.

"There's a fast one! Can you catch him?"

"I should be sorry to try it with the double weight we have, and the start he has. Even if I were ten seconds in the mile faster than he is, I could not overhaul him before he gets to Sparks'."

"True; he will stop at the Four-mile House, no doubt. His pace is too good to last. I didn't think of that."

About a minute and a half passes in silence. Schuyler, not wishing to be caught again without notice, has roused himself from his recumbent attitude and keeps a good look-out behind. Benson is wholly occupied with his horse, who grows more eager as he approaches home. They are near the Four-mile House, when two common-looking men in a common-looking sleigh, with a long-legged roan pacer, emerge from the shed some hundred yards in front and dart off at full speed.

"Now for it," says Benson: "we'll try those fellows."

"Do you think you can have them? Their horse is going very fast."

"You never can tell how fast a pacer goes till you are alongside of him. There is no stopping-place between this and town: they must go to the stones, or where the stones should be, that's a mile and a half, and Charlie will outlast them that distance if they outfoot him at first. G'lang, old fellow."

While thus delivering himself of his opinion, Benson has been making hasty preparation for the trial. Taking an equal hold of the reins at that point where he can best apply his whole weight and power to them, he twists one round each hand to prevent their slipping; then bracing his feet against a little iron bar that runs inside the swelling dash-board (for they would go right through the leather), he throws himself back on the lines simultaneously with the "g'lang" that starts his horse. The ever-ready beast leaps off as if his run were arrested midway and turned into a trot; at every step his hind legs

are lifted quicker and tucked further under him, and his fore feet rise higher from the ground as he darts down the slight descent before him at a three-minute velocity. The reins are so tight that you might stand upon them; Benson is nearly standing behind them, for as he neither will nor can give an inch (his arms being already stretched straight out and the reins secured by the twists in them), the pull all but lifts him to his feet. So rapid is the brush that they are soon close upon the other sleigh, and Schuyler can distinguish that its occupants are of not-to-be-mistaken Bowery cut—veritable "b'hoys." Charlie is just lapping their sleigh when the driver breaks out with an unearthly yell, which has the double effect of stimulating his own horse and frightening the other. The next moment Charlie is dancing in the air, and the old roan racker glides away as if by very magic, skimming over the snow like a bird, and looking ready to shake himself out of his ancient and scanty harness.

"Wo-o, Charlie! What y'about? Ho-o, poor fellow!" and Benson hauls his horse first to one side of the road and then to the other, in vain efforts to make him catch his trot. Charlie throws his head up and jerks it down, and keeps cantering for ten seconds in spite of all that can be done, till at last, just as they reach level ground, he strikes his true gait with a bound like a hunter's, and is off faster than ever. If the road continued to descend there would be little chance of closing the gap; but it now rises for a quarter of a mile, and a trotter generally climbs better than a pacer. This is what Benson depends on, and accordingly he drives as if for a fortune to come up with the racker before the road dips again. Now he eases out his horse the least bit by bending slightly forward; now he lifts him with the rein, and again holds on with all his might to keep him from breaking; now he stimulates him with a gentle chirrup, and now sends at him a prolonged growl, such as trotters and the drivers of trotters delight in. Meanwhile he carefully scans the road a-head, so as to avoid every inequality and keep on a smooth and even surface, nearly, but not quite, in the middle of the road, where the snow is neither so much worn down as to make it hard running for the sleigh, nor so deep as to clog the horse's feet. Schuyler sits motionless and breathless, watching the rapidly-diminishing interval between the sleighs. Benson's calculation proves true. Before the ascent is completed, the gap of eight or ten lengths

has been shut to within one and a half. Charlie's head is in a parallel line with the pendent buffalo of the Bowery sleigh, and not more than three feet behind it. The broker's excitement overpowers him. His long body and sharp nose reach over like those of a cockswain when he bobs to the stroke, and his eyes flash with eagerness.

"Now hold him, Benson, hold him! Don't let him break; don't, for God's sake! shall I drive?"

"Teach your grandmother!"

Benson is comparatively cool; he feels sure of catching them before the descent, and then he means to wait on them down till he can tire out or break up the racker. And now the b'boy, finding himself overhauled, emits another hideous screech and lays the string about fearfully. But either he has been premature in his manœuvre, or Harry is better prepared for it this time: the only effect of all the row is to help Charlie on. Three of his bounding steps,—with the first he laps the other sleigh, with the second he is alongside the roan, and the third puts his belly on a line with the pacer's nose. He is a neck and shoulders a-head, and going his very best.

"Hi-i-i! G'lang! He-e-e-eh!" shout both the Bowery boys at once, and slash goes the long whip again. All they can accomplish by this demonstration is to bring their horse up even with Charlie, who has lost a little ground by swerving to the right to avoid an omnibus that takes up half the road. This movement brings the sleighs so close that they almost touch, and thus they go down the hill at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, locked like a double team. The b'boy is pouring out a stream of yells at his horse, and Benson is holding on to his as a man holds on for his life. The pacer, black with sweat, and dropping foam from his mouth, scrambles along with his head down like a lame cat. Charlie's glossy flanks are marked with a dark streak here and there, and a few beads of white hang about his mouth; he trots fair and square still, with his head well up and his legs striking out regularly as a steam-engine. The contest will be decided by this hill, for neither horse is fresh enough to make up a gap in the preceding half mile of level ground, which brings them to the city. It is safe betting on the trotter if his temper and his owner's arms only hold out, for he goes better at every step, while his opponent flags visibly. See, Harry is a head and shoulders in advance again—all that he wishes to be at present, so he keeps his

horse well in hand, with a hard, steady pull. They are half way down, and the momentum of the descent is at its maximum when the b'boy makes his last effort. Whip, voice, and rein, are combined in one final push, and, aided by the ground, he absolutely shoves his horse once more even with Charlie. At this critical instant Benson feels the pull slacken a little—very little, but enough, combined with his keen eye for pace, to tell him that his horse is coming back to him.

"He-e-eh! Why, Charlie, are you going to leave your master, old fellow? He-e-eh! steady, boy! g'lang!" The lines are drawn tight as a bowstring; Charlie's neck goes out and his head down as he reaches away in his bounding trot, and gains half a length on the enemy at two steps.

"Steady, boy! so-so! G'lang, now!"

"He-e-e-eh! Gr-r-r! G'lang, you beggar!"

"Take care, Benson, take care! Now you have 'em! Hurrah!"

Splut! There is a great scattering of snow. The racker has broken short up, and fairly disappeared in a cloud of his own raising.

For a hundred yards or more the trotter sweeps on triumphantly at the top of his speed. Then his owner draws him in very carefully, it being nearly as nice a matter to diminish as to increase the velocity of a fast horse, since the least jerk or sudden check will break him. More by the voice than the reins he is sobered down to his wonted pace of twelve miles an hour, at which the sleigh continues to slide on merrily, and our friends have a little leisure to look about them. They are passing the Three-mile House, once a tavern on the road, but now less than half a mile from the pavement. It is past three, and every one is going out. The road is beginning to be thronged.

"What a lot of them!" says Benson. "There is Henderson with his clipped bays, not so fast for a brush, but equal to anything for three miles. And there is Black Modesty—good for 2' 38". They call her Modesty because she travels with her head down. And there is Löwenberg, with four white horses."

And the fiery little foreigner dashes by with two dashing Creole-looking women in his sleigh, and a neat groom, dangerously like himself, on the driving-seat alongside him.

"Löwenberg is to follow your good example, isn't he? and join the ranks of the respectable married men; or is his match broken off?"

"Broken off! No, indeed! There was some scruple, or talk of scruple, as to his creed. People said he was a Socinian, and the lady's father brought him to book, whereupon Löwenberg pathetically asseverated that he was of no religious persuasion or prejudice whatever; and, I believe, challenged any one to prove that he had ever been inside any place of worship."

"Nothing could be fairer than that, certainly. There goes the horse of horses, Jim Polk. His owner told me, that just before this snow came on he paced half a mile in fifty-nine seconds."

"He ought to repeat that in public, then, for his best mile time on record is 2' 23". But I wouldn't have him for a gift, unless I wanted to meet with what the newspapers call the 'painful accident' of getting my neck broke."

Benson casts one look at "the fastest pacer in the world." Polk is a middle-sized chestnut, with a flowing tail and mane, handsome enough for a lady's horse, and with power written in every muscle. He is pouring foam from a desire to get off, and his owner's efforts to restrain him. And then Harry turns round and starts off his horse once more, for his old enemy, the roan, is creeping up behind, and trying to steal a march on him. But it's no use. Charlie has lost his superfluous fire; he can be held with one hand, and will take the whip. Benson puts it on him—three light strokes—and at every one he doubles himself up faster and throws more road behind him. By a great effort the pacer has put himself close behind Benson's sleigh, so that he is almost looking over Schuyler's head; but not another inch can he better his position, nor can he hold it more than a few moments. There is no more left in him, and he falls back exhausted, and is pulled up to a walk. And now as Harry, for the second time, eases down his horse another four-horse sleigh meets them. It cuts more dash than Löwenberg's—richer furs, showier livery, finer horses, more paint and gilding. The team are grays and chestnuts (*sorrels* they are called in America), driven *chequered*; that is, the horses of the same color diagonally. Highly polished steel chains take the place of martingale and pole-strap; and the rest of the harness, except the collars and traces, is made of white silk cord. Within are two men and two women, elaborately dressed; but they are not of "our set," or any set that Benson knows.

"Schuyler, whose team is that? Some rowdy's, I perceive."

"It shows you are a virtuous youth to ask such a question. You know all the proper celebrities, and none of the improper ones. That is Mrs. —, whose occupation shall be nameless."

"That vile woman! I thought she was in prison."

"So she was, and got out again on some technicality."

They did "quod" the woman permanently some months after; but it was only accomplished at great trouble and expense to the city, and Schuyler has already seen so many rogues go unwhipt of justice, that he may be pardoned a little skepticism.

"Doubtless there are several causes of this mal-administration, or non-administration of the laws, but one is particularly obvious. I consider the Anti-Capital-Punishment agitators—Whitey, Carroll, and that set—directly responsible for half the rascality in this city and state. Their arguments, though nominally directed at the death penalty merely, really aim at all penalties, create a morbid sympathy for all criminals, and resolve all crimes into disease or insanity, according to phrenology or some other of their hobbies, which they have dignified with the name of sciences."

"Yes; and these scamps aim at all the property in the county, and want to resolve it into their own pockets. And that is why I think the *Jacobin* a worse paper than the *Sewer*, though the former preserves a decent exterior of language. It has been the great abettor of the Anti-Renters throughout."

"Does it preserve a decent exterior of language? Is not Whitey an avowed Fourierite and Communist? and are not his contributors following suit?"

"But you don't know Whitey's excuse?"

"No."

"He is the most henpecked and curtain-lectured of men, and therefore goes in for Fourier's plan, hoping that, in the general distribution of women and goods, some one else may get Mrs. Whitey."

"A precious fellow, too, that correspondent of his, who has just been writing some city sketches—'Bits of Gotham,' he calls them. They are all constructed on this pleasant and easy syllogism,—'Some men in good society are hypocrites; therefore all respectable people are scamps.' To read this vagabond, a stranger would believe that our fashionable ladies were in the daily habit of making assignations at confectioners', and that all our church deacons and trustees lived upon the wages of iniquity, sanctioned,

if not practiced, by themselves. A pretty storm there would be if any foreigner dared to talk so; but this pestilent fellow, it seems, may slander his countrymen and countrywomen with impunity and profit! Did you ever hear of this man Goldsmith—P. P. Goldsmith, *Esquire*, as he calls himself?"

"No; but I believe he was cut or snubbed by some gentleman with whom he was trying to scrape acquaintance, and hence his hatred and abuse of the 'Upper Ten.'

"As to Carroll, one understands him well enough. *Est proprium humani generis*, and so forth. A benevolent Whig* merchant took him up when a poor boy, educated him, and

* The American Whigs are *Conservatives*, except some of those in New York.

gave him a fair start in life. Of course he became a violent Democrat, intensely hostile to all Whigs, and all merchants. His descent tells there. It's a real specimen of Irish gratitude."

Benson remains half sulky, half pensive. They sweep down the Avenue into the broad Bowery, and through Lafayette Place again. Benson likes to drive past Lafayette Place, for he owns a house there, and it gives him a chance to talk about "my house," and "my tenant." They are in Broadway again.

"Won't you come and dine with us, Schuyler? Four sharp. The grand-governor is ill, and I have the cellar key and the butcher's book. There is a bottle of Cordon Bleu in ice; our cook makes good tomato soup; smelts are prime now; and I laid in a tall Philadelphia capon this morning. Come!"

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE LATE DR. ZUMPT.

At an early stage of our labors, many years ago, we took occasion to offer, for the consideration of the young, a memoir of Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest scholars of the age, and who, by dint of perseverance, rose from a very humble to an exalted station in life. Heyne presented not an uncommon instance of German enthusiasm in scholarship. In our own country, erudition seems to be pursued chiefly for the sake of professional advancement, and consequently it seldom attains to any very lofty pitch. How few of our scholars, it may be asked, know anything critically of the ancient classics? How few write or speak Latin with elegance or purity? How few ever saw any more recondite exemplars of Roman literature than elementary school-books—the copy of a copy? In Germany, where no sort of painstaking seems to be grudged, scholarship has gone, and still goes on, immeasurably farther. As in the case of Heyne, Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Vater, Gesenius, and others, men are there found devoting themselves to a whole lifetime of earnest study in complete forgetfulness of self. Living perhaps on the merest trifle, they bury themselves in a library surrounded by old vellum-bound classics; and there, poring over dingy yellow pages, they compare words with words, examine

into the merits of punctuation and orthography, and detect new meanings, till they transmute into themselves, as it were, the very soul of their author. In this way, by collating old and priceless versions of the classics—some of them in manuscript, and unique—they are able to produce modern editions, which are greedily accepted throughout European universities, and which have usually formed the basis of elementary works for British compilers. We at least know of few works in Latin common in our schools which have not been copied in a reduced form from the painfully-constructed editions of German scholars. We have been led into these observations from a desire to do honor to the memory of one whose name has gone to swell the already long list of German philologists.

Carl Gottlob Zumpt, the individual to whom we refer, was born at Berlin in 1792. His parents were not wealthy; but in the circumstances in which Prussia was placed at the beginning of the present century, this was a matter of little importance. The oppressions of France pretty nearly brought down all ranks into one common mass of distress and poverty. To meet the cruel exactions of Napoleon, families gave up every article of value to the state. For their gold

they received tokens in iron; and these acknowledgments are still treasured by families, as lasting memorials of an adversity which took away almost everything but life. Amidst these national sufferings and humiliations, Carl Gottlob Zumpt received such an education as could then be procured. Fortunately he required no incitement to learn: from childhood he had been a diligent porer over books; and the acquisition of languages cost him no trouble. Nature made him a scholar. After passing through a series of schools and gymnasia in Berlin, he was sent, by the advice of Buttman, the well-known grammarian, to the University of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed a high reputation. Kreuzer, Voss, Boeckh, belonged to it, all of them men of talent, and celebrated for their philological learning. During Zumpt's residence at Heidelberg, the University of Berlin was founded; and returning home, he finished his education in his native city.

Though still a young man, Zumpt was already noted for his remarkable attainments in the Greek and Roman languages. Thrown upon his own resources, he soon distinguished himself, and was appointed a teacher in one of the principal seminaries. From this position he subsequently rose to be Professor of History in the Royal Military Academy, and finally to be Professor of Roman Literature in the University of Berlin.

The life of a scholar is usually barren of incident. There is little to tell about Zumpt. Amidst the cares of public teaching, he found time to occupy himself in writing various works, critical and historical, all connected with his favorite branch of study. To improve his knowledge of antiquities, he made a tour through Italy and Greece, which, while of considerable service to him as a man of letters, unfortunately tended to injure his health. This tour was made in 1835, and after that year Zumpt labored still more assiduously at his critical editions of the classics, unmindful of aught but that love of digging among ancient words and thoughts which seems a fanaticism in the German mind. His great aim was to be a Latinist worthy of the Augustine age itself. Nor was he unsuccessful; for he wrote Latin with great elegance. He was seldom required to speak the language; but when called on to do so, he delivered himself with correctness and fluency. In this respect he is supposed to have had no superior among his learned countrymen.

Holding this man in respect, not alone for his intellectual, but his moral and social quali-

ties, we shall always consider it as something to say that we have enjoyed his personal acquaintance. In the course of a tour in Germany, and short residence in Berlin in 1847, we had the pleasure of visiting him at his house in the Burgher Strasse—a terrace-like street on a branch of the Spree. We found Zumpt entombed amidst his books. Tall in person, emaciated from study, and wrapped in a dressing-gown, he rose and affectionately welcomed us to Berlin in tolerable English—a language which, in compliment, he insisted all his family should speak on every occasion of our visit. At this time he was engaged on his edition of "Quintus Curtius"—a work which will long be regarded as a monument of his industry and learning.

One of the objects of our visit to Zumpt was to consult with him on the subject of an enterprise in which he had recently engaged—the joint editorship, with Dr. Schmitz of Edinburgh, of a series of Latin classics for use in schools. The projectors of this undertaking were the publishers of the present sheet. Having in our own early days experienced the dreary heaviness of ordinary school classics, unrelieved by the slightest explanations in English touching the subject or the authors, we were glad to be instrumental in putting into the hands of youth a series which they could peruse with some degree of pleasure, or at all events not with absolute weariness and disgust. As Dr. Zumpt entered heartily into the design, the arrangement promised to have the advantage of naturalizing in Britain a set of editions drawn freshly from comparatively original sources, in place of the bald reprints of antiquated copies. The task occupied the amiable scholar during the remainder of his too short life, at the close of which he had prepared the whole series excepting a portion of Horace, which has consequently fallen into the hands of his nephew and son-in-law, A. W. Zumpt. A victim to his study of ancient literature, his failing eyesight first, and afterward disordered viscera, admonished him to take some species of relaxation. This counsel he took when too late. In the hope of relief from his sufferings, he repaired to Carlsbad, a watering-place in Bohemia; and there, to the great grief of his family and friends, he died on the 25th of June last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The decease of the illustrious Zumpt, together with the loss of Orelli, and the veteran Hellenist, Gottfried Hermann, both of whom died within the last eighteen months, leaves a blank among European scholars which will not soon be filled up.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography. By WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE are many poems in the English language of loftier merit, and more loudly applauded, than the *Deserted Village*; not one so universally beloved. There are many poets and authors amongst the literary men of England who rank much higher in our esteem and approbation than Goldsmith; not one whose memory calls up a kinder feeling. We smile at his follies, we reprehend his culpable imprudence; the brow bends somewhat sternly at those departures from perfect rectitude of conduct into which sometimes want, and sometimes vanity, betray him; but the native goodness of his heart is such that we soon begin to pardon, and end always with the language of affection. His very weaknesses contribute to that feeling of tenderness which hangs about his memory. Men like to admire; men like also to overlook, to pity, and reprove. The character that gives occasion for all these is sure to be highly popular. The foibles of Goldsmith, his blunders of conduct, his precipitancy, his incurable improvidence, the dullest observer can note and reprehend; whilst the coldest of men must warm at that un-failing benevolence, that genial heart of friendship, that sweet clemency of disposition, that untutored charity, which more than covers all his transgressions. The man whom we all can censure, and whom all must love, was, moreover, the author of *The Traveler*, and *The Deserted Village*.

Strange, that one whom the simplest of his readers can look down at, as from a superior standing-point; who in his conduct appeared, and was to the last, a very child—always to be chidden, counseled, criticised, reprov'd—should yet have seized upon the heart of all England, wise and simple. This truant from study, this vagabond tourist, flitting for bed and board, or subsisting no one knows how, has given us a survey of the several countries of Europe, and their national character, as truthful as it is poetic. And our English village home, and our own rural landscape, so dear to the national taste—this homeless wanderer saw them as none other

had seen before, and gave them back to us with added endearment. They live forever in his verse, as the pleasant banks endure forever in the lucid, flowing stream, which at once reflects and vivifies them. Sir Christopher Wren could claim the whole of our metropolitan cathedral for his monument. Every village church in England is a monument to Goldsmith. Every cottage in the village speaks of him; we seem to hear his name in the ticking of the clock that stands behind the door; we hear it on the green or across the common, in the distant shout of the boys let loose from school: the whole landscape has been made his own.

If an illustration were wanted of that subtle quality, or rare combination of qualities, which we designate by the name of genius—which comes not at our bidding, which no learned discipline can secure, which grows up by an education of its own—an education, lawless, capricious, indescribable, imperceptible to any but the learner himself, and not recognized by him till the hour of study has long since past—we could not point to one more perfect than may be found in the intellectual history of Goldsmith. Schoolmasters, tutors, colleges, professors can make nothing of him; he has neither patience nor industry, nor perhaps much aptitude to gain anything from them. "Never was so dull a boy; he seemed impenetrably stupid," says Miss Delap, the schoolmistress who has to teach him his letters. He is the same at school, the same at college. Every teacher tells the same story; every Miss Delap finds him impenetrably stupid. He can learn nothing that others learn, or as others learn it. At the University of Dublin he makes no figure. In the lecture-room he is an idler, or he is a truant. He is "a loungee at the college gates." But he is a student there! He is reading something in these streets of Dublin. There, or in any book picked up by chance, he finds his lecture-room. In this process of study, he has quite unconsciously taught himself to write ballads, which the street musician sings

and finds profitable, extracting therewith from many a pocket—surely no slight testimony to their power—the halfpence devoted to apples and gingerbread. Goldsmith steals out at night, and hears them sung.

He is designed by his good uncle Con-tarine for the church; he presents himself to the bishop for ordination, and is rejected. Some have laid the blame upon a pair of scarlet breeches, in which he thought fit to array himself for episcopal inspection. But the whole scholastic career of the youth plainly demonstrates, that it was not the outward, or the nether man, that was in fault. His uncle then dispatches him to the Temple, to study law. Here, he does not even get into his school-room. Stopping by the way, at Dublin, he loses all his money at the gaming-table, and returns to be dispatched in a quite different direction, and for a quite different purpose,—to Edinburgh, to study medicine. At Edinburgh, he is distinguished for his convivial talents, and his Irish songs. But he is seized with a strong passion for studying medicine at Leyden or Paris! Neither at Leyden nor at Edinburgh does he ever get so much medical science as would justify him in prescribing for a case of measles or the chicken-pox. Such, at least, is our strong conviction. We are persuaded that he would have picked up more of medicine from his miscellaneous reading and observation, if he had never designed to practice it, than, having to get his living by the profession, he thought it prudent to acquire. Years after, when he carried a gold-headed cane, and *dressed for the part* of a physician, (it was all the preparation he ever made for it,) he could not pass his examination for a surgeon's mate. In all the highways of learning or science, he makes no advance; he is a sluggard, or a loiterer, or a truant. But in this truant idleness, along some by-ways of his own, he has been going through a course of study of which we can give no account, except that his own warm heart and overflowing sympathies have had much to do with it. When a loungee at the college gates, it had already taught him to write ballads, which drew audiences in the streets of Dublin. Pursued still further, it taught him to write, for all the three kingdoms, for all hearts, and for all time, the very sweetest pastoral that—no production of Greece or Italy excepted—was ever penned.

It is in this vagrant, occult manner that the man of genius always studies. But (and let the saving clause be noted) it follows not that he should fail in other, and ordinary methods

of study. The higher spirits—the Dantes and the Miltons—the “thrones and principalities,” take all learning for their province. Of Goldsmith, however, it may be said that he studied in this, and no other way. Like Burns, and some other names which might be mentioned, his mind was indebted only to what, being unable to describe it, we call the inspiration of genius.

That beautiful style of his, how and where did he get it? He spent his youth much amongst roistering collegians, or the choice spirits of a rustic ale-house, the club that met at *The Three Jolly Pigeons*—and he has hardly taken his pen in hand than he writes a style as chaste as Addison's—graceful, musical, refined. And what is more surprising, this refinement of *mind* which pervades all his writings, how did he contrive to obtain and preserve it through the influence of so loose and unsettled a life, wherein coarser pleasures took their turn, and even the excitement of gambling, and all those hardening and degrading artifices that poverty must have recourse to, if poverty would eat? The only answer we hear of, and can report, is, that Goldsmith was a man of genius.

If the contradiction seems extraordinary between the visible blundering process of education which our poet goes through, and the intellectual power which he nevertheless manifests, how still more striking is the contradiction between that intellectual power, between that which we call the author's mind, and the blundering, buoyant, vacillating being, whom we know as the man Goldsmith! Surely never was the man of thought and the man of action seen in the same individual in such striking contrast. His biographers have often remarked how largely and repeatedly Goldsmith drew the materials for his poetry and his works of fiction from himself, and his own life. The author drew perpetually from the man. But how sagacious is the author, how incurably unwise the man! Goldsmith the man seems to have committed, and to continue committing, every folly and absurdity, that Goldsmith the author, with shrewd observation and admirable humor, might note and describe them. There are hosts of men, it is true, who think wisely and act foolishly; but they either think wisely on some other matter than those in which they act foolishly, or else the contradiction is but occasional. In Goldsmith, the wise thinking is exactly exercised on the subject-matter of the foolish acting, and the contradiction is sustained through life. His moral character, beautiful in parts, is a mere confusion; every impulse

reigns its hour despotically; and there are impulses of all kinds. Everything is there but reason. He is open as a child to the impression of the moment; yet with what a calm and veteran sagacity does the author Goldsmith look down upon his child, and scan and depict its follies, and dry its tears, and reprove its wanderings!

In this point of view we think the biography of Goldsmith without a parallel. Fond of the tavern, it is by no drinking song that he is remembered. Cited as a rake, and, at all events, of no very strict demeanor, he never employs his pen to defend or promote licentiousness. He makes no use of his follies but to analyze and reprove them. In real life he wanted self-respect, and the guidance of moral principle; vanity, or thoughtlessness, or mere companionship, or his good-nature and keen sensibility, could lead him into errors more or less grave; yet in all English literature, so boastful of its morality, there is no writer who diffuses a more unaffected love of truth, or instills a higher sentiment of honor. And in this there is no hypocrisy. He is genuine Goldsmith with his pen in hand, satirizing folly and rebuking falsehood—as genuine as when he enacts the folly he rebukes. All his outer life is a perpetual make-shift; all his inner life of thought is pure and honorable. The two beings in one were never more strangely blended, or rather say held together in continual and irreconcilable opposition.

We have been recalled again to the memory of Goldsmith by a Life of the poet lately re-written and extended by Mr. Washington Irving. The appearance of another biography so shortly after the "Life and Adventures" of Mr. Forster will seem at first to be very inopportune. One of the two, at least, will be thought superfluous. But the two works are in some respects dissimilar. If the reader be desirous of a classic and almost uninterrupted narrative of the checkered career of Goldsmith, written in a style which Goldsmith himself would have approved, he will do wisely to address himself to the pages of Mr. Irving. The work of Mr. Forster is more miscellaneous, more discursive, more critical; anecdotes of contemporaries are largely, too largely introduced; the writings themselves of Goldsmith are criticised; and the politics of the day are occasionally discussed. This last topic, both Whig and Tory will probably agree with us in thinking is quite unnecessarily introduced in a life of Goldsmith, distinguished as he is by a peculiar abstinence from all party politics. Mr. Irving adheres

almost exclusively to the narrative; he does not even give us any critical estimate of the works of Goldsmith—an omission in which the reader will feel some disappointment; for no one, we apprehend, would be more capable of such a task than Mr. Irving. Neither does he appear to have bestowed any minute attention to biographical details; he has taken his facts as they were presented to him in the pages of the laborious work of Mr. Prior. He has reproduced the narrative, separate from extraneous matter, and clothed it in the charms of his own style. This is all he has done, or, we presume, professes to have done. Twice sifted, and at last clad in a classic and delightful style, we have the mere narrative of the life of Goldsmith in as complete a form as it is likely to attain.*

With little labor to himself, and little other merit than what is implied in writing elegantly, Mr. Irving has produced a very acceptable book. His work is less varied than his predecessor's, but its workmanship is more complete. The reader of Mr. Irving will resign himself into the hands of his biographer, and be carried on to the last page in uninterrupted gratification. The reader of Mr. Forster, to whatever other pleasure he may derive, will certainly add that of an occasional controversy with his author; he will gain more, but he will often lose his temper in the acquisition. The titles of the two biographies ought to be reversed. At all events, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Forster should have added to his work its second title, "Life and Adventures;" for, in spite of its green and gold, and its pictured page, it is far from possessing that popular character which the word "adventures" would imply. One who, in reading it, should be interested only in the career of Goldsmith, would often find the gilded and be-pictured leaves passing with unexpected rapidity through the finger and thumb.

* We did not look for what are called *Americanisms*, in the writings of Mr. Irving, whom we are accustomed to regard as one of those who assist in preserving the purity of our common language from useless novelties. But one or two have unexpectedly crossed our path. "To loan" is used for to lend (p. 69); we have "*illegally* assorted" for *ill* assorted (p. 73); and we suspect the word *flush*, as expressive of sufficiency of cash, must have attained to a degree of dignity on the other side of the Atlantic which it has not acquired with us, since Mr. Irving uses it with all the gravity in the world, and with no appearance of humor, or that air of condescension which sober writers assume when they find it convenient to employ an expression which may be thought bordering upon slang.

It would be on our part, indeed, a mere work of supererogation, if we were here to reproduce in chronological order the events of Goldsmith's life. We shall allude to them only for the sake of illustrating certain points in his character, and notice such only as appear to be most significative.

At first, we have to quarrel with both our biographers for what appears to us a false refinement, and an instance of wasted ingenuity. Of what use this subtle and most unsound defence of Goldsmith from the charge of vanity? Almost as well attempt to clear him of that improvidence to which his vanity often conducted him. We love our Goldsmith too, but we cannot shut our eyes to a weakness, which his contemporaries and intimate friends attributed to him, and which so many anecdotes illustrate. Boswell, it seems, has related one or two anecdotes in a most absurd manner—representing the poet as speaking in earnest when he was evidently jesting. We thank Mr. Forster, or whoever has performed so kind a part, for correcting these errors. But these are only a few out of many cases; and what could so grossly have misled Boswell but the prevailing impression of Goldsmith's vanity? A man who has once obtained a marked character will always become the subject of many a false anecdote illustrative of it; just as a celebrated wit is sure to have many a jest attributed to him that he never made.

Mr. Irving, following Mr. Forster, resolves into bashfulness and over-sensitiveness, what has been described by contemporaries as the vanity of Goldsmith. The two may be confounded once or twice, but cannot be mistaken for each other during a long intimacy. Highly sensitive to the ridicule of failure he may have been, but this did not prevent his constant wish to distinguish himself in little matters, or on trivial occasions—a love of distinction which is generally understood as vanity. They are not incompatible. One of the earliest anecdotes recorded of him manifests this thirst for display, accompanied, we are told, with no little confusion and embarrassment at the absurd predicament in which it involved him. Mr. Irving shall relate the story.

"An amusing incident is related as occurring in Goldsmith's last journey homeward from Edgeworthstown. His father's house was about twenty miles distant; the road lay through a rough country, impassable for carriages. Goldsmith procured a horse for the journey, and a friend furnished him with a guinea for traveling expenses. He was but a stripling of sixteen, and being thus

suddenly mounted on horseback, with money in his pocket, it is no wonder that his head was turned. He determined to play the man, and to spend his money in independent traveler's style. Accordingly, instead of pushing directly for home, he halted for the night at the little town of Ardagh, and, accosting the first person he met, inquired, with somewhat of a consequential air, for the best house in the place. Unluckily, the person he had accosted was one Kelly, a notorious wag, who was quartered in the family of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune. Amused with the self-consequence of the stripling, and willing to play off a practical joke at his expense, he directed him to what was literally 'the best house in the place;' namely, the family mansion of Mr. Featherstone. Goldsmith, accordingly, rode up to what he supposed to be an inn, ordered his horse to be taken to the stable, walked into the parlor, seated himself by the fire, and demanded what he could have for supper. On ordinary occasions he was diffident, and even awkward in his manners, but here he was 'at ease in his inn,' and felt called upon to show his manhood, and enact the experienced traveler. His person was by no means calculated to play off his pretensions, for he was short and thick, with a pock-marked face, and an air and carriage by no means of a distinguished cast. The owner of the house, however, soon discovered his whimsical mistake, and being a man of humor, he determined to indulge it, especially as he accidentally learned that this intruding guest was the son of an old acquaintance.

"Accordingly, Goldsmith was 'fooled to the top of his bent,' and permitted to have full sway through the evening. Never was schoolboy more elated. When supper was served, he most condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife, and daughter, should partake, and ordered a bottle of wine to crown the repast, and benefit the house. His last flourish was on going to bed, when he gave especial orders to have a hot cake at breakfast. His confusion and dismay, on discovering the next morning that he had been swaggering in this free-and-easy way in the house of a private gentleman, may be readily conceived. True to his habit of turning the events of his life to literary account, we find this chapter of ludicrous blunders and cross-purposes dramatized many years afterward in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.'"

We think that something of the youth of sixteen, who delighted to play the part of *grand seigneur* in an inn, though but for one night, may be traceable in the mature man, so solicitous to deck out his person in all the glories of "Tyrian bloom," and the peach-colored coat. Mr. Irving, however, explains it otherwise.

"This proneness to finery in dress which Boswell, and others of Goldsmith's contemporaries, who did not understand the secret plies of his character, attributed to vanity, arose, we are con-

vinced, from a widely different motive. It was from a painful idea of his own personal defects, which had been cruelly stamped upon his mind in his boyhood, by the sneers and jeers of his playmates, and had been ground deeper into it by rude speeches made to him in every step of his struggling career, until it had become a constant cause of awkwardness and embarrassment. This he had experienced the more sensibly since his reputation had elevated him into polite society; and he was constantly endeavoring, by the aid of dress, to acquire that personal *acceptability*, if we may use the phrase, which nature had denied him. If ever he displayed a little self-complacency on first turning out in a new suit, it may, perhaps, have been because he felt as if he had achieved a triumph over his ugliness."

A triumph over his ugliness! So every old fop achieves a triumph over both his age and his ugliness. Men really conscious of personal defects do not generally solicit attention to their form and features by singular gaudiness of attire. Moreover, Mr. Irving draws a picture of the youth of Goldsmith, not at all justified by anything related in his own biography. We nowhere find that "the idea of his personal defects had been cruelly stamped upon his mind by the jeers and sneers of his playmates." Goldsmith appears always as a great favorite amongst his associates. Ugly he might be—there is no proof that he ever thought himself irredeemably so—but he was not the less acceptable on this account. He was the leader of their sports, noted for his conviviality, and beloved for his cordiality and good fellowship. Mr. Irving feels that he has not taken quite secure ground, and therefore, to eke out his explanations, he has—upon very slender authority—thrown poor Goldsmith into love.

"It has been intimated that the intimacy of poor Goldsmith with the Miss Hornecks, which began in so sprightly a vein, gradually assumed something of a more tender nature, and that he was not insensible to the fascinations of the younger sister. This may account for some of the phenomena which about this time appeared in his wardrobe and toilet. During the first year of his acquaintance with these lovely girls, the tell-tale book of his tailor, Mr. William Filby, displays entries of four or five full suits, besides separate articles of dress. Among the items we find green half-trimmed frock, and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's-blue dress suit; a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking breeches, and another pair of a bloom color! Alas! poor Goldsmith! how much of this silken finery was dictated, not by vanity, but humble consciousness of thy defects; how much of it was to atone for the uncouthness of thy per-

son, and to win favor in the eyes of the Jessamy Bride!"

In this forced explanation, Mr. Irving seems to have followed the lead of his immediate predecessor. Mr. Forster had said:—"If Goldsmith was vain, it was the wrong way. It arose not from overweening self-complacency in supposed advantages, but from what the world had forced him since his earliest youth to feel, intense uneasy consciousness of supposed defects." This intense uneasy consciousness—if it existed—must have made the suit of "Tyrian bloom" very uncomfortable wear; but it is hardly the sentiment that would have led to its selection.

But to quit this subject of dress—for which the bad taste of the young Irishman is partly to blame—the anecdotes are too numerous to be explained away, which show that Goldsmith had that passion or weakness which all the world calls vanity. Take the well-known story of the trick which Burke practiced upon him.

"Colonel O'Moore and Burke, walking one day through Leicester Square, on their way to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom they were to dine, observed Goldsmith, who was likewise to be a guest, standing and regarding a crowd which was staring and shouting at some foreign ladies in the window of a hotel. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between us at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on and reached there before him. Burke received Goldsmith with affected reserve and coldness. Being pressed to explain the reason, 'Really,' said he, 'I am ashamed to keep company with a person who could act as you have just done in the Square.' Goldsmith protested he was ignorant of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those *painted Jezebels*, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' 'Surely, surely, my dear friend,' cried Goldsmith with alarm, 'surely I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'"

Now, it is not the confession into which Goldsmith was entrapped which gives, we think, the chief significance to this anecdote. How came Burke to be confident of the success of his trick, or to think of practicing such a jest, if he had not well known what was the prevailing weakness of his friend? Here lies the main force of the anecdote, and

we do not see how it is to be broken or turned aside.

Another little story, illustrative of the same weakness, we will quote in the words of Mr. Forster :—

"The little sculptor, as he (Roubiliac) is called in the *Chinese Letters*, being a familiar acquaintance, and fond of music, Goldsmith would play the flute for him; and to such assumed delight on the part of his listener did he do this one day, that Roubiliac, protesting he must copy the air upon the spot, took up a sheet of white paper, scored a few lines and spaces (the form of the notes being all he knew of the matter), and with random blotches pretended to take down the tune as repeated by the good-natured musician; while, gravely and with great attention, Goldsmith, surveying these musical hieroglyphics, said they were very correct; and that, if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him. Sir John Hawkins tells the story with much satisfaction. Exposure of an ignorant flute-player, with nothing but vulgar accomplishments of 'ear' to bestow upon his friends, gives great delight to pompous Hawkins as a learned historian of music."

Exposure of an ignorant musician! No; the exposure is of one who, to be thought able to read music, descends to a silly falsehood. What necessity was there for Goldsmith to read music? He played from ear, and at another time might have made this a matter of especial boast. Just now, he thinks it will exalt him more in the opinion of his present company, if he is somewhat of the learned musician; and this puerile vanity leads him into a ridiculous position, much like that of the sapient burgomaster in the play, who, pretending to the faculty of reading, *holds the book upside down*.

But we must not dwell longer upon this topic, or we shall run the risk of putting ourselves in a false position, and leave it to be inferred that we consider this vanity as a far more conspicuous element in the character of Goldsmith than it really was. That character, we think, is not likely to be mistaken by any one who reads his life and writings, and allows them to make their natural impression. We are in danger of misapprehension only when we begin to subtilize and refine.

In such a character, so full of unrestrained impulses, we must expect to meet with inconsistencies. The combination of vanity with over-sensitiveness is not the only apparent incongruity we encounter. We detect in Goldsmith a propensity to gaming, we see it break forth very forcibly on several occasions. Much of his early history is obscure, but, where the light falls on it, we more than

once discover him at the gaming-table; and it is not uncharitable to suppose that, if we could follow him more closely through his needy campaigns abroad and at home, we should see him there still more frequently. Now, it is not often that we find this propensity united with an uncontrollable charity. There is no incompatibility between them; still, it is not often that the youth who frequents a gaming-table, is the same youth who gives his blankets to a poor woman and her children, and, cutting a hole in the bed, keeps himself warm amongst the feathers.

These blankets were not his own to give. At least it is not the habit of students, or lodgers of any description, to carry about such articles. If he had nothing to bestow in charity, he had no money wherewith to replace these blankets. He was charitable, and not just. An inconsistency, it will be said, by no means uncommon.

His conduct to his uncle, Contarine, his early friend and benefactor, betrays, in a still more striking manner, the incongruous elements of his character. He plays a little with this good uncle; he practices upon his good-nature and his credulity. You would augur very ill of the youth from this circumstance. But Goldsmith defies augury. He does talk over the good, believing uncle—and for the sake of his guineas—but for all that, he would spend his own last guinea to do a pleasure to that uncle.

By the aid of this constant friend, and generous, though far from wealthy benefactor, Goldsmith, we have seen, has got to Edinburgh.

"He now attended," says Mr. Irving, "medical lectures, and attached himself to an association of students called the Medical Society. He set out, as usual, with the best intentions, but, as usual, soon fell into idle, convivial, thoughtless habits. Edinburgh was, indeed, a place of sore trial for one of his temperament. Convivial meetings were all the vogue, and the tavern was the universal rallying-place of good fellowship. And then Goldsmith's intimacies lay chiefly among the Irish students, who were always ready for a wild freak and frolic. Among them he was a prime favorite, and somewhat of a leader, from his exuberance of spirits, his vein of humor, and his talent at singing an Irish song, and telling an Irish story."

After spending two winters at Edinburgh in this profitable manner, he found it absolutely necessary to complete his studies on the Continent. His uncle Contarine was to furnish the funds. Under the plea of study, he wished, in fact, to see the world, and grat-

ify a roving propensity. "*I intend*," he thus writes to his uncle—" *I intend to visit Paris, where the great Farnheim, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with the language, and few who leave Ireland are so. I shall spend the spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.*"

The great Albinus! We see him laughing in his sleeve as he pens this *rigmarole* to Uncle Contarine, evidently more distinguished for his good-nature than his penetration. "The great Farnheim, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau, instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine!" Having drained the Scottish professors of all their knowledge, he will add to his store whatever the Continent can teach. And "they speak French," which probably Uncle Contarine was not aware of, and consequently he will have a great advantage over certain of his countrymen whom he represents, we know not with what justice, as going to Paris to be taught medicine in a language they do not understand!

When he gets to Leyden—for to that capital, and not to Paris, he first bends his steps—we hear little enough of "the great Albinus." We hear that, after some time, he gets so much into the habit of gambling, that a certain friend he has, of the name of Ellis, who, on several occasions, has lent him money, will assist him no more, unless he promises to leave Leyden altogether, the scene of his temptations. We should have thought the same temptations would follow him to Paris, or to any other city. However, so runs the story: Ellis lends or gives him a sum of money, and he promises to start forthwith for Paris. He has not escaped the environs of Leyden when he sees in a florist's garden some beautiful tulips; recollects that Uncle Contarine is fond of tulips; and incontinently spends all he has, except one solitary guinea, in the purchase of rare tulip roots, to be dispatched to Ireland. We hope they reached their place of destination. Goldsmith pursues his way to Paris with one guinea in his pocket, and his flute.

It is very little we know of Goldsmith's Continental journey—how he occupied himself, what route he took, or how he subsisted. His flute has the merit of providing for him,

especially in France. In the country districts we can understand this, but are we to represent Goldsmith to ourselves as street musician in the town of Paris? In this dearth of information, his biographers show a disposition to have recourse to his works of fiction and other miscellaneous writings, where he drew so much from himself and his own experiences. This is rather a hazardous method of getting at facts.

When the events of an author's life are known, it may be well to trace and illustrate them in his fictions; but to reverse the process, and piece out the biography by aid of the fictions, is manifestly a far too conjectural method.

"At Geneva," Mr. Irving tells us, "he became traveling tutor to a mongrel young gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker, who had been suddenly elevated into fortune and absurdity by the death of an uncle. The youth, before setting up for a gentleman, had been an attorney's apprentice, and was an arrant pettifogger in money matters. Never were two beings more illy assorted than he and Goldsmith. We may form an idea of the tutor and the pupil from the following extract from the narrative of the '*Philosopher Vagabond*,' the son George, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

Then follows an extract from that novel, which the reader, if he is not upon his guard, will be apt to confound with the biography, and which has evidently colored the account Mr. Irving gives of this ridiculous tourist, to whom Goldsmith performed the part of tutor, or guide.

"Once more on foot," continues Mr. Irving, "but freed from the irksome duties of 'bear leader,' and with some of his pay as tutor in his pocket, Goldsmith continued his half-vagrant peregrinations through part of France and Piedmont, and some of the Italian states. He had acquired, as has been shown, a habit of shifting along and living by expedients, and a new one presented itself in Italy. 'My skill in music,' says he in the *Philosophic Vagabond*, 'could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, and dinner, and a bed for one night.'"

We are told (though not, as we remember, by Mr. Irving,) that Goldsmith had in

conversation claimed to be himself the hero of these disputations; but even this is not sufficient to let in the evidence, as the lawyers would say, of the Philosophic Vagabond. We can readily admit that Goldsmith had been present at some of these disputations, and had earned a supper and a night's lodging by taking a part in them; but we cannot agree with Mr. Irving in placing this amongst the "expedients" of subsistence, amongst the ways and means of travel.

"At Paris," writes Mr. Irving, with great gravity, "*he attended the chemical lectures of Rouelle*, then in great vogue, where he says he witnessed as bright a circle of beauty as graced the court of Versailles." This statement is evidently founded on a passage in his essay on *The Present State of Polite Learning*. Goldsmith, in that essay, is remarking on the influence of the fair sex in France, in preventing the decline of taste, by requiring a certain literary qualification from their admirers. "A man of fashion," he says, "at Paris, however contemptible we may think him here, must be acquainted with the reigning modes of philosophy, as well as of dress, to be able to entertain his mistress agreeably.

. . . I have seen as bright a circle of beauty at the chemical lectures of Rouelle as gracing the court of Versailles." But such a passage as this by no means implies that he had "attended," as a student, the lectures of Rouelle. If he had been present at them once, it would have been quite sufficient to allow him to speak of the array of beauty he had seen there.

"I have seen," a tourist returning from his visit to Paris might say, "at the college of the Sorbonne, a set of grimy, bearded figures, wild as young Cossacks, listening breathless to wire-drawn discussions on the Alexandrian school of metaphysics!" It would not follow from this, that such a person had *attended the lectures* of M. Simon, or whoever else might have been professor of ancient philosophy at the time. That he put his head into the lecture-room is all that, in strictness, we are called upon to believe.

But the good Uncle Contarine is dead—all expedients for travel, of whatever kind, fail—and Goldsmith returns penniless to England. After all this medical study in Edinburgh, Leyden, Paris, and Padua, at which last place, "it is said," he obtained that doctor's degree which decorated his name, he now applies in vain for "employment in the shop of a country apothecary!" Some rumor reaches us, about this time, of theatri-

cals in a barn, and a trial of his talents as a strolling player. It seems that no wandering genius could fulfill his destiny without *this* experience. At length we find him launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few halfpence in his pocket. "The deserts of Arabia," adds Mr. Irving, "are not more dreary and inhospitable than the streets of London at such a time, and to a stranger in such a plight."

For a short time he is usher in some school, of which we hear nothing; then assistant in a laboratory of a chemist; then practicing medicine in a small way in Bank-side, Southwark, chiefly amongst the poor, "decked out in the tarnished finery of a second-hand suit of green and gold, with a shirt and neckcloth of a fortnight's wear." In this costume he meets an old schoolmate and college companion. He assumes a prosperous air—cannot endure to be thought poor by him: "he is practicing phisic, *and doing very well!*" poverty, meanwhile, pinching him to the bone. Then we hear of a half-written tragedy, and of "a strange Quixotic scheme of going to decipher the inscriptions of the *written mountains*, though he was altogether ignorant of Arabic or the language in which they might be supposed to be written—the salary of three hundred pounds being the temptation."

Something like a home he at length obtains as usher in a respectable school at Peckham, kept by Dr. Milner. Dr. Milner is acquainted with Griffiths, the proprietor of the *Monthly Review*. Hence his introduction to the literary craft. Goldsmith quits the school, becomes contributor to the *Monthly*, at a fixed salary; commences, in short, his literary career.

He has not yet, however, accepted this as his true calling and final position in society. On the contrary, he has hopes, through the influence of his friend Dr. Milner, of a medical appointment in India; and he is publishing his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, in order to obtain funds for his outfit. He is, in fact, promised the appointment of physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel.

"His imagination was immediately on fire with visions of Oriental wealth and magnificence. It is true the salary did not exceed one hundred pounds; but then, as appointed physician, he

would have the exclusive practice of the place, amounting to one thousand pounds per annum, with advantages to be derived from trade, and from the high interest of money—twenty per cent.; in a word, for once in his life the road to fortune lay broad and straight before him."

Therefore he labors sedulously at his *Essay on Polite Learning*. At this period, it seems, our law of copyright did not extend to Ireland. He fears his work may be pirated, and is anxious that such friends as he may have in that country, who may be disposed to purchase it, may give their orders to the London bookseller. Accordingly he writes several long letters to his Irish friends and relatives, explaining the matter, and, in short, soliciting their interest in his forthcoming publication. In one of these, he enters into a vague rhapsody upon his future prospects, which he describes as very gorgeous and splendid, and then suddenly turns from the bright future to the actual and the present. Dismounting from his Pegasus of hope, he says:—"But *now*—where *is I*? Gods! gods! Up in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score!"

It is just at this point, we call to mind, that Mr. Forster, in his biography, breaks out into an energetic protest against the cruelty and injustice that could leave a man of genius in this lamentable plight. We regret that any man should suffer—and still more that a man of genius, in whom the world suffers too, should be left to struggle with the hard necessities of life. But angry reproaches, which are not even followed by any distinct enunciation of the duty neglected, or of the line of conduct to be henceforth pursued, can lead to no good result. Society has so many faults of omission and of commission to reproach herself with, that it is something worse than wasted breath when false accusations are brought against her. It is thus Mr. Forster writes:

"In a garret writing for bread, and expected to be dunned for a milk-score.' The ordinary fate of letters in that age. There had been a Christian religion extant for now seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years; for so long a time had the world been acquainted with its spiritual responsibilities and necessities. Yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the one common eminence conceded to the spiritual teacher—the man who comes upon the earth to lift his fellow-men above its miry ways. Up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunned for a milk-score he cannot pay. And age after age, the comfortable, prosperous man sees it, and calls

for water and washes his hands of it, and is glad to think it no business of his; and in that year of grace and of Goldsmith's suffering, had doubtless adorned his dining-room with the *Distrest Poet* of the inimitable Mr. Hogarth, and invited laughter from easy guests at the garret and the milk-score."—(Forster, p. 120.)

The remark, to say the least of it, is not judiciously introduced, and certainly does not come commended to us by the singular display of rhetoric for which it is made the occasion. What wrong has society done to Goldsmith at this time? What service has it received from him? No *Traveler*, or *Vicar of Wakefield*, or *Citizen of the World*, has yet appeared. He is not even yet resolved to cast in his lot with literary men. So far from being, or aiming to be, our "spiritual teacher," he is more than ever bent upon practicing, with very slender amount of knowledge, upon our bodily infirmities. It is true that, willingly or unwillingly, he undergoes a severe apprenticeship to the profession of an author. We wish we could have lightened it for him. But it is manifest that, until he has passed through this period of toil and probation, and proved himself to be the man of genius, by the work of genius, the world at large can do nothing for him. It knows nothing of him. No one would propose to pension five hundred ordinary penmen, in the hope that one man of genius would be found hidden amongst the number.

But applying these observations of Mr. Forster to any period we please of Goldsmith's history, we are still left in the dark as to the specific measure, act, or proceeding, which he would have required of society, or, in a similar case, would now require of it. When Goldsmith had published his *Traveler* and *Vicar of Wakefield*, these works, it is true, did little *immediately* toward supporting him. He, the poet, who can write a *Deserted Village*, has to obtain his subsistence by mere compilations—histories of Greece, of England, of Animated Nature—or by literary labors far more obscure and far less useful. Ought this to be? Ought we to leave the man of superior powers to do what those of inferior ability might execute almost as well? Nay, it is not always that the man of poetic or philosophic genius can execute these more profitable but less meritorious works. They, too, require some peculiar aptitude which he may not possess. In that case, are we to leave him to starve, or, what is almost as bad, to live in a state of miserable dependence, begging and borrowing of this or that individual?

Here is a distinct evil ; it existed at the time of Goldsmith, and it exists now ; but Mr. Forster has not suggested any remedy for it.

The author and the public do not stand toward each other in altogether a satisfactory relationship. This must be confessed. We congratulate ourselves, and justly, on the substitution that has long since taken place of the bookseller for the patron. Under this new regime has grown up a class of literary men, if not of the highest order, yet yielding only to the very highest in their usefulness, and the honorable attitude they assume for the literary man, who, without exactly professing to originate new ideas, is constantly occupied in disseminating knowledge, in disentangling truth from the partial or obscure statements of others, and the like critical and explanatory labors, is performing a most beneficial, and indeed an indispensable office, in the education of mankind. He is exercising a profession second to none in its useful and honorable character. And if not a lucrative profession, yet, upon the whole, it appears that the intellectual demand of the public will call forth and remunerate the intellectual supply he has to offer.

But there are men who, while in point of genius, invention, originality, and independence of thought, they are raised above this class, are far less sure of being adequately remunerated, or remunerated at all. It is a chance. They may be elevated at once to the highest honors in the hierarchy of literature, be the most richly endowed, or they may be compelled to enroll themselves amongst its friars-mendicant. The works they produce may be admired at first by a few only ; their circulation may be limited. They are works which demand the labors of the whole man, and for some years, and after all may occupy but little space : their mercantile return must then be small. The bookseller here is manifestly an inefficient patron. But where is the remedy ? Mr. Forster would not recommend to us the patronage of government, the systematic and habitual gift of pensions. He would be the first to tell us that nothing would more certainly destroy whatever remains to us of independence of thought, or genuine love of truth, than such an official patronage. The government pension, indeed, would rarely come to the only man who very much needs it—to him who is struggling, unfriended, against the tide of popular opinion.

The only hint we receive from Mr. Forster

is, that the literary man should be more "respected." We hope that he does not mean by this that he should have a larger share of those titular honors, knighthood or baronetcy, which appear to be extending themselves amongst us. Besides that this has no relation whatever to the peculiar evil we are pointing out, and the only one of which there seems ground to complain, we should extremely regret to see literary men become candidates for these honors. They do not want them ; they have already taken a title from their works. The title-page of their book is their best order of knighthood. The "Author of Waverley !"—can any prince's sword dub a man with a title like that, or any title that shall be remembered by the side of it ? These distinctions are becoming common amongst scientific men of eminence, and what is the result ? Not that those are more honored who possess them, but that many who possess them not, feel slighted and aggrieved. And yet the common forms of language are enough to show how superfluous such titles are, to both literary and scientific men of distinguished merit ; for no sooner does a man become famous than all prefix whatever to his name is dropped. The highest honor is to be stripped bare to the simple surname. It is plain Newton or Locke men speak of. No one talks of *Sir Isaac's Principia*. A Sir Joseph Banks may keep his title. But even a Sir Humphry Davy has some difficulty to retain his. Whenever the language of the writer rises into panegyric, we have remarked that it becomes plain Davy. We hear and read always of one *Faraday*. The living man has already obtained this highest of nominal distinctions, to be without a prefix. For ourselves, we know not whether it is *Mr.* or *Sir* that is omitted ; but we know this, that if the *Sir* is yet to come, it will drop off, it will not *stick*.

But is it not possible to suggest any remedy for the evil we have pointed out ? The man of genius, to whom the bookseller can be no patron, shall he find a patron nowhere else ? There is one practical suggestion we would offer. We put it forward with extreme embarrassment and hesitation, because we know the delicate ground on which we tread ; but it is the only remedy which occurs to us for an admitted evil. The man of genius, in the predicament we have mentioned, ought to find a patron in that "select few" who have given him audience, and acknowledged his merit.

Would it have been an unnatural thing, or

an unreasonable, if the biographer of Goldsmith had it to record, that, after the publication of his *Traveler*, the readers of that poem had, by each contributing no very large sum, raised a sufficiency to shield the author from want?

Or, to come nearer home, what man had a more ardent circle of admirers than Coleridge? They looked to him for some great work of philosophy or religion—the metaphysics of theology. Whether their hopes would have been realized is another matter, but why did they do nothing to enable him to prosecute such a work? Each looked on at a distance, and marveled that a man of insecure position in his social and economical relations, should fall into desultory habits of thought and study.

For these cases we do not ask the patronage of government, and it would be idle to appeal to society at large, or to what is called public opinion; but we would fix a duty upon the consciences of those who profess to have read the works of the man with profit or delight.

We pay some guineas to a lecturer for a few hours' instruction; we pay other guineas, in the course of the year, to see the drama performed, or to hear music. For the book which has, perhaps, given us more gratification, more mental occupation, more intellectual excitement, than lecture, and drama, and concert put together, we have paid a few shillings. It is very cheap. No harm in that, however. But if the case required aid of a financial character, would it be other than a grateful act of justice if we made the payment somewhat more equivalent to the benefit received?

Neither could there be any objection on the ground that the delicacy of the recipient would be wounded by this act of liberality. The gift would have the character, rather of an honorable tribute, than an eleemosynary donation. It would surely be as little derogatory to accept such a present, as to accept a pension from government.

But where have we left Goldsmith all this time? Writing his *Essay on Polite Learning*, to provide his outfit for the coast of Coromandel. The essay was published, but the appointment never came.

"Alas! poor Goldsmith!" thus continues his biographer, Mr. Irving, "ever doomed to disappointment. Early in the gloomy month of November, that month of fog and despondency in London, he learnt the shipwreck of his hope. The great Coromandel enterprise fell through, or rather, the post promised to him was transferred to some

other candidate. The cause of this disappointment it is now impossible to ascertain. The death of his *quasi* patron, Dr. Milner, which happened about this time, may have had some effect in producing it; or there may have been some heedlessness and blundering on his own part; or some obstacle arising from his insuperable indigence. Whatever may have been the cause, he never mentioned it, which gives some ground to surmise that he himself was to blame."

How is it that, in this enumeration of the probable causes of the failure of his hopes, Mr. Irving avoids mentioning what must occur to every one as by far the most probable of all—namely, that those with whom the appointment rested had become aware of the very little medical knowledge which Dr. Goldsmith possessed, and of his incompetency to perform the duties of such a position? A month afterward, he underwent his examination at the College of Surgeons for the humble situation of hospital mate, and was rejected as unqualified.

There is no help for it now: he must apply himself to the pen in downright earnest—there seems no other occupation for him. But for this occupation, and apparently for this only, nature had fitted him. His efforts are attended with success. The *Chinese Letters*, which first appeared in a daily newspaper, are collected and published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. He is introduced to Johnson, becomes the friend of Reynolds and of Burke, and a member of *the Club*. Then appear *The Traveler* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The man of genius at length stands out revealed to, and recognized by the world.

A cruel apprenticeship to letters did Goldsmith pass through in that *Green Arbor Court*, so sadly misnamed,—or elsewhere, "up in a garret, writing for bread and dunned for a milk-score." It is painful to contemplate, painful to read of. Yet there is one turning-point in his history we read of with still greater pain. Success, and some measure of prosperity, has at length arrived. His play of *The Good-Natured Man* has brought him in some four hundred pounds; the bookseller, at the same time, has paid him one hundred pounds more. Here is a fund on which he might at least subsist some time, while he wrote other works. He spends it all at once, in getting into better chambers in the Temple than those he had been occupying, in buying furniture, and replenishing his wardrobe. On the proceeds of future plays he begins to give dinners to

his aristocratic friends. He makes no other use of his good fortune than to get as fast and as deep as possible into debt. In debt he, of course, continues to the last day. He dies in debt to the amount of two thousand pounds. "Was ever poet so trusted?" says Johnson. He was trusted, for it was known that he paid as soon as his earnings permitted him. The man was honorable, but incurably improvident.

But we have not heard the last of this hapless profession of medicine. It is a peculiar trait in the character of Goldsmith, this tenacity with which he clings to a profession for which he never prepares himself, except, as we say, by dressing for the part. It is impossible to give him credit for ever having studied medicine seriously. All that we know of his life at Edinburgh, and on the Continent, forbids the idea. Neither in his writings do we find any traces of the physician, or even of the medical student. We believe that he was quite as well prepared to read the *written mountains of Arabia* as to cure the diseases of the human frame; and that it was quite as honest a scheme to undertake the one as the other. Yet when his pen has earned him subsistence, and a position in the world, and he has no longer the excuse of want, he again brandishes the gold-headed cane. This time the profession is, in part, subsidiary; he is desirous of adding the *respectability* of the doctor to the reputation of the poet.

"He accordingly launched himself upon the town in style; hired a man-servant; replenished his wardrobe at considerable expense; and appeared in a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaure buttoned to the chin: a fantastic garb, as we should think at the present day, but not unsuited to the fashion of the times.

"With his sturdy little person thus arrayed in the unusual magnificence of purple and fine linen, and his scarlet roquelaure flaunting from his shoulders, he used to strut into the apartments of his patients, swaying his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his medical sceptre (the cane) in the other, and assuming an air of gravity and importance suited to the solemnity of the wig; at least such is the picture given of him by the waiting gentlewoman who let him into the chamber of one of his lady patients.

"He soon, however, grew tired and impatient of the duties and restraints of his profession; his practice was chiefly amongst his friends, and the fees were not sufficient for his maintenance; he was disgusted with attendance on sick-chambers, and capricious patients, and looked back with longing to his tavern haunts and broad convivial meetings, from which the dignity and duties of

his medical calling restrained him. At length, on prescribing for a lady of his acquaintance, who, to use a hackneyed phrase, rejoiced in the aristocratic name of Sidebotham, a warm dispute arose between him and the apothecary as to the quantity of medicine to be administered. The doctor stood up for the rights and dignities of his profession, and resented the interference of the compounder of drugs. His rights and dignities, however, were disregarded; his wig and cane and scarlet roquelaure were of no avail; Mrs. Sidebotham sided with the hero of the pestle and mortar, and Goldsmith flung out of the house in a passion. 'I am determined, henceforth,' said he to Popham Beaulerc, 'to leave off prescribing for friends.' 'Do so, my dear doctor,' was the reply; 'whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies.'

"This was the end of Goldsmith's medical career."

He who would have practiced medicine without, we cannot help thinking, an honest qualification in an average amount of knowledge, would not, however, be a *quack politician*. He would not enter the field of party politics, or write for the minister of the day. He might have done so with little or no sacrifice of opinion, for he had no sympathy with the *patriots* of his time; but he chose to preserve his independence. When Lord North, attacked by Junius and Wilkes, looked round for literary support, he thought of enlisting the pen of Goldsmith, at that time still struggling very hard for subsistence. One Scott, a chaplain to Lord Sandwich, and himself a political writer, was sent to negotiate with the poet. "I found him," Scott used afterward to relate, "in a miserable suite of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority: I told him how I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him in his garret." Bravo, Goldsmith! we exclaim.

In the latter and brighter portions of Goldsmith's life, there is one aspect in which we contemplate him with peculiar pleasure. It is not when he is at the Club, striving, with uneasy efforts, to sustain in conversation the reputation of the author of the *Traveler*; it is not even when visiting the amiable family of the Hornecks, where his genial and bland nature can expand and be appreciated, and with whom he travels on the Continent, and views those scenes from the interior of a carriage which he had formerly passed through on foot; it is when he retires to some rural

retreat in the neighborhood of London, to Canonbury House, Islington, then a very different place from what it is at present, or to his cottage on the Harrow-road. Here he is occupied, it is true, by some mere literary task-work, probably one of his historical compilations; but he is a genuine lover of nature, and as he is wandering amongst the fields and hedge-rows, he is unconsciously storing in the materials of his *Deserted Village*. These, we feel confident, were the happiest days of the poet's life.

But although in this later period there are some positions—pleasant solitudes and delightful companionships—in which we are glad to contemplate Goldsmith, we cannot, upon the whole, dwell with more satisfaction on the close of his career than on its commencement. There is something peculiarly melancholy in these last struggles of the debt-encumbered writer, working amidst anxieties and with impaired health, at a toil that no longer kindles. Youth in a garret, though writing for bread, has hope before it, and the conscious wealth of an unexhausted mind. But when this wealth has been extracted, wrought up, and presented to the world—when the man has done his best—when, to the energy of youth, succeeds the infirmity of age—when the horizon darkens every hour, instead of growing brighter—it is very sad then to read of debt, and unrepenting toil, and the worn brain called upon to supply the exigencies of life.

Such is the gloomy position in which we are last called upon to contemplate Goldsmith. Gleams of sunshine break in upon the scene, but only to leave it sadder by the contrast. After a happy Christmas spent at Barton, the residence of the Hornecks, amidst the cordiality of a friendly circle, he returns to his solitary chambers at the Temple; returns to debt and ceaseless drudgery; returns to be harassed by creditors, and driven, well or ill, to his unremitted task-work.

We quote from Mr. Irving his account of the closing scene, and of the death of Goldsmith. It is touchingly told, and forms in itself a compendium of his character. He had formed the wise resolution of retiring into the country, and spending only two months of the year in London; and, having made arrangements to sell his right in the Temple Chamber, he had already taken up his country quarters at Hyde. But—

“An access of a local complaint under which he had suffered for some time past, added to a

general prostration of health, brought Goldsmith back to town, before he had well settled himself in the country. The local complaint subsided, but was followed by a low, nervous fever. He was not aware of his critical situation, and intended to be at the Club on the 25th of March, on which occasion Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury (one of the Horneck connection), and two other new members were to be present. In the afternoon, however, he felt so unwell as to take to his bed, and his symptoms soon acquired sufficient force to keep him there. His malady fluctuated for several days, and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but they proved fallacious. He had skillful medical aid, and faithful nursing, but he would not follow the advice of his physicians, and persisted in the use of James's powders, which he had once found beneficial, but which were now injurious to him. His appetite was gone, his strength failed him; but his mind remained clear, and was perhaps too active for his frame. Anxieties and disappointments which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint, and rendered him sleepless. In reply to an inquiry of his physician, he acknowledged that his mind was ill at ease. This was the last reply; he was too weak to talk, and in general took no notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep, and it was hoped a favorable crisis had arrived—to awake, however, in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired on the 4th of April, at five o'clock in the morning; being in the forty-sixth year of his age.

“His death was a shock to the literary world, and a deep affliction to a wide circle of intimates and friends; for, with all his foibles and peculiarities, he was fully as much beloved as he was admired. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears; Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress. ‘I was abroad at the time of his death,’ writes Dr. McDonnell, the youth whom, when in distress, he had employed as an amanuensis, ‘and I wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart, as if I had lost one of my dearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency.’ Johnson felt the blow deeply and gloomily. In writing some time afterward, to Boswell, he observed—‘Of poor Goldsmith, there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?’

“Among his debts were seventy-nine pounds due to his tailor, Mr. William Tilby, from whom he had received a new suit but a few days before his death. ‘My father,’ said the younger Tilby, ‘though a loser to that amount, attributed no blame to Goldsmith; he had been a good customer, and, had he lived, would have paid every farthing.’ Others of his tradespeople evinced the same confidence in his integrity, notwithstanding

his heedlessness. Two sister milliners in Temple Lane, who had been accustomed to deal with him, were concerned when told, some time before his death, of his pecuniary embarrassments. 'Oh, sir,' said they to Mr. Cradock, 'sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis than apply to any other; we are sure he will pay us when he can.'

"On the stairs of his apartment there was the lamentation of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women; poor objects of his charity, to whom he had never turned a deaf ear, even when struggling himself with poverty."

"But there was one mourner, whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was requested for a lady, a particular friend, who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Horneck, the Jessamy bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off; which she treasured to her dying day."

To add a word of eulogium after this simple description, where the wise, the gentle, and the *poor* are seen lamenting his loss, would be quite superfluous. Here we may

safely leave the character of Goldsmith to our readers; sure that they will not carry away with them too harsh an impression, and that no remarks we have been induced to make, will have diminished materially from the affectionate regard in which they have been accustomed to hold his memory.

Mr. Irving, as we have already intimated, has not entered upon any critical survey of the writings of Goldsmith, and this might of itself be sufficient excuse for our own silence on this topic. The reviewer is supposed to follow where his author leads. As attendant satellite, it would be quite out of order to explore a space remote from the orbit of his primary. But we are afraid we are not altogether so modest as to be controlled by this technical objection. A simple and imperative reason restrains us—we have not space here to enter on such a topic. We had been refreshing our memory with a perusal of some of the works of Goldsmith, but such hints and fragments of criticism as had occurred to us we must postpone, and throw together in a subsequent paper.

From the People's Journal.

I WEEP WHEN I REMEMBER THEE.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

I WEEP when I remember thee,
My mother fond and true,
When fancy brings thy gentle face
Once more before my view.
I weep when I remember thee,
So patient and so mild,
So gentle with the stubborn will
Of me, thy wayward child.
Oh! many a look of petulance
That knit my youthful brow,
Many a thought, unheeded then,
Comes back upon me now—
Comes back, altho' long years have past,
Long, busy, anxious years,
Since we upon thee looked our last,
And wept our parting tears.
Oh, mother, when I think on thee,
And thy sweet, quiet brow,

I know I must have loved thee then,
But feel I worship now.
I weep when I remember thee
Upon thy dying bed,
When death, with slow but steady aim,
Advanced with noiseless tread.
We saw thy fixed, unconscious gaze,
We felt ourselves unknown,
Near thee, and yet how far removed,—
With thee, yet so alone.
Oh! mother dear, 'twould be a sin
To wish thee back to me;
Yet oft I think how I should feel,
If such a thing could be.
Oh! it would seem so dear a boon,
A bliss so near divine;
Naught but a life's idolatry
Could show a love like mine.

From Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO NEVER HAS CHANGE.

LADIES who are contemplating the matrimonial union should beware of the gentleman who never has change. He may possess a thousand recommendations. He may be handsome, graceful, intelligent, and kind-hearted—nay, he may even be generous and fond of giving, but it will always be out of another person's purse, most likely his wife's—not out of his own. He may be a man who makes large payments, too, in the form of cheques, and these he may pay punctually and without grudging, but come to him for a small sum, and he never has change. It would seem almost as if the fault were in his purse, for he cannot listen to the appeals of poverty and distress without immediately feeling in his pocket, for that, to him, most useless article—useless, because on drawing it out, it is always found to be light, thin and empty, without so much as a stray sixpence lurking in its lowest corner. Thus, while he feels all the pity and all the pain which other people feel on being solicited for charity, he is either compelled to refuse, in consequence of the state of his purse, or to look about to see if there is any one within speech of him, of whom he may borrow a shilling.

The man who never has change always *feels* poor, whatever his resources may be; and during the greater portion of his life, he feels cross. He feels poor because he is unable at the moment to gratify the generous impulses of his heart, and absolutely cannot give where he gladly would; and he feels cross because he is always in debt for small sums, and liable to paltry claims from all parties with whom he is associated—claims of so trifling and vexatious a nature, and often, too, preferred at such inappropriate times, that his whole life becomes a series of petty annoyances, which he would at any time willingly get rid of by the payment of a good round sum. In fact, he would do anything but adopt the habit of having change.

But the reason why this gentleman's peculiarity needs to be made the subject of a warning, is this—that the consequences of such a habit fall inevitably upon the wife, who of-

ten finds herself involved in the disagreeable predicament of being compelled to let it pass that she and her husband are the meanest couple in the world, or to throw her beloved spouse into a fit of rage by plucking his sleeve at some critical moment, making mysterious signals, whispering, or actually speaking out; or, lastly, paying the money out of her own purse, and leaving grooms, coachmen, and porters to wink and draw their own conclusions as to who rules the roast; to say nothing of the consequent dudgeon in which her husband drives away with her, after he has seen this conclusion written upon the countenance of every bystander.

The way to avoid being plunged unconsciously into these difficulties, is, if possible, to travel in company with a gentleman before marriage, and to watch his small payments; to ascertain if he gives the servants anything on leaving your father's house, and *what*; above all, if he should happen to leave small debts behind him, for the mending of whips, boots, or fishing-rods, to make the discovery of such facts a hesitating point to pause at, in order to look further into the subject before connecting yourself with that man for life.

How much good might be done to society, and to the world, by the combined instrumentality of ladies during this brief season of their power, it is really quite encouraging to think. If, for instance, there should occur such a thing as a general strike amongst unmarried ladies, all protesting against marriage until certain ends were brought about. In the first place, if all would shake hands, and set their maiden faces against the delayed payment of just debts, and would vow that no church bell should ring the marriage peal for them until this great work of social improvement was accomplished; what a delightful sound would that be to many an honest and industrious tradesman, when the merry peals rang out again to announce that every bill had been faithfully paid up, and that no others would be contracted.

It is beforehand that this and many other

items of public as well as private good might be attained, if ladies would but think so. It is beforehand that they are all-powerful, and may then, with a reasonable amount of certainty, secure some requisites to their own happiness, even if they look no farther. In order to such happiness, it is extremely important to study, not only how to please, but how *not to vex*; for that is what it comes to after marriage; and, as already stated, there is a world of vexation to both parties consequent upon the fact that the gentleman at the head of an establishment never has change. A wise and prudent woman will therefore avoid this vexation, by looking well into the matter beforehand. Once married to such a man, there is no escape from the trials of such a lot; the tenderest affection will not be able to keep a supply of ready money in her husband's purse; the profoundest regard for his honor will not be able to cover the disgrace of those humiliating exigencies which must necessarily occur; the most magnanimous determination to discharge for him on the instant whatever claims are due, will only make the matter worse, by the aspect of assumption and forwardness which her act will unavoidably wear. There is, in fact, no other alternative in such a case, than either vexing your husband, or allowing him to be thought mean. Watch carefully, therefore, before marriage: that is the time for escape. Watch when you are out together on an excursion of pleasure—see whether he pays the poor boy who holds his horse, or whether, on receiving the bridle from his hand, he elbows the boy off as if he had done him an injury instead of a service; for those people who are not going to pay where they know they ought, do generally put themselves on the defensive, even before the application is made—watch, then, whether he fumbles in his empty pockets for change, which he knows he has not got, and then mounts his horse, and while the poor boy respectfully touches his cap, says, not unkindly to him, "I have no change about me this time, my boy, I will remember you the next." Watch also whether he says to a gentleman close at hand—"Lend me sixpence will you, Barlowe? yon poor fellow has been holding my horse for this half hour, and I haven't got a farthing of change." All this may sound very kind, but it is at the same time very suspicious.

In one of Sir Walter Scott's pleasant ballads it is said, that—

"Lover's eyes are quick to see
And lover's ears in hearing."

Well would it be for some lovers if they were as quick to see small delicate points of this nature, as they are to perceive a trifling flaw in dress or manner, or the faintest shadow of a slight toward themselves. Let not, then, the present of a gold bracelet, or a collection of popular songs, or any other evidence of tenderness and generosity on the part of your lover, beguile you into forgetfulness that the poor boy who held his horse was not promptly and properly remunerated.

But with the man who never has change, this habit is scarcely a cause of greater uneasiness to others, than to himself. Amongst many vexations it is not the least that he has a sort of standing conviction of being poor, of money being perpetually oozing away from him in minute fractions, of tradespeople being troublesome, impertinent, and reproachful, because they add the borrowed shillings to their accounts, and of small bills being always sent at the wrong time, inasmuch as they invariably arrive when he has no change, and therefore cannot pay them. He has an impression, too, that even his friends behave unhandsomely when they gently remind him, as they would wish to be reminded themselves, of the five shillings which they advanced for him toward a public subscription, on an occasion when he happened to be without change.

If the gentleman in question be a benevolent and kind-hearted man, which is very probable, the case is still worse, because charities accumulate upon him in the shape of debts, and so become so odious and offensive, that he resolves, and re-resolves, he will never be charitable again, if such must be the results; for having in *idea* bestowed his gift, and thus dismissed the supplicant, he has little relish for paying the sum over again in hard cash to the party from whom it was borrowed, and that at some after-time, when the object of interest was forgotten, and the fountains of pity in his heart again sealed up.

If the man who never has change be naturally a miser, and anxious on all occasions to save his money, this plan will answer his purpose admirably; but we prefer to describe a man who is naturally generous, and rather lavish than stingy in his gifts, only they do not come immediately out of his own purse. Indeed, he has an habitual impression that he himself, in his own person, cannot very well afford to give, or pay so much. His wife and daughters may do so, if they like. He seems rather to prefer that they should, for he does not wish the poor to be sent empty away. It is true he does not promise

to repay them, he leaves this an open question; but as they give at his suggestion, they very naturally come upon him for the sum, and come, perhaps, when he is least prepared to welcome such an application. Hence, sometimes, as a natural consequence, follow a few sharp words, and a few wounded feelings.

Acting upon the dictates of a kindly heart, our gentleman not only gives, but employs. Perhaps he finds a poor man whom he pities and respects, out of work, and he contrives for him a few days' occupation in his garden, his farm, or his house. Nothing can be more opportune for the poor man. He has a payment to make on the following week, and he has been at his wit's end how to raise the whole amount. He asks on the Saturday evening for the wages of his labor, but the gentleman has gone out, and the ladies of the family decline acting in the matter. On Monday, he has two or three days' work again, in an opposite quarter of the neighborhood, and he must be up early in order to reach the place in time. But he comes first for his wages, and, of course, arrives a great deal too soon. The gentleman has not left his room. Application is made at his door. He is extremely angry, and, moreover, has no change. The poor man goes away to his work, but is later than was stipulated for, receives a severe reprimand for idleness, and is very reluctantly permitted to take out his tools and begin. This is on Monday, on Thursday the payment must be made. On Tuesday, he knows not what to do, but considers himself in high luck, because, as he is returning from his work, he meets accidentally in a lane with the gentleman who owes him his wages, and, touching his hat very humbly, he ventures to stop him, though riding at full speed. The gentleman is, of course, angry again, calls him a troublesome fellow, but draws up, and fumbles in his pocket as usual. He seems, on this occasion, to be rather gratified that he has no change, as it affords him an excuse for not being longer detained, as well as for punishing impertinence. So Tuesday passes over, and the poor man sees no other alternative but to give up his day's work altogether on Wednesday, in order to secure a chance of payment. By doing so, he offends his new employer, who engages another hand; but "no matter," he says to himself, "I must pay this money, and in order to do so, I must have my wages." On Wednesday, then, he makes it his sole business to wait upon the gentleman who owes him his wages. He

wonders as he goes toward the house what hour will be most convenient, and wishes from his heart that he may be fortunate enough to hit upon this hour. On reaching the house he finds it all in a bustle with company, servants scarcely to be met with who will take the poor man's message. He loiters about the back door, stared at with no friendly eye by all who pass, is asked by the grooms what he is doing there, and told by some who know little about the matter, that the master is not at all likely to see him then, and that he ought to come at a more convenient time. At last the master himself bustles out, very much like a bee out of a hive that has been disturbed. He feels annoyed at being asked so many times for so small a sum; and particularly just now, when he has his friends to attend to. He speaks and looks angrily at the poor man. The laborer states his case, that he has a payment to make on the following day, or he would not be so troublesome. The gentleman uses expressions quite foreign to the feelings of his better nature, and puts on looks which belie his heart, simply because he is conscious only of his own press and hurry, and does not enter at all into the poor man's situation. He snatches out his purse, however, and drawing it through his fingers, finds it light and thin as usual. He calls for his wife; she is still at her toilette, and cannot possibly be interrupted: to his daughters, they are walking in the grounds with their young guests. The case is plain—nothing can be done now, it is not likely. The poor man must come another time. "Come to me about noon, to-morrow," says the gentleman, "I shall be more at liberty then." The poor man would remonstrate, but the gentleman is gone, and the benefit he had intended to confer is turned to gall and bitterness in the poor man's heart.

In the same manner the kind and liberal gentleman is misunderstood by all with whom he associates. If he steps out of his chaise and wants his horse holden at a tradesman's door, he has nothing to give the expectant holder, although he feels in his pocket, and says he wishes he had something; but the boy does not believe him—how should he, when it is a generally prevailing idea amongst such people, that gentlemen have always their pockets full of money, and can at any time shower down shillings and sixpences, as the clouds scatter rain? Hence, there are ill-natured glances thrown after the gentleman wherever he goes; nor is he spared the vulgar witticisms of the stable and the tap-

room; sometimes before he has fairly driven out of the inn yard. Even where he is best known, many little services are withheld from him which are freely offered to others; or if rendered, it is grudgingly, and with a bad grace, as if the officiating party was aware of having to do with a selfish, stingy, and ill-natured man.

But his absolute charities are perhaps the most troublesome part of this gentleman's *no change* system. "Just lend me a few shillings for that poor woman in the lane, will you?" says the gentleman, as he passes the shop of some tradesman with whom he is in the habit of dealing; or, "Alice, give me your purse," to his daughter, "I am shocked to find the poor Smithsons without bread;" or, to his wife, "Have you change, my love? I met old Martha this morning, and told her to come up for half-a-crown, and here she is." All this, of course, amounts to a good deal in after-payments—to much more than the gentleman could at all have imagined it would; and what with vainly attempting to recollect the circumstances which others are anxious to set before him; what with disputed claims between himself and his wife and daughters; what with the sudden conviction now and then occurring, weeks afterward, of odd shillings borrowed from parties whom it would be next to impossible to meet with again, the life of the gentleman who never has change becomes the very opposite of an easy or a pleasant one.

Charities, however, are not all. There are sudden emergencies, the arrival of parcels, for instance; the payment of rates, and taxes; and other incidental expenses, when the gentleman *must* pay; and then it is that he makes a rush upon all the purses in the house, his own being, of course, empty as usual; and these claims also accumulate toward the end of the week, besides those of accidental labor; and all having had to be defrayed out of any pocket but the gentleman's own, he feels very naturally, when any member of the family claims their own, as if he should be literally eaten up by the greediness of his household. He does not believe that any man is worried as he is for money, money—always money. His wife and daughters seem to him like cormorants, whose insatiable beaks are perpetually picking at his flesh; and he even, at times, suspects—quite *privately* to himself, for he has no means of proving the fact, that they not only devour, but *cheat* him. Indeed, no argument of theirs can convince him that he really has borrowed of them anything like the amount which they demand in repayment.

Thus many disagreements ensue, and many hard words, accompanied by a mutual sense of injury and wrong, all destructive to the peace of that family, of which the head and master is a gentleman who never has change. Beware, then, fair ladies, before it be too late.

"NOT ALWAYS SHALL THE CLOUD OBSCURE."

BY WILLIAM JOHN ABRAM.

THOUGH the heaving billows roll
O'er the sorrow-stricken soul—
Though the spirit, tempest-tost,
Seem inevitably lost—
The billows soon shall cease to roar,
The howling winds shall howl no more.

Though the clouded sky to-day
Drive each cherished hope away,
And each fond affection blight;
Though the sun be veiled from sight,
Not always shall the cloud obscure,
Not always shall the storm endure.

Though the rose be prostrate lain,
And the lily snapt in twain—
Though to-day the lonely bower
Scarce can own one blooming flower—
To-morrow thou shalt garlands twine;
To-morrow's sun shall brightly shine.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES.

THE Impossible is often only an unknown point in the future. That which we deem an impossibility in the present day may become even in a short time a familiar fact. We know that the discovery of the New World, and the traveling to it by steam, were each in their turn declared impossibilities, and yet are now familiar things. As it is with the physical, so it is in the moral world. A material philosophy keeps physiological discoveries in co-relation with mental phenomena; yet but a short time ago, all inquiry into the relations between mind and matter were deemed impossible and hopeless. Consciousness, it is now admitted, implies a brain, and nervous system; that nervous system being divided into parts—centres of function and threads of communication, such also imply diversity of influence. Nerves of voluntary, nerves of organic life, were gradually disentangled from those which connect us with an external life; and nerves of involuntary motion were distinguished from the nerves of sensation. The nerves belonging to special senses were detected; and the sense of taste was discovered to be in the same category as those of smell, sight, and hearing. The law, that size and amount of nervous tissue constitutes a direct element of functional power, became at the same time generally recognized. The brain, or encephalon, was recognized in man, not only to be the greatest nervous centre, but also the organ of the mental faculties. Whether the functions of the brain are performed as a whole or by separate parts, is not of much importance to the object we have in view. The distinctness of the external senses, and separateness of their organs—the comparative independence of the sentient, voluntary, and excitomotory system, would tend to show that action in this great centre is complex, not simple. This is the basis of the phrenological system; and the supporters of that system argue with much plausibility, that mental differences being innate, no general agreement could ever be arrived at as to what constitute fundamental or primitive faculties of the mind,

so long as mental phenomena were studied apart from organization. From that moment, psychology and physiology, marching hand in hand, left metaphysics at a remote distance. It was the light of modern civilization succeeding to the darkness of the middle ages.

Power and energy being associated with the existence of a considerable quantity of cerebral structure in particular regions, the question presents itself, which has not yet been sufficiently inquired into, as to how far that power is like the function itself, independent and inherent. The intimate relations of assimilation with circulation, of nutrition and functional power, and the harmony and mutual dependence in the higher animals of the different parts of the nervous system, forbid us to expect perfect independence or functional power inherent in any one centre independent of the other ordinary phenomena of life; but still this is subject to a certain modification, more marked in the lower animals, less so in a higher grade. The vitality of parts of a worm or eel is well known. Fowls, both cocks and ducks, have, when decapitated, been known to preserve so much excitomotive power as to run a distance. But in man the separation of one part from another entails almost instant death; that is to say, loss of sentient and motory power. But even this has slight exceptions; motory powers of a very marked character have been seen in cases of death from Asiatic cholera, and manifestations of sensibility after death are upon record.

The gradual death of the extremities previous to general dissolution, the mental faculties remaining almost unimpaired, has come under the observation of most people. The possible existence of sensibility in the brain itself after the loss of life in the whole of the trunk, as by its actual separation from the body, is a more delicate question. It is one also that involves inquiries of a philanthropic character. Much discussion has arisen as to the comparative certainty and least painful modes of vindicating the rights of society by the infliction of death. The immense volume

of blood flowing from the trunk to the brain, and returning by other capacious vessels, and the great nervous relations existing between head and trunk, attest that decapitation must inevitably be followed by almost instantaneous loss of sensation to both head and trunk, and that it is upon the whole as merciful a mode of putting to death as any other that is accompanied by an act of violence. But as the act is performed by the guillotine, it is so instantaneous that there is reason to believe that the brain may be cognizant for the briefest space of time of its removal from the body: under particular circumstances, where there has been great self-collection, and the shock has not produced confusion of ideas, it is possible to conceive the brain reasoning upon the circumstance with a most distressing pertinacity, which would, however, very soon be cut short by the loss of blood. Suppose, then, another case in which the loss of blood was stopped by either accidental or intentional means; and it is not out of the range of possibility, that the consciousness of decapitation may be so prolonged as to allow even of time to communicate to the external countenance some expression of that which is for such few short and last moments—moments of supreme interest—going on in the mind. All have heard of the whole life-record of ideas, which are hurried together in the few last moments of a drowning man; most have witnessed the supernatural lighting up of the mind of the dying young and innocent. What may not be the intensity of the last lightning-like impressions of the victims of violence, or the sacrifices of society—often, possibly, in its laws more vindictive than He who judges more by men's hearts than men's actions!

But passing over this digression, we must quote an instance from one who, though a writer of fiction, has, from a peculiar idiosyncrasy, made a particular, and in many instances very successful study of crime and punishment, in connection with the more obscure and oftentimes mysterious phenomena which are attendant upon both; in which the possibility of consciousness after decapitation was accidentally and curiously illustrated.

The plaster-quarries of Montmartre are more familiar to English visitors in Paris than are the stone-quarries of the plain of Montrouge, to the south of the metropolis. Yet these latter quarries are very extensive, and form a continuation of those well-known catacombs from which old Paris was built. The population which inhabits these subterranean galleries has a peculiar character of gloomy

ferocity. It seldom happens that there are riots in the capital, in which the quarrymen of Montrouge are not concerned. M. de Lamartine relates, in his "History of the French Revolution," how he availed himself of the combativeness of these dwellers in subterranean passages, to strengthen the hands of the Provisional Government.

M. Alexandre Dumas relates the following story of one of these quarrymen. He was shooting one day on the plain of Montrouge, when he turned off for refreshment to the village of Fontenay.

It was striking one o'clock (he relates) when I reached the first houses of the village. I followed a wall that enclosed a property of some pretensions, and had arrived where the Rue de Diane terminates in the Grande Rue, when I saw coming toward me, from the direction of the church, a man with so sinister an aspect, that I stopped short and instinctively cocked both barrels of my fowling-piece.

But, pale, his hair standing on end, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his clothes in disorder, and his hands bathed in gore, the man passed by without noticing me. His look was fixed. His progress was like that of an object carried away by its own gravity along the slope of a mountain, yet his labored breathing spoke more of dread than fatigue.

The man turned out of the Grande Rue into that of Diane, and hurried toward the door of that residence along the walls of which I had been walking for the last few minutes. The man stretched forth his hand some time before he could reach the bell-pull, which, when he succeeded in grasping it, he agitated violently; and this accomplished, he sat himself down upon one of the other two corner stones which served as advance works to the gate. Once seated, he remained motionless, his arms hanging down, his head resting upon his breast.

I retraced my steps, so certain did I feel that this man had been the principal actor in some unknown and terrible drama.

Behind him, and on both sides of the street, were several other individuals, upon whom he had no doubt produced the same effect as upon myself, and who had come out of their houses to gaze upon him with a surprise similar to what I experienced myself.

A woman of about forty or forty-five years of age answered the bell by opening a little door cut in the panel of the gate.

"What, is it you, Jacquemin?" she said; "what are you doing there?"

"Is Monsieur the mayor at home?" inquired the man, whom she thus addressed, in a muffled voice.

"Yes."

"Well, then, Mother Antoine, go and tell him that I have killed my wife, and that I am come to give myself up."

Mother Antoine uttered a shriek, which was

echoed by two or three other persons who had approached sufficiently near to hear this terrible avowal. I myself took a step in a retrograde direction, and feeling a lime-tree behind me, leant back against it. As to the murderer, he had slipped from the stone down upon the ground, as all strength had left him after having pronounced the fatal words.

Mother Antoine had, in the mean time, disappeared, leaving the little door open; it was evident that she had gone to fulfill her commission and bring the mayor; and after the lapse of about five minutes the functionary made his appearance, accompanied by two other persons.

"Jacquemin," said the mayor to the quarryman, "I hope Mother Antoine is gone mad; she has come to tell me that your wife is dead, and that you accuse yourself with having murdered her."

"It is too true, Monsieur the mayor," replied Jacquemin, "and I wish to be tried as soon as possible."

"Come, you are mad!" said the mayor.

"Look at my hands," answered the man.

And he held out his two brawny arms, the left covered with blood up to the wrist, the right up to the elbow.

The two assistants approached the quarryman, and had some difficulty in lifting him up, so great was both his moral and physical prostration. The commissary of police and a surgeon were sent for; and when it was proposed that the examination should be proceeded with in the quarryman's abode, the latter exhibited the most extraordinary feelings of terror and horror. He begged to be taken at once to prison. "Go to the house," he said; "you will find the body in the cellar, and near it, in a sack full of plaster, the head; but oh, for God's sake do not oblige me to see it! Had I known I was to have been taken back to it, I would have killed myself." It is almost unnecessary to say how much these strange expressions increased the curiosity of all who were present; and our author followed the others to the house where the crime had been committed, and where, after actually seeing, as the quarryman had described, the body swimming in a pool of blood, and the head of the woman stuck upright in an open sack of plaster, the following examination of the self-accused took place.

"You acknowledge yourself to be the author of this crime?"

"Yes."

"Relate to us the causes, then, which led you to commit so heinous an offence, and the circumstances attendant upon its commission."

"The causes which made me do it—that is use-

less," answered Jacquemin; "they are secrets that will remain with me and her who lies there."

"But there is no effect without cause."

"The cause, I tell you, you shall not know. As to the circumstances, I will relate them to you. You must know, in the first place, that when people live below ground as we do, working in the dark, that when we think we have a grief we allow it to eat into the depths of the heart, and thus bad ideas suggest themselves."

"Oh! oh!" interrupted the commissary of police, "you acknowledge premeditation, then?"

"What if I acknowledge everything; is not that enough?"

"Oh yes, go on."

"Well! the bad idea that came to me was to kill Jeanne. My thoughts were filled with it for upward of a month; the heart opposed itself to the head, but at last a word that escaped from a fellow-laborer decided me."

"What was the word?"

"Oh, that is among the matters which do not concern you. This morning I said to Jeanne, 'I shan't go out to work to-day; I wish to amuse myself as if it was a holiday, and I shall go and play at bowls with some companions. Mind you have the dinner ready at the proper hour.'

"But—"

"Come, now, no observations; the dinner at one o'clock, do you hear?"

"Very well," said Jeanne, and she went out to fetch the material for the daily soup. During her absence, instead of going away to play at bowls, I took the sword which you found in the cellar and sharpened it on the back step. I then went down into the cellar and hid myself behind a barrel; and in doing so I said, 'She must come down into the cellar for the wine: when she does so we will see.' And then a voice repeated in me and around me the word which the quarryman had uttered the day before."

"But come, do tell us what this word was," repeated the commissary.

"Useless. I have already said you will never know it. After waiting some time I heard steps approaching. I saw a tremulous light, then the lower part of a dress, then the body, and next the head. I could see her head well, for she held the candle in her hand, and I repeated to myself the word my fellow-workman had cast in my teeth. All this time she kept getting nearer. Word of honor! one would have thought that she doubted that some evil awaited her, for she was frightened, and looked about her, but I remained quiet behind the cask. She then went down on her knees before the cask, put the bottle to the cock, and turned it. I, on my part, got up. You understand, she was on her knees; the noise made by the wine pouring into the bottle prevented her hearing any slight noise,—but I made none. She was on her knees like a guilty one, like a condemned criminal. I lifted up the sword, and—I do not know if she even uttered a shriek, but the head rolled away from the body. At that time I did not wish to die; I intended to make my escape. My idea was to make a hole in the cellar and to bury her. I rushed upon the head, which rolled on its side,

while the body was agitated by convulsive movements on the other. I had a sack of plaster all ready to hide the blood, and I took the head and placed it at once in the plaster. I had scarcely withdrawn my hand when—perhaps it was an hallucination—but I fancied that the head was alive. The eyes were wide open: I could see them well, for the candle was on the barrel; and then the lips—the lips began to move; and as they moved the lips said to me, ‘Wretch! I was innocent!’”

I do not know what effect this statement had upon others, but as to myself (says the narrator) a cold perspiration bedewed my forehead.

“Ah! that is too good!” exclaimed the doctor. “The eyes looked at you? The lips spoke to you?”

“Listen, doctor: as you are a philosopher, you believe in nothing that is supernatural, but I can tell you that the head which you see there said to me, ‘Wretch! I was innocent!’ And the proof that it said so to me is, that instead of endeavoring to escape, I went at once to the mayor’s to give myself up.”

“Examine the head, doctor,” said the commissary of police.

“When I am gone, M. Robert, when I am gone!” exclaimed Jacquemin.

“What! are you frightened that it should speak again, stupid?” said the doctor, as he took the light and approached the sack of plaster.

“M. Ledru!” exclaimed Jacquemin, “in the name of Heaven, let me be taken away to prison. I beg of you! I pray you!”

“Messieurs,” said the mayor, at the same time that he motioned to the doctor to wait a moment, “you have nothing more to ask the accused; he may be removed.”

“Thank you—thank you!” exclaimed the miserable man, as he dragged the two gendarmes with almost superhuman strength up the staircase. That man gone, the drama went with him. There remained nothing in the cellar but two things hideous to contemplate: a body without a head, and a head without a body.

The case here related is an extreme one. It is possible to believe that the blood, arrested in its descent by the plaster, gave to the head a moment of life and energy which may possibly have lent to it sufficient power to communicate to it expression; but the speaking must be laid to the hallucination of awakened conscience and pity on the part of the murderer, for the presence of the lungs would have been necessary to produce the emission of a whole sentence, like that which the murderer imagined himself to have heard. Our author, who, we have before said, has consulted learned authorities for explanations of events of a supposed supernatural character, quotes the celebrated anatomist Sömmering, and the assertions of Alcher, and of Dr. Sue, in favor of sensibility after decapi-

tation. The great physiologist Haller also relates, in his “*Elemens de Physique*,” t. iv. p. 35, that a decapitated head opened its eyes and looked at him obliquely, because he had touched the spinal marrow with the point of his finger. Weycard also relates in his “*Arts Philosophiques*,” p. 221, that he has seen the lips move of a head which had just been cut off. Our author also quotes Sömmering as arguing the possibility of heads speaking. The passage is as follows:—“Several doctors, my colleagues, have assured me that they have seen a head separated from the body grind its teeth with agony; and I am convinced that if *the air still circulated in the organs of the voice, heads would speak.*” Not impossible; but in admitting the possibility of decapitated heads having actually spoken, M. Dumas is going altogether in advance of the position laid down by the distinguished anatomist.

A more curious case of sensibility of the head after death is an historical record in connection with the last moments of the celebrated Charlotte Corday. M. Dumas gives the following version of this tradition of modern times, as related to him by an eye-witness:—

When the cart which conveyed the convict girl to the scaffold drew up, Charlotte jumped down, without allowing any one to assist her; and she ascended the steps of the guillotine, which had been rendered slippery by rain that had fallen the same morning, as quickly as a long red shift in which she was enveloped, and the pinioning of her arms behind her, would permit her to do. When she felt the hand of the executioner placed on her shoulder to remove the kerchief from her neck, she turned pale for a moment, but a second afterward a smile came to give the lie to that pallor; and to avoid the indignity of being tied to the infamous plank, she, with a sublime and almost joyous effort, passed her head through the hideous aperture. The knife came down, and the head separated from the body fell upon the platform and rebounded. It was then that one of the assistants to the executioner, Legros by name, seized that head by the hair, and out of vile adulation to the populace, gave it a blow. At this blow the whole face reddened—not the cheek alone which received the blow, but the two cheeks, and that with an equal glow; for sentiment still dwelt in that head, and it felt indignant at a treatment which was not included in the punishment awarded.

Every system, it may be observed, is founded upon conviction, and that conviction is based upon facts more or less authenticated. The attempts made by the skeptical to explain away as hallucinations the realities of individual experience, because the facts

themselves do not carry conviction simply as recorded by others, are always legitimate where there are many obvious sources of error, or where the will to admit the truth of some popular superstitions or mysteries of a rare description is overtaxed. Few, for example, will be ready to give entire credence to the story of the worthy Vicar of Etampes, in which he details a wondrous act of sensibility on the part of a hanged man. The vicar in question, devoted to the church at an early age, had received from his mother a medal consecrated at the shrine of *Notre Dame de Liesse*. To the possession of this gift he was in the habit of ascribing an unusual amount of piety, for which he had gained credit, not only with the laity, but even among his ecclesiastical colleagues. At the period when this holy man flourished, Etampes and its environs were continually put under contribution by a daring successor of the Cartouches and the Mandrins, one Artifaïlle; whose wife, living in the Etampes, was on the contrary a model of propriety, and who spent her days praying for the conversion of her husband.

It happened that one evening, exhausted by his labors, the holy man fell asleep in his confessional, and was awoken at midnight by unusual sounds in the church. When sufficiently aroused to a sense of his position, he was enabled to discern that the noise he had heard came from a man who was busy striking a light close by the choir. He was a man of moderate height, carrying in his waistband two pistols and a dagger; and, casting at once a threatening and searching glance around, he prepared, his candle being lighted, to force open the tabernacle. This he soon accomplished, and he drew forth, first the holy pyx, a magnificent cup of old silver chiseled in the time of Henry II.; and next a massive chalice, which had been given to the town by Queen Marie Antoinette; and, lastly, two crystal bottles. He then shut the tabernacle, and drew from beneath the altar a *Notre Dame* in wax, crowned with a wreath of gold and diamonds, and the dress embroidered with precious stones.

Being determined that if possible such a sacrilegious robbery should not be thus quietly effected, the abbé issued forth from the confessional, and confronted the robber. The latter, on hearing footsteps approaching, drew a pistol from his girdle; but the tranquillity of the man of God awed even the rude bandit.

"Friend," said the holy man to the robber, "you shall not commit this sacrilege."

"Who will prevent me?" replied L'Artifaïlle.

"I will—not by physical force, but by persuasion. Friend, it is not for the church that I wish to save those things—the church can afford to buy other holy vessels; it is for your sake, who cannot purchase salvation from sin at any price."

"My good man, do you think that it is the first time that L'Artifaïlle has committed sacrilege? Besides, as to my soul, that concerns my wife; she is pious enough for two, and will save mine with hers."

"Yes, friend, your wife is a good and a pious woman, but who would die of grief did she know the sin you are now about to commit. For her sake and your own, I offer you 1000 crowns: 1000 francs to be given now, 2000 after I have sold my mother's heritage to obtain them, if you will restore those objects to their places."

"Your mother is rich, then?" observed the bandit.

"No; she is poor, and will be ruined; but she will give up her all gladly, if she knows it is to save a soul. Now, will you follow me to the presbytery?"

The bandit did as was desired, casting, however, many furtive glances around him, lest he should be betrayed into an ambuscade. Arrived at the presbytery, he remained at the door while the abbé went in to fetch the money. He soon returned, carrying a weighty bag.

"And now," said the bandit, "I give you six weeks to pay me the other two thousand; and you may place them in the hands of my wife, but you must not tell her how I came by them."

"It shall be done; and now go, brother, and sin no more." And the good priest turned away, and bending on his knees, he prayed humbly and earnestly for the conversion of the bandit. He had not finished his prayer before there came a knock at the door. "Come in," said the abbé, without rising; and when he did so, L'Artifaïlle stood behind him.

"Here," he said, "I bring you back your money. I do not want it, or your other two thousand." And so saying, he deposited the bag on the side-board.

"What do you want?" said the priest to the bandit, seeing hesitation depicted on his countenance. "What you have done is well: do not be ashamed to do better."

"You believe that, by the intercession of our Lady, a man, however guilty he may be, can be saved at the hour of death?" ob-

served L'Artifaille. "Give me, then, in exchange for my three thousand francs, a relic or chaplet, such as I can carry about with me, and embrace at the last moment."

The holy man did not hesitate; he took the consecrated medal, which had wrought so much good to himself, from his neck, and he gave it to the bandit. The latter pressed it to his lips, and hurried away.

A year elapsed before the good abbé heard anything more of the bandit. At the expiration of that period, he left his diocese for a short time to visit his mother; who, being unwell, he remained with her for six weeks. Upon his return, he heard that the celebrated robber had been captured near Orleans, and having been condemned to death, had been sent to Etampes, as the principal scene of his misdeeds, and that he had suffered the last penalty of the law the very morning of his return.

Without stopping even to shake the dust off his shoes, the good priest repaired at once to the house of the widow; who, he was informed, had been incessant in her applications during his absence. He found her engaged in prayer.

"Ah! M. l'Abbé," she exclaimed, on seeing her visitor, "you come too late; he died without confession. He would not confess to any other but you; and saying so, he embraced with fervor a medal which hung suspended to his neck."

"Was that all he said?" inquired the abbé.

"No; he told me that you would come to see me to-night, and he begged me as a last request—I dare scarcely tell you what strange favor!—actually that you should go where his body hangs, and repeat five Paters and five Aves. He said you would not refuse."

"And he said right," replied the holy man; "I shall go and do his last bidding. His soul may then be in repose."

The widow embraced the hands of the priest, and wept with gratitude.

It was about half past ten o'clock in the latter days of April; the sky was clear, and the air refreshing. The good priest followed the city walls till he came to the gate of Paris—the only one that remained open at that late hour. The point to which his steps were directed was an esplanade which dominated over the whole town, and upon which, to the present day, are to be seen the traces of the scaffold, upon which in former times three gibbets were erected. But we shall

now proceed with our story in the words of the narrator—the worthy abbé himself.

My heart beat. The feeling came over me that I was going to see, not that which I came to see, but something unexpected. Still I kept ascending.

Arrived at a certain height, I began to perceive the summit of the gibbet, composed of three pillars and their horizontal beams of oak.

I distinguished at the same moment the body of the unfortunate Artifaille driven to and fro by the wind, like a moveable shade.

Suddenly I stopped; the gibbet was now exposed to me from its summit to its base, and I perceived a mass without form, that looked like an animal on four legs, and that moved about. I stopped, and hid myself behind a rock. The animal was larger than a dog, and more massive than a wolf.

Suddenly it raised itself upon its hind legs, and I discovered that the animal was neither more nor less than that which Plato designated as an animal with two feet and without feathers: that is to say, a man.

What could a man be doing under the gibbet at such an hour, unless he came with a religious heart, to pray—or with an irreligious heart, to commit some sacrilege?

Under any circumstance I determined to keep aloof and to watch. At the same moment the moon came forth from behind a cloud, and shone brightly upon the gibbet. I could now distinguish a man distinctly, and see every movement that he made. The man picked up a ladder from the ground, and placed it against the upright that was nearest to the swinging body. He then mounted the ladder. The next moment he formed with the hanging body a strange group, in which the living and the dead appeared to be confounded in a mutual embrace.

Suddenly a fearful shriek resounded through the air. I saw the two bodies moving as if in conflict. I heard cries of help shouted by a voice which seemed to be strangling; and at the same moment one of the bodies detached itself from the gibbet, whilst the other remained suspended by the cord, beating with its arms and legs.

It was impossible that I should comprehend what was really taking place under the infamous machine; but certainly—work of man or work of the devil—something extraordinary had taken place—something that called for help, that claimed assistance.

I accordingly hastened forward. At the sight of a new comer, the struggles of the hanging man increased; whilst beneath him lay the body which had fallen from the gibbet, motionless and lifeless.

I ran first to the living. I hastily ascended the steps of the ladder, and, cutting the cord with a knife, the hanging man fell to the ground, and I jumped down to him from the ladder. He was rolling on the ground in fearful convulsions, whilst the other body continued to be perfectly motionless.

I saw that the running-knot was still strangling the poor devil, so I knelt down, and with great difficulty loosened it. Whilst so doing I saw the man's face, and recognized that that man was no other than the executioner.

His eyes were starting out of their orbits; his face was blue, his jaw distorted. I placed him against a stone: gradually the fresh air revived him; he breathed more freely, and finished by looking at me. His surprise was not much less than mine had been.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," he said, hesitatingly, and with an effort, "is it you?"

"Yes, it is I. What were you doing here?"

He appeared to take some time to collect his ideas; and then, turning round, he looked at the corpse lying close by.

"Oh, Monsieur l'Abbé!" he then exclaimed; "let us hasten from this place. In the name of Heaven let us go!"

"Why so? I have promised to say five Paters and five Aves for the soul of the gibbeted man."

"For his soul, Monsieur l'Abbe. He is Satan personified. Did you not see him hang me?"

"Hang you! why, I thought it was you who had rendered him that particular service."

"Truly so; and I thought that I had hung him as well as a man could be hung; but it appears that I was deceived. I wonder, when he made me take his place, he did not take advantage of the circumstance to run away."

"Run away! why he is dead and motionless. There is some mystery beneath this. Tell me what brought you here."

"Well, I suppose I must tell you, in confession or otherwise. The miscreant, then, do you know, Monsieur l'Abbé, would not confess, even at his last moments. He always asked for you on his way here, and again at the gibbet. 'Is the abbé not come?' he repeated at each step. 'No,' I answered. There is nothing so annoying as to be perpetually asked the same question. I put the cord round his neck, and bade him mount the ladder. 'Stop a moment,' he said, when he had got up about one third, 'let me see if the abbé is not arrived.' 'You may look,' I answered; and I thought I had nothing to do but to push him off, but he anticipated me. 'One moment more,' he said; 'I wish to kiss a medal of our Lady, which is suspended to my neck.' 'Well, as to that,' I said, 'it is but fair—kiss away.' 'And my last wish,' he added, 'is to be buried with this medal.' 'Hum!' says I, 'all that is upon a man that is hung belongs to his executioner.' 'That does not concern me,' he insisted; 'I will be buried with this medal.' 'You will, will you?' said I, losing all patience; 'you may go to the devil.' And so saying, I threw him off, and jumping at the same moment upon his shoulders. 'Our Lady have pity!' he said; but the cord strangled the man and the sentence at the same time."

"Well, but all this does not explain to me why you came here this night."

"That is because that is the most difficult part of the story to relate."

"Well, I will save you the trouble; you came to take the medal."

"You are right. The devil tempted me. I said to myself, 'You will? That is all very good; but when night is come we will see.' So when night came I returned to the gibbet. I had left my ladder in the neighborhood, and knew where to find it. After carefully looking around, and seeing that nobody was watching me, I placed my ladder against the nearest upright, I got up, and drew the corpse toward me."

"Well! and what then?"

"Why, I had got hold of the medal, and had just succeeded in drawing it off the neck, when, believe me if you will, the corpse seized me bodily, and withdrawing its head from the running knot, passed my head in instead of his, and just threw me off as I had thrown him off. That is exactly what happened."

"Impossible! you must be mistaken."

"Did you find me hanging, or not? Well, I promise you that I did not hang myself."

"And the medal? Where is it?" I inquired.

"You must search for it on the ground. When I felt that I was hanging, I was glad enough to get rid of it."

I accordingly sought for the medal, and was not long in discovering it. Having picked it up, I once more fastened it to the neck of the ex-bandit. At the moment that it came in contact with his chest a shudder pervaded his whole frame, and he uttered a sharp and painful cry. The executioner made a spring on one side, and trembled like a leaf. I, however, insisted upon his replacing the corpse in its former situation. He at first refused, but by pointing out to him that the bad demon had left the corpse, I ultimately prevailed, and once more the body swung in the void, motionless and inanimate. I then went down on my knees and repeated the prayers which the sufferer had demanded of me. As I finished, midnight struck at Notre Dame.

"Come," I said to the executioner, "we have nothing more to do here."

We quitted the Esplanade together, my companion turning round every ten paces to see if the body was really there.

The next morning, when I woke up, I was told that the bandit's wife was waiting for me below.

Her face wore an expression of satisfaction, and of a mind relieved.

"M. l'Abbé," she said to me, "I have come to thank you: my husband appeared to me last night, just as it struck twelve by Notre Dame, and said to me, 'Go to-morrow morning to the Abbé's, and tell him that, thanks to him and to our Lady, I am saved!'"

• In our times, when the marvelous and the supernatural are fast disappearing; when the superstitions which have chequered the horizon of the human mind in different ages have been found to have foreshadowed the revelation of important scientific truths; when the law of sensorial illusions has explained away the mysteries of second sight, ghosts, and dreams; when the phenomena

of mesmerism, including mesmeric coma, sleep-talking, convulsions and insensibility, have explained satisfactorily the whole history of witchcraft and imputed demoniacal possession—we must not despair of some explanation being offered, even of the above strange and half-ludicrous incident. There may have been a magnetic power in the medal which plays so important a part in the good abbé's story; but allowing a magnetic or mesmeric shock to have thrown the corpse out of the halter, why the executioner should have put his head into it, unless the same jerk that loosened the one threw it over the other, or that he was in such a dreadful state of trepidation as not to know what he was doing, would be difficult to say.

There are still those who believe that there is a class of superstitions which are purely imaginary, and the elements of which escape any mode of palpable demonstration. Such more particularly is the vampire tradition, which has been generally assumed to be a pure fiction. A well-known medical philosopher, Dr. Herbert Mayo, has, however, in a work recently published at Frankfort, and entitled "Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions," undertaken to vindicate the possible authenticity of even this most incredible and horrible of all traditions. Dr. Mayo does not actually go so far as to believe in vampires; but believing, as *we* do, that there is a certain amount of truth in every delusion—that as there can be no effect in the physical world without some fixed cause, so no belief will attain popularity without some cause for its prevalence,—he supposes that the bodies found in the so-called vampire state, instead of being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been so some time subsequent to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them.

Having premised so much, we must leave it to the reader to determine how far in the following story the possible solution offered by the medical philosopher can be made to explain away the difficulties of the case. The story is told by Dumas, as related to him by a Polish lady, a native of Sandomir.

The year 1825 [says the narrator] witnessed one of those terrible struggles between Russia and Poland in which one would expect all the

blood of a nation would be exhausted, as we sometimes see in the case of a family.

My father and my two brothers had taken arms against the new Tsar, and had gone to fight under the flag of Polish independence, always struck down, yet always raised up again.

One day I learnt that my youngest brother was slain; the next day I was informed that my elder brother was mortally wounded. At length, after a day, during the whole of which I had been listening in horror to the sound of guns and musketry, which kept coming nearer and nearer, I saw my father arrive with 100 horsemen, all that remained of 3000 men whom he had led to battle!

He came to shut himself up in our castle, determined to be buried under its ruins.

My father, who feared nothing for himself, trembled for me. Choosing ten from among the hundred men that remained to him, and collecting all the gold and jewelry that was at hand, he remembered that at the time of the second depopulation of Poland, my mother had found a safe asylum in the monastery of Sahasten, situate in the heart of the Carpathians; and he ordered the house steward to conduct me, under the appointed guard, to that monastery, which, having preserved the mother, might also shelter the daughter.

I hastened to put on the dress of an Amazon, in which I was accustomed to accompany my brothers upon hunting expeditions. My horse was brought out; my father gave me his own pistols. Our last interview was not a long one: the Russians were approaching.

All night long, and during the whole of the next day, we kept along the banks of a tributary to the Vistula, and got twenty leagues from my ancestral home. This took us beyond the reach of the enemy. By the falling rays of the sun we had seen the snowy summits of the Carpathians. By the end of the next day we reached the outlying ranges of this great mountain barrier, and the day following entered into its rugged passes.

The scenery was magnificent—rocks, and wood, and water, in every kind of wild contrast. Ten days passed by without accident. We could already perceive the summit of Mount Pion, which lifts its head above all the surrounding family of giants, and on whose southern slope is the monastery of Sahasten. Three days more, and we were there. It was near the end of July: the day had been extremely hot, and we had just begun to enjoy the cool breeze of evening, when the sound of a gun was suddenly heard, and our guide, who was a little in advance, fell dead. At the same moment a loud shout was heard, and about thirty bandits showed themselves from among the rocks. Every one seized his arms; they were old soldiers that accompanied me, and they soon returned the fire of the brigands, while I set the example of endeavoring to force our way to a plain beyond. But this movement had been anticipated. While the bandits kept up annoying us on our flank, our further progress was soon disputed in front by a young man, who awaited us at the head of a

dozen mounted followers. All these men were covered with sheep-skins, and wore great round hats like Hungarians. As to their leader, he was scarcely twenty-two years of age, of a pallid complexion, with large black eyes, and his hair fell in locks on his shoulders. He wore a Moldavian habit trimmed with fur, and fastened to the waist by a sash of silk and gold. A curved sabre glittered in his hand, and four pistols sparkled in his waistband. The bandits on foot kept up a continual fire with their long Turkish muskets; and as, the moment they had discharged their pieces, they threw themselves on the ground, they avoided the shots that were given in return.

One after the other, two-thirds of my defenders had fallen. Four that remained grouped themselves around me, resolved to die rather than forsake me. The young chief pointed expressively with his sabre to this little group, and in a moment a dozen muskets were directed toward us. At that instant another young man rushed down from among the rocks, shouting out in a loud tone of voice, "Enough!" This arrival of unlooked-for help had more effect upon me than the combat. I fainted away.

When I came to myself, I found that I was lying on the grass, supported in the arms of the young man who had come to my assistance, whilst before me stood, his arms crossed over his chest, the young chief who had led the attack.

"Kostaki," said he who supported me, in good French, "you must withdraw your men, and leave this young woman to my care."

"Brother! brother!" answered the one to whom these words were addressed, and who appeared with difficulty to restrain himself, "brother, do not try my patience too far. I leave you the castle: leave me the forest. In the castle you are all-powerful, but here I am the master."

"Kostaki, I am the eldest; that is, I am master everywhere. I am of the blood of the Brancovans as well as yourself—royal blood, and am accustomed to command. This young woman shall not go to the cavern; she shall be conveyed to the castle, and given in charge of my mother."

"Well, Grégoriska," replied the other, "let it be so, but she shall not the less be mine. I find her pretty, and I won her by conquest."

Upon this the young man who supported me placed my head on a stone, and rose up to speak in Moldavian to the bandits. He was about twenty-four years of age, tall, handsome, with expressive blue eyes and long light hair, indicating his Slavonian origin. But at the same moment Kostaki took me up in his arms, and calling for a horse, placed me upon it, and then vaulted into the saddle. But Grégoriska was as quick as he; and seizing the horse of one of the bandits, he hurried along without saying a word by the side of his brother.

It was a singular sight to see these two young men galloping along side by side without uttering a word, through woods, and amid rocks, and by frightful precipices. Nor was our perilous course stopped till I found myself in the court-yard of a Moldavian castle of the fourteenth century. The

servants hastened forward on seeing the two young men arrive thus in charge of a female; and Grégoriska spoke in Moldavian to two of the women, who showed me the way to an apartment. This apartment, naked as it was, was in keeping with everything else in the castle. A large divan, covered with green baize, served as a seat in the daytime, as a bed at night; as to curtains, either for the bed or for the windows, there were none. I had not been long in the room before my trunks were brought to me. Soon afterward some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," I said in French.

"Ah, madame," said Grégoriska, as he entered, "I am glad to hear you speak French."

"I also, sir, am happy in understanding that language, since it enabled me to appreciate your generous conduct toward me."

"Thank you, madame. How could I do otherwise than be interested in a lady placed in such a situation? Might I inquire by what accident a lady of quality like yourself should thus be found in the midst of our mountains?"

The Polish lady related her history in a few words; and in return for her confidence, Grégoriska narrated that of his family.

"My mother," he said, "was the last princess of the house of Brankovan. She had wedded first Serban Voivode, whose son I am, and with whom I traveled throughout Europe. During our absence my mother had guilty relations with a Count Giordaki Koproli—half Greek, half Moldavian, and a chief of partisans; so we call in the mountains," added Grégoriska, smiling, "the gentry with whom you had to do in the pass. My father dying, left my mother free to wed the count; this was after the birth of Kostaki, the child of adultery, whose passions are his only law, and who knows nothing sacred in this world save his mother. The count did not dwell long in this castle, having been killed, it is said, by some of my father's followers. And at his death I returned to the home of my ancestors—for I loved my mother, notwithstanding her faults; and, as eldest, I was made master; but the indomitable creature you saw yields to me but a nominal obedience, and it was on that account I came to warn you to keep your room for a time, and not to attempt to leave the castle. Within, I will defend you with my life: once outside, I cannot answer for anything."

"Cannot I get, then, to the convent of Sahasten?"

"You would never be allowed to get there. Wait here a time. You shall be introduced to my mother, who is good and generous in her disposition, and a princess by birth—that is saying everything. She will defend you from the brutal passions of Kostaki, and you can then await events in safety."

After thus advising with me, Grégoriska led the way to the dining-room, where I was introduced to and kindly received by the Princess Brankovan. The princess was dressed in a semi-oriental costume of great splendor, and by her side was Kostaki, in the brilliant costume of a Magyar noble. Each took his place at dinner,

Gregoriska seating himself next to me. He had also put on the dress of a noble Magyar, and from his neck hung the splendid nichan of Sultan Mahmoud. The repast was gloomy enough; Kostaki did not address his captive once, although his brother spoke to me several times in French—a language understood by both, but not by the princess. On retiring to my room at night I found a note upon the table; it was to the effect that I might sleep in tranquillity, and it was signed "Gregoriska."

From this time henceforth I was fairly established in the castle, with both brothers in love with me. Kostaki had openly avowed his love; had declared to me that I should be his and no one else's; and that he would kill me before I should belong to another. The princess seconded the younger son, and was, if possible, more jealous of Gregoriska than Kostaki himself. Gregoriska on his side said nothing, but paid me a thousand little attentions. Before three months had elapsed, Kostaki had told me a hundred times that he loved me; and I hated him. Gregoriska had not spoken a word of love; yet I felt that whenever he asked me, I was his.

One night, after I had retired to my room, I heard some one knock gently. I asked who was there.

"Gregoriska," was the answer.

"What do you want?" I inquired, shaking from head to foot.

"If you have faith in my honor, open the door; I wish to speak to you."

I admitted the young man, but trembled so that he led me to a chair. Taking my hand in his, "I love you," he said; "do you love me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"If you love me, then, you will follow me. We have no safety but in flight."

"I will follow you anywhere."

"Listen, then," he said. "I have sold lands, and herds, and villages, to the monastery of Hango, so that I can support you in comfort, if not in affluence. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, horses will be in readiness a hundred paces from the castle. I will be here again at the same hour, and we will fly together."

Saying this, Gregoriska pressed me to his heart, and bade me farewell. I could not sleep for thinking of my hoped-for escape. Day came: I went down to breakfast. Kostaki appeared to me to be even more gloomy and more morose than usual. Gregoriska ordered his horse after breakfast, and said he would not return till evening. Kostaki did not appear to take much notice of his brother's departure, but about seven o'clock, as it was growing dark, I saw him cross the court and go to the stables. I was anxious, and watched him. He soon came out with his favorite horse saddled, and mounting, he issued forth from the castle, and I saw that he took the road of the monastery of Hango. Then my heart shrank within me; I knew that he was going out to meet his brother.

I remained at the window till the darkness of night prevented me distinguishing one object from another. I then went down-stairs, convinced that

the first news of either of the brothers would come to me there. The princess was then giving her orders for supper as usual; nothing in her countenance betrayed that anything extraordinary was going on. As to me, I shuddered at every noise. A few minutes before nine, the usual supper-hour, I heard a horse gallop into the yard. I knew that only one rider would return, but which was it to be?

I heard steps in the antechamber, the door opened, and Gregoriska walked in calm and quiet, but his face pale as death.

"Is it you, Gregoriska?" said the princess mother. "Where is your brother?"

"Mother," Gregoriska replied, with a calm voice, "my brother and I did not go out together."

At the same moment, a loud noise was heard in the court, and a valet rushed into the saloon, exclaiming,

"Princess, Count Kostaki's horse has just come into the castle without rider, and covered with blood!"

"Oh!" muttered the princess; "it was thus that his father's horse also came in one night!" and, with a resolute, threatening look, she took up a light and descended into the court-yard. Looking at the saddle, she saw a large stain of blood on the pommel. "I expected it," she said; "Kostaki has been killed face to face—in a duel, or by one assailant."

She then gave orders for the attendants to go out by the gate of Hango, and search for the body. As if convinced that the search would not be long, she remained in the court. Gregoriska stood near her; I, by Gregoriska. Soon the torches which we had watched disappearing in the distance were seen again; but this time they were grouped around a common centre. Ten minutes more, and by their light we could distinguish a litter, and on it a body. The heart-broken mother said nothing, but motioned that the corpse should be borne into the hall.

The attendants being dismissed, there remained the princess, Gregoriska, and myself alone with the corpse. The princess had turned the gory hair from off the dead man's brow, and contemplated it for some time in silence, and without shedding a tear. Then opening his dress, she looked at the wound.

"It has been inflicted by a double-edged sword," she remarked. Then asking for some water, she dipped her handkerchief in it, and washed the wound. A stream of clear and fresh blood gurgled forth!

"Gregoriska!" she said, turning round to her son, "I know that you and Kostaki did not love one another; but you were children of the same mother. Now, Gregoriska, you must swear that the murderer of your brother shall die—that you will never cease to pursue him until death, or the curse of your mother rest upon you!"

"I swear," said Gregoriska, stretching out his hand over the corpse, "that the murderer shall die!"

At this strange oath, the bearing of which I and the dead man could alone comprehend, a strange prodigy took place. The corpse opened

its eyes, and fixed them upon me with a gaze more earnest than when alive. I felt them like a ray of fire penetrating to my heart; and, unable to bear the trial any longer, I fainted.

When I came to myself, I was in my own room. Three days and three nights I remained there, buried in painful thought. Flight was no longer necessary; Kostaki was dead: but marriage was also out of the question. Could I wed the fratricide? The third day they brought me a widow's mourning. It was the day of the funeral, and I went down-stairs. The princess met me in the hall. She appeared like a statue of grief. When she embraced me she said, as she used to say before Kostaki's death,

"Kostaki loves you."

I cannot describe the effect these words had upon me. This protestation of love made in the present instead of the past tense—this profession of affection coming from the tomb—terrified me so, that I leant against a door for support. The princess, seeing that I was so much afflicted, would not allow me to join the procession. I was led back to my own apartment.

We were now in the month of November. The days were short and cold. By five o'clock it was already night. The night of the funeral, overwhelmed by conflicting emotions, and terrified by the strange incidents that had taken place, I was more melancholy than usual. It was a quarter to nine, the hour at which Kostaki, four days previously, had been so mysteriously deprived of life by my lover; and I was pondering on the circumstance, when I suddenly experienced an extraordinary feeling: a cold, icy shudder pervaded my whole frame, my mind felt stupefied, and I involuntarily fell back on my bed. At the same time I was not so completely deprived of my senses as not to hear the door open, and the step of some one approaching me. Beyond that I heard or saw nothing: I only felt a sharp pain in my throat. I then fell into a complete state of lethargy, from which I did not awake till the morning. When I attempted to rise I was surprised at the weakness that I felt, and at the same time I felt a slight pain in my neck. I looked in the glass, but nothing was visible save a slight mark, like that of a prick of a needle. All day I remained listless and uneasy. I felt no wish to leave my room, or indeed to put myself to the slightest inconvenience. To this feeling of extreme debility was superadded the sentiment of some unknown horror.

The next night, at the same hour, I experienced the same strange sensations. I wished to rise up and call for assistance, but I had not the power. I felt the pain at the same point: that pain was followed by the same insensibility, only I awoke the next day more feeble even than the day before, and the unearthly pallor of my countenance filled me with strange terrors.

The next day Gregoriska came to see me. He uttered a cry of surprise.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "What makes you so pale? That pallor is not natural!"

"If I was to tell you, Gregoriska," I answered, "you would think I had lost my senses."

"No! no!" replied the young man; "you are here in a family that resembles no other family. Tell me everything, I beg of you."

I accordingly related to him the strange feelings by which I was overcome every night at the period when Kostaki fell, the noise I heard of approaching footsteps, and the sharp pain I experienced in my neck, followed by total prostration. When I had finished my narrative, which Gregoriska listened to with a profound and melancholy interest, he asked to look at the wound. Having done so, he said—

"You must not be terrified when I remind you of a tradition that exists in your own country, as well as in ours."

I shuddered, for the tradition presented itself at once to my mind.

"You mean vampires," I said. "I have heard of them in my childhood. I saw forty persons disinterred from a neighboring village, among whom seventeen exhibited signs of vampirism—that is to say, they were found in a fresh and rosy condition; the rest were the victims."

"And what did they do," asked Gregoriska, "to deliver the country of them?"

"A stake was stuck through the chest of each."

"And so it is with us," muttered Gregoriska; and after a hurried farewell he repaired at once to the monastery of Hango, where he communicated to a worthy monk, Father Basile, in whom he had every confidence, the dangerous position in which I was placed. It was accordingly agreed, with the consent of the superior of the monastery, that a party of monks should proceed at once, armed with pickaxes and holy water, to disinter the body of Kostaki. Gregoriska in the mean time kept me company, to prevent another attack. Leaning upon his arm, it seemed to me that the mere contact with his noble heart infused new blood and new life into me. I felt certain of triumphing over my mysterious enemy.

A little after dusk Father Basile came to us, to say that the body had been disinterred, and had been found as fresh as when first put under ground. The bad spirit had, however, been exorcised, but not until he had been fairly dispatched in the domicile he had taken up within the deceased count's body.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this, the vampire no longer persecuted the young Polish maiden, but she gradually regained her strength and youthful bloom. Gregoriska having explained the circumstances of the fatal night, upon which Kostaki, having unfortunately become suspicious of his intentions, went out to slay him, but himself fell a victim to his treachery, she could no longer see an act of fratricide in one of mere self-defence; nor did she longer refuse her hand to her noble protector, but by the death of the princess mother soon afterward became sole mistress of the castle of the Brankovans, where herself and her husband labored not ineffectually in intro-

ducing civilization, a happier and more pleasing aspect, and especially a higher tone of morality.

The notion of a vampire is not, as is imagined by many, a mere romancer's dream. It is a superstition which to this day survives in the east of Europe, where little more than a century ago it was frightfully prevalent. At that period vampirism spread like a pestilence through Servia and Wallachia, causing numerous deaths, and disturbing all the land with fear of the mysterious visitation, against which no one felt himself secure.

The Polish maiden in Dumas's story makes allusion to the disinterment of a number of vampires in one single village. As this is probably the most extraordinary case of vampirism on record, we shall transfer an account of it to our pages from Dr. Herbert Mayo's newly-published work, previously quoted.

In the spring of 1727 there returned from the Levant to the village of Meduegna, near Belgrade, one Arnod Paole, who, in a few years of military service and varied adventure, had amassed enough to purchase a cottage and an acre or two of land in his native place, where, he gave out, he meant to pass the remainder of his days. He kept his word. Arnod had yet scarcely reached the prime of manhood; and though he must have encountered the rough as well as the smooth of life, and mingled with many a wild and reckless companion, yet his naturally good disposition and honest principles had preserved him unscathed in the scenes he had passed through. At all events, such were the thoughts expressed by his neighbors, as they discussed his return and settlement among them in the Stube of the village Hof. Nor did the frank and open countenance of Arnod, his obliging habits, and steady conduct, argue their judgment incorrect. Nevertheless, there was something occasionally noticeable in his ways, a look and tone, that betrayed inward disquiet. Often would he refuse to join his friends, or on some sudden plea abruptly quit their society. And he still more unaccountably, and as it seemed systematically, avoided meeting his pretty neighbor Nina, whose father occupied the next tenement to his own. At the age of seventeen, Nina was as charming a picture as you could have seen, of youth, cheerfulness, innocence, and confidence, in all the world. You could not look into her limpid eyes, which steadily returned your gaze, without seeing to the bottom of the pure and transparent spring of her thoughts. Why, then, did Arnod shrink from meeting her? He was young, had a little property, had health and industry, and he had told his friends he had formed no ties in other lands. Why, then, did he avoid the fascination of the pretty Nina, who seemed a being made to chase from any brow the clouds of gathering care? But he did so. Yet less and less resolutely, for he felt the charm of her pres-

ence. Who could have done otherwise? and how could he long resist—he didn't—the impulse of his fondness for the innocent girl, who often sought to cheer his fits of depression?

And they were to be united; were betrothed; yet still an anxious gloom would fitfully overcast his countenance, even in the sunshine of those hours.

"What is it, dear Arnod, that makes you sad? It cannot be on my account, I know, for you were sad before you ever noticed me; and that, I think," and you should have seen the deepening rose upon her cheeks, "surely first made me notice you."

"Nina," he answered, "I have done, I fear, a great wrong, in trying to gain your affections. Nina, I have a fixed impression that I shall not live;—yet, knowing this, I have selfishly made my existence necessary to your happiness."

"How strangely you talk, dear Arnod! Who in the village is stronger and healthier than you? You feared no danger when you were a soldier: what danger do you fear as a villager of Meduegna?"

"It haunts me, Nina."

"But, Arnod, you were sad before you thought of me; did you then fear to die?"

"Ah, Nina, it is something worse than death." And his vigorous frame shook with agony.

"Arnod, I conjure you, tell me."

"It was in Cossova this fate befell me—here you have hitherto escaped the terrible scourge. But there they died, and the dead visited the living. I experienced the first frightful visitation, and I fled; but not till I had sought his grave, and exacted the dread expiation from the vampire."

Nina's blood ran cold. She stood horror-stricken. But her young heart soon mastered her first despair. With a touching voice she spoke:—

"Fear not, dear Arnod, fear not now. I will be your shield—or I will die with you."

And she encircled his neck with her gentle arms; and returning hope shone, Iris-like, amid her falling tears. Afterward they found a reasonable ground for banishing or allaying their apprehensions, in the length of time which had elapsed since Arnod left Cossova, during which no fearful visitant had again approached him; and they fondly trusted that gave them security.

It is a strange world. The ills we fear are commonly not those which overwhelm us. The blows that reach us are for the most part unforeseen. One day, about a week after this conversation, Arnod missed his footing when on the top of a loaded hay-wagon, and fell from it to the ground. He was picked up insensible and carried home, where, after lingering a short time, he died; his interment, as usual, followed immediately. His fate was sad and premature; but what pencil could paint Nina's grief?

Twenty or thirty days after his decease, says the perfectly authenticated report of these transactions, several of the neighborhood complained that they were haunted by the deceased Arnod;

and what was more to the purpose, four of them died. The evil looked at skeptically was bad enough; but aggravated by the suggestions of superstition, it spread a panic through the whole district. To allay the popular terror, and if possible to get at the root of the evil, a determination was come to publicly to disinter the body of Arnod, with a view of ascertaining whether he really was a vampire; and in that event of treating him conformably. The day fixed for this proceeding was the fortieth after his burial.

It was on a gray morning in early August that the commission visited the quiet cemetery of Meduegna, which, surrounded with a wall of unhewn stone, lies sheltered by the mountain, that, rising in undulating green slopes irregularly planted with fruit trees, ends in an abrupt craggy ridge feathered with underwood. The graves were for the most part neatly kept, with borders of box or something like it, and flowers between; and at the head of most, a small wooden cross, painted black, bearing the name of the tenant. Here and there a stone had been raised; one of considerable height, a single narrow slab, ornamented with grotesque gothic carvings, dominated over the rest. Near this lay the grave of Arnod Paole, toward which the party moved. The work of throwing out the earth was begun by the gray crooked old sexton, who lived in the Leichenhouse beyond the great crucifix; he seemed unconcerned enough; no vampire would think of extracting a supper out of him. Nearest the grave stood two military surgeons, or feldscheers, from Belgrade, and a drummer-boy, who held their case of instruments. The boy looked on with keen interest; and when the coffin was exposed, and rather roughly drawn out of the grave, his pale face and bright, intent eye showed how the scene moved him. The sexton lifted the lid of the coffin; the body had become inclined to one side; when turning it straight, "Ha! ha!" said he, pointing to fresh blood upon the lips. "Ha! ha! what, your mouth not wiped since last night's work?" The spectators shuddered—the drummer-boy sank forward fainting, and upset the instrument-case, scattering its contents; the senior surgeon, infected with the horror of the scene, repressed a hasty exclamation, and simply crossed himself. They threw water on the drummer-boy and he recovered, but would not leave the spot. Then they inspected the body of Arnod. It looked as if it had not been dead a day. On handling it the scarfskin came off, but below were *new skin and new nails!* How could they have come there, but from its foul feeding? The case was clear enough; there lay before them the thing they dreaded—the vampire. So without more ado they simply drove a stake through poor Arnod's chest; whereupon a quantity of blood gushed forth, and the corpse uttered an audible groan. "Murder! oh, murder!" shrieked the drummer-boy, as he rushed wildly with convulsed gestures from the cemetery.

The drummer-boy was not far from the mark. But quitting the romancing vein, which had led me to try and restore the original colors of the picture, let me confine myself, in describing the rest

of the scene and what followed, to the words of my authority.

The body of Arnod was then burnt to ashes, which were returned to the grave. The authorities farther had staked and burnt the bodies of the four others, which were supposed to have been infected by Arnod; no mention is made of the state in which they were found. The adoption of these decisive measures failed, however, of entirely extinguishing the evil, which continued still to hang about the village. About five years afterward it had again become very rife, and many died through it. Whereupon the authorities determined to make another and a complete clearance of the vampires in the cemetery; and with that object they had again all the graves, to which present suspicion attached, opened, and their contents officially anatomized; of which procedure the following is the medical report, here and there *abridged only* :—

1. A woman of the name of Stana, twenty years of age, who had died three months before of a three days' illness following her confinement. She had before her death avowed that she had *anointed* herself with the blood of a vampire, to liberate herself from his persecution. Nevertheless, she, as well as her infant, whose body, through careless interment, had been half eaten by the dogs, both had died. Her body was entirely free from decomposition. On opening it, the chest was found full of recently-effused blood, and the bowels had exactly the appearances of sound health. The skin and nails of her hands and feet were loose and came off, but underneath lay new skin and nails.

2. A woman of the name of Miliza, who had died at the end of a three months' illness. The body had been buried ninety and odd days. In the chest was liquid blood. The viscera were as in the former instance. The body was declared by a *heyduk*, who recognized it, to be in better condition and fatter than it had been in the woman's legitimate lifetime.

3. The body of a child eight years old, that had likewise been buried ninety days; it was in the vampire condition.

4. The son of a *heyduk* named Milloc, sixteen years old. The body had lain in the grave nine weeks. He had died after three days' indisposition, and was in the condition of a vampire.

5. Joachim, likewise son of a *heyduk*, seventeen years old. He had died after three days' illness; had been buried eight weeks and some days; was found in the vampire state.

6. A woman of the name of Rusha, who had died of an illness of ten days' duration, and had been six weeks buried, in whom likewise fresh blood was found in the chest.

(The reader will understand, that to *see* blood in the chest, it is first necessary to *cut* the chest open.)

7. The body of a girl ten years of age, who had died two months before. It was likewise in the vampire state, perfectly undecomposed, with blood in the chest.

8. The body of the wife of one Hadnuck, buried seven weeks before; and that of her infant

eight weeks old, buried only twenty-one days. They were both in a state of decomposition, though buried in the same ground, and closely adjoining the others.

9. A servant, by name Rhade, twenty-three years of age; he had died after an illness of three months' duration, and the body had been buried five weeks. It was in a state of decomposition.

10. The body of the heyduk Stanco, sixty years of age, who had died six weeks previously. There was much blood and other fluid in the chest and abdomen, and the body was in the vampire condition.

11. Millac, a heyduk, twenty-five years old. The body had been in the earth six weeks. It was perfectly in the vampire condition.

12. Stanjoika, the wife of a heyduk, twenty years old; but died after an illness of three days, and had been buried eighteen. The countenance was florid. There was blood in the chest and in the heart. The viscera were perfectly sound: the skin remarkably fresh.

The document which gives the above particulars is signed by three regimental surgeons, and formally countersigned by a lieutenant-colonel, and sub-lieutenant. It bears the date of June 7, 1732, Meduegna, near Belgrade. No doubt can be entertained of its authenticity, or of its general fidelity; the less that it does not stand alone, but is supported by a mass of evidence to the same effect. It appears to establish beyond question, that where the fear of vampirism prevails, and there occur several deaths in the popular belief connected with it, the bodies, when disinterred weeks after burial, present the appearance of corpses from which life has only recently departed.

What inference shall we draw from this fact?—that vampirism is true in the popular sense; and that these fresh-looking and well-conditioned corpses had some mysterious source of preternatural nourishment? That would be to adopt, not to solve the superstition. Let us content ourselves with a notion not so monstrous, but still startling enough—That the bodies which were found in the so-called vampire state, instead of being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been for some time subsequently to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them. In the following sketch of a similar scene to that above described, the correctness of this inference comes out with terrific force.

Erasmus Francisci, in his remarks upon the description of the Dukedom of Krain by Valvasor, speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of Kring, who died, was buried, and became a vampire, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him.

"When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a color, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ, who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood."

But this is not all; there still remains the vampire-visit to be explained. The vampire-visit! Well, it is clear the vampire could not have left his grave bodily; or at all events, if he could, he never could have buried himself again. Yet there they always found him. If the body could not have been the visitant, then, in popular language, it was the ghost of the vampire that haunted its victim.

"There are two ways," Dr. Mayo remarks, "of dealing with this knot; one is to cut it, the other to untie it."

It may be cut, by denying the supposed connection between the vampire-visit and the super-vention of death-trance in the second party. Nor is the explanation thus obtained devoid of plausibility. There is no reason why death-trance should not in certain seasons and places be epidemic. Then the persons most liable to it would be those of weak and irritable nervous systems. Again, a first effect of the epidemic might be, further, to shake the nerves of weaker subjects. These are exactly the persons who are likely to be infected with imaginary terrors, and to dream, or even to fancy, they have seen Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one, the last victims of the epidemic. The dream or impression upon the senses might again recur, and the sickening patient have already talked of it to his neighbors, before he himself was seized with death-trance. On this supposition the vampire-visit would sink into the subordinate rank of a mere premonitory symptom.

To myself, I must confess, this explanation, the best I am yet in a position to offer, appears barren and jejune; and not at all to do justice to the force and frequency, or, as tradition represents the matter, the universality of the vampire-visit as a precursor of the victim's fate. Imagine how strong must have been the conviction of the reality of the apparition, how common a feature it must have been, to have led to the laying down of the unnatural and repulsive process customarily followed at the vampire's grave, as the regular and proper and only preventive of ulterior consequences.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

LAST DAYS OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

THE wide-spread popularity of Macaulay's History of England has awakened attention and curiosity to some of the unexplained points with which all history abounds. Perhaps the most striking passage in the book is the account of the battle of Sedgemoor; the last, happily, which polluted the soil of England. Connected with it and the miserable flight of Monmouth, two or three interesting circumstances have come to light since the publication of Mr. Macaulay's volumes, which we think it will be interesting to notify.

The readers of the first volume need hardly be reminded how picturesque and clear his description has been rendered by the trouble the author took in personally going over the moor, and collecting from it and the neighboring town of Bridgewater a store of the local traditions which still float about the district. It will be remembered that on the fatal Monday morning (July 6, 1685), after the five or six thousand colliers and ploughmen which composed the rebel army of the Duke of Monmouth had fought against James II.'s battalions of regular cavalry and infantry for a couple of hours—enveloped in a dense marsh fog—the routed rustics came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater utterly broken. "The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favored the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbors who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given."

It was perhaps unfortunate for Monmouth and the leading Whigs that they had not sought protection from such generous Jacobites, instead of flying across the country as the duke did, with Lord Grey, Buyse, and a few other friends, making such good speed toward the Bristol Channel, that although

the party commenced their flight at four in the morning, their stout horses had put twenty miles behind them by six. They then mounted fresh ones, changed their course, and pushed on for Hampshire, in the hope that the cabins of the deer-stealers of the New Forest might for a time afford security. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages; but on Cranbourne Chase, in Dorsetshire, the strength of their steeds failed, and they turned them loose, hiding the saddles and bridles. Here they disguised themselves as peasants, and proceeded on foot toward the New Forest.

Thus far Macaulay; but since his account was published, some persons interested in the minute illustrations of these events have notified the precise spots at which these little incidents occurred. The horses were, it seems, dismissed near a well-known roadside inn, a few miles south-west of Salisbury, on the road to Blandford, called "Wood-yates Inn." It would seem that Monmouth had changed once again his determination, and was making the best of his way to the Hants coast, either to Christ Church or to Bournemouth, "where he expected to find a vessel," says the Earl of Shaftesbury, the present owner of the estate on which the duke was ultimately captured.* He and his companions passed the night in the open air, and when morning dawned, they found by certain indications—even around the remote spot where they had been concealed—that their enemy's scouts encompassed them on

* This, and some of the subsequent information we shall presently adduce, was elicited in an exceedingly useful weekly publication which has been recently established in London, called "Notes and Queries, a Medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, &c." In this instance Mr. John Bruce, the antiquary, put in one number of the work certain "queries," which were promptly answered from the best possible authority—the nobleman on whose ground the Duke of Monmouth was taken. This single example shows the utility of "Notes and Queries."

all sides. In fact, Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction; while Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. Still, the wretched fugitives tried to pursue their way, but with the precaution of occasionally separating. We now once more take up Macaulay:—

“At five in the morning of the 7th, Grey was seized by two of Lumley’s scouts. . . . It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley, and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the peas, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man; others were overgrown by fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share in the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded; the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the search could be completed; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge; but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then separated, and concealed themselves in different hiding-places.

“At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire; but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner’s dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely gray, was of several days’ growth. He trembled great-

ly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this was the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw peas, gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles II. had decorated his favorite son.”

All who love particular localities for their historical associations, must have regretted the vague description here given of the place in which the rash but unfortunate duke was arrested. A knowledge of such spots fixes the events enacted on them in the mind, and gives them a vivid and enduring interest. Even when the charms which time throws over remarkable circumstances are absent, particular places are cherished and eagerly visited; and pilgrimages are made to the landing-place of royalty, the scene of a recent crime, or the death-place of a great character, merely from the associations they call up. What would the Nether Bow in Edinburgh be but for John Knox’s house? and would St. Leonard’s, under Salisbury Crags, be half so much visited as it is but for the cottage which fiction has made classical by the bare supposition that it was the residence of Jeanie Deans? It is, therefore, doing good service to rescue scenes of even minor historical interest from obscurity. This, then, has been done in reference to the exact spot on which the Duke of Monmouth fell into the hands of the emissaries of his uncle. It is correctly but too generally described by Mr. Macaulay, as “separated by an enclosure from the open country.” The enclosure, in fact, lies in the parish of Woodlands, Dorsetshire, and being a kind of oasis in a small desert called Shag’s Heath, has always had the name of “The Island.” At the north-eastern extremity of this enclosure the duke was found, on the 8th July, 1685, crouching in a ditch under an ash-tree. The field, of which the ditch is a boundary, has ever since been called “Monmouth Close.” Lord Shaftesbury gives some account of it:—“The whole of Woodlands now belongs to me. The greater part of it was bought by my late brother soon after he came of age. I knew nothing of Monmouth Close till the year 1787. When I was shooting on Horton Heath, the gamekeeper advised me to try for game in the enclosures called Shag’s Heath, and took me to see Monmouth Close and the famous ash-tree there. I then

anxiously inquired of the inhabitants of the neighboring houses respecting the traditions concerning Monmouth Close and the celebrated ash-tree, and what I then learnt I have printed for the information of any person who may visit that spot.*

We subjoin his lordship's interesting memorandum:—

"The small enclosure which has been known by the name of Monmouth Close ever since the capture of the Duke of Monmouth there in July, 1685, is one of a cluster of small enclosures, five in number, which stood in the middle of Shag's Heath, and were called 'The Island.' They are in the parish of Woodlands.

"The tradition of the neighborhood is this: namely, that after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, he rode, accompanied by Lord Grey, to Woodyates, where they quitted their horses; and the duke having changed clothes with a peasant, endeavored to make his way across the country to Christ Church. Being closely pursued, he made for The Island, and concealed himself in a ditch which was overgrown with fern and underwood. When his pursuers came up, an old woman gave information of his being in the Island, and of her having seen him filling his pocket with peas. The Island was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighboring cots. As they were going away, one of them espied the skirt of the duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery. The duke, when taken, was quite exhausted with fatigue and hunger, having had no food since the battle but the peas which he had gathered in the field. The ash-tree is still standing under which the duke was apprehended, and is marked with the initials of many of his friends who afterward visited the spot.

"The family of the woman who betrayed him were ever after holden in the greatest detestation, and are said to have fallen into decay, and to have never thriven afterward. The house where she lived, which overlooked the spot, has since fallen down. It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could be made to inhabit it.

"The duke was carried before Anthony Etterick, Esq., of Holt, a justice of the peace, who ordered him to London.

"His gold snuff-box was afterward found

in the pea-field, full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uvedaile, of Horton. One of the finders had £15 for half the contents or value of it.

"Being asked what he would do if set at liberty, the duke answered that if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army, and he defied them all to take him again."

Thus much of the localities: we have now to describe the recent discovery of one of the cherished articles found on the duke's person at the time of his arrest.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the above facts, an interesting relic of them was brought to light at a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Dr. Anster exhibited a manuscript volume of 157 pages, which he declared to be the identical "album filled with songs, recipes, prayers, and charms," found in Monmouth's pocket when seized. It was purchased at a book-stall in Paris in 1827, by an Irish divinity student, was given by him to a priest in the county of Kerry, and on the priest's death, became the property of the present possessor. Respecting its identity and history, from its removal from the rebel duke's pocket down to its production at the Royal Irish Academy, Dr. Anster showed that after Monmouth was beheaded—which he was on Tower Hill, by the too-celebrated John Ketch, on the 15th July, 1685—the articles found on his person were given to the king. At James's deposition, three years afterward, all his manuscripts, including those that had belonged to Monmouth, were carried into France, where they remained till the Revolution in that country a century afterward. Dr. Anster, in exhibiting the book, showed that the remains of silver clasps had been destroyed, and a part of the leather of the covers at each side was torn away, seemingly for the purpose of removing some name on a coat of arms with which it had been once marked; and this he accounted for by the belief that at the period of the French Revolution the persons in whose custody they were, being fearful of the suspicions likely to arise from their possession of books with royal arms on them, tore off the covers, and sent the books to St. Omer's. The after-fate of the larger books was, that they were burned; some small ones, we are distinctly told, were saved from this fate, but seem to have been disregarded, and all trace of them lost. The Abbé Waters—a collateral descendant of Lucy Waters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother—was the person with whom

* Notes and Queries, No. 6.

George IV. negotiated for the Stuart papers, and from whom the volumes which have since appeared as "Clarke's Life of James the Second" were obtained; and it is from the Abbé Waters we have the account of the destruction of King James's autograph papers. Dr. Anster showed, written on the inner cover of this volume, the words, "Baron Watiers" or "Watrers."

As to the identity of the book, Dr. Anster quoted several passages from contemporary authors to test their account of the contents of the "album" with those of the book he was describing. In the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. vi. p. 323, it is stated in Sir John Heresby's memoirs, that "out of his [Monmouth's] pocket were taken books, in his own handwriting, containing charms or spells to open the doors of a prison, to obviate the danger of being wounded in battle, together with songs and prayers." Barillon describes the book in what is nearly a translation of this—"Il y avoit des secrets de magie et d'enchantment, avec des chansons des recettes pour des maladies et des prières." Again, in a note by Lord Dartmouth to the modern editions of "Burnett's Own Times," we have the following statement:—"My uncle, Colonel William Legge, who went in the coach with him [Monmouth] to London as a guard, with orders to stab him if there were any disorders on the road, showed me several charms that were tied about him when he was taken, and his table-book, which was full of astrological figures that nobody could understand; but he told my uncle that they had been given to him some years before in Scotland, and he now found they were but foolish conceits."

The actual contents of the manuscript volume show a great resemblance to these descriptions. The most curious passages which it contains are the duke's memorandums of his journeys on two visits to the Prince of Orange, in the year previous to his last rash adventure. His movements up to the 14th of March, 1684-85, are given. The entries do not seem to be of much moment; but they may accidentally confirm or disprove some disputed points of history. There is an entry without a date, describing the stages of a journey in England, commencing with London and Hampstead: it ends with Toddington. This forms a strong link in the chain of identity; for Toddington is a place remarkable in the history of the duke. Near it was the residence of Lady Henrietta Maria Wentworth, baroness (in her own right) of Nettlestead, only daughter and heir of Tho-

mas Lord Wentworth, grandchild and heir of the Earl of Cleveland. Five years before the duke's execution, her mother observed that, despite the duke being a married man, her daughter had, while at court, attracted his admiration, and she hurried her away to Toddington. In 1683, after the failure of the Rye-House Plot, Monmouth was banished from the royal presence, and it was to Toddington he retired. When, on retracting the confession which he had made on the occasion, he was banished the kingdom, the companion of his exile was Lady Henrietta Wentworth. "I dwell on this," said Dr. Anster, "because the accidental mention of Toddington seems to authenticate the book: the name of Lady Henrietta Wentworth does not occur in it, and the persons in whose hands the book has been since it was purchased in Paris do not seem to have noticed the name of Toddington, or to have known that it had any peculiar relation to the duke's history. It occurs twice in the book—once in the itinerary, and again in a trifling and unmetrical song which is probably the duke's own composition; written probably on the eve of his flight with his romantic but guilty companion to Holland:—

'With joy we leave thee,
False world, and do forgive
All thy false treachery,
For now we'll happy live.
We'll to our bowers,
And there spend our hours;
Happy there we'll be,
We no strifes can see;
No quarreling for crowns,
Nor fear the great one's frowns;
Nor slavery of state,
Nor changes in our fate.
From plots this place is free,
There we'll ever be;
We'll sit and bless our stars
That from the noise of wars
Did this glorious place give
(Or did us Toddington give)
That thus we happy live.'

In Macaulay's history we find that the latest act of the duke on the scaffold, before submitting to the stroke of the executioner, was to call his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick-case, the last token of ill-starred love. "Give it," he said, "to that person!" After the description of Monmouth's burial occurs the following affecting passage:—"Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington in Bedfordshire witnessed a yet sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept

of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestead. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest; her name, carved by the hand of him she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park."

In further proof of identity, Dr. Anster pointed out several charms and recipes which the manuscript volume contains. The conjurations are in general for the purpose of learning the results of sickness in any particular case, and of determining whether friends will be in certain circumstances faithful. There are also incantations for the use of several maladies, and one to make gray hair grow black. No "charms against being wounded in battle," such as Sir John Heresby mentions, are to be found in the volume; but

there are some prayers against violent death, which have the appearance of having been transcribed from some devotional book. There is evidently a mistake in supposing that this book contains any charm for breaking open prison doors, and it is likely that Sir John Heresby was misled in this way:—There is in page 7 a charm in French to procure repose of body and mind, and deliverance from pains; and the word for "pains" is written in a contracted form; it might as well stand for prisons; but examining the context, it is plainly the former word which is meant.

The rest of the entries consist of extracts from old recipe-books, mixed in the oddest way with abridgments of English history, and the most trifling memorandums, chiefly of a private and personal kind. Altogether, this commonplace work is highly indicative of the weakness, vanity, and superstition which stood forward so prominently in the character of the rash but unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AIR SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

War' ich die Luft um die Flügel zu schlagen.

WERE I the breeze that the birds' wings move,
Or could I chase the clouds as they rove,
Over the mountain peaks to speed—
That were a life indeed!

The pines to rock and the oaks to shake,
Farther and farther my flight to take;
A soul to the whispering shades to give—
That were indeed to live!

The slumberer Echo to vex and wake,
To startle the nymphs by stream and brake,
To hover above the quivering mead—
That were to live indeed!

To win by caresses the smile of the rose,
To fan the young bud of the pink as it glows,
Gently the veil of the lily remove—
That were a life of love!

To rustle and sigh in the robe of the bride,
To curl the long locks that her charms would hide,
To take, as a due, the fragrance they give—
That were a life to live!

Myrrh and all perfumes as off'rings to bear,
—Oh, what delight in that odorous air!—
A breath to the flame of the altar to give,
That were indeed to live!

To shake the thick branches with treasure that swell,
And to bend the full ear of the corn-stalk as well,
In the lap of the vine the rich clusters to kiss—
Oh, what a life were this!

To sound forth the early *reveillé* of morn,
To waken the roe, and the flowers on the lawn,
And at evening the dreams of Creation to twine—
Oh, what a life were mine!

When noon in its ardor may burningly glow,
To plunge in the cool wave that freshens below,
In a soft passing show'r the faint fields to revive—
That were indeed to live!

The doors, closely fastened, at length to uncloze,
And draw from its cell the soft breath of the rose,
To the song of the poet her sweetness to give,
That were indeed to live!

From the British Quarterly Review.

GILFILLAN'S LITERARY PORTRAITS.

A Second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. 8vo., pp. 429. Hogg, Edinburgh: Groombridge, London, 1850.

THE author of this volume subscribes himself plain "George Gilfillan." It is no secret, however, that he is something of a pluralist, being at once a portrait-painter and a divine. But he does not suffer in our estimation from this fact. Indeed, it would be grateful to us to see a larger number, not only of "Secession" ministers in Scotland, but of Christian ministers everywhere, combining, in this manner, the man of the community with the man of the pulpit. There is a sense, and a momentous one, in which the guides of the church should be guides to the world; and it is not easy to see how they should become equal to the full breadth of their function, except as they learn to regard whatever concerns man as a matter in which it behoves themselves to be concerned. The Christian, it is said, is the highest style of man; and on the same grounds, the instruction of the pulpit should be viewed as the highest style of instruction. Christianity is not intended to subdue, but to consecrate our manhood. So the office of the Christian instructor is not intended to limit the range of a man's intelligence and culture, but rather to give to it a higher tone and a nobler purpose. For obvious reasons, we feel a special interest in the religious authorship of laymen, and in the religious teaching of devout and gifted laymen in any form; and for reasons no less obvious, we are pleased when we see the Christian minister giving proof that his special studies and avocations have not prevented his becoming all that men in general are, with his Christianity and his particular acquisitions and aptitudes to boot. But judging from the feeling and opinion sometimes indicated on this subject, we should suppose that the man who becomes a Christian minister, thereby consents to relinquish his manhood, and to be henceforth classed among women. It will not be well with Christian-

ity in the world until this sickly prejudice shall have come to an end—until the ministers of religion are felt to be in their place, not only as expounding the formal doctrines of their creed, but as extending their influence, in as far as their more immediate duties may permit, to whatever may contribute to ameliorate the condition of humanity, and to advance its highest culture.

The author of the volume before us, whether he has ever expressed himself to this effect in words or not, is evidently a man who thinks and feels after this manner. He has shown himself to be as much a student of the world as of the church. He is not to be cribbed in to the ordinary routine of his priesthood, nor to the narrow limits of a sect. He must be allowed to find his proper country in the great commonwealth of mind—his large church in the brotherhood of man. Scotsman though he be, it is plain he has no more thought of regarding Christianity as the possession of one church, than of regarding natural virtue as the possession of one nation. In common with all men who are not enslaved to a wretched ecclesiastical conventionalism, he may see his own idea of Christianity more nearly realized in his particular church than elsewhere, but he is, we doubt not, prepared to tell you, that he does not see it perfectly realized anywhere, apart from those Scriptures whence he has derived it, and from that heaven where all is perfect. The Apollo and the Venus of old Greece came not from nature as she is, but from nature as she might be. The parts are in nature, but their combination and the reality—the life breathed into the whole, these came from the genius of the artist. Too much thus is it with an object of much higher beauty—with our ideal Christianity. We find traces of the religion of the cross in all churches, even in the most corrupt, but its completeness, as a living reality, in no

church. Men will give the impress of themselves,—of their own dear selves—to whatever they touch of the divine, and thus the brightness is obscured, the image is distorted.

Of course, the man who shall break away from the straightness of his sect only so far as our author has done, must lay his account with being judged, in certain very sage connections, as not a little eccentric, and hardly sound. But such men are content to leave the shibboleth people to their own paradise. Honor to all such men, say we!—the men who know how to do battle for their party, when the fitting occasion comes, and who are prepared to maintain a no less stubborn fight for what is of man, than for what is of their sect. It has been well and truly said, that the man who begins by loving his church more than truth, is a man likely to end in loving himself more than either.

But our business now is to see how our reverend friend has acquitted himself in dealing with themes which some very decorous persons may regard as rather beyond his province. The men whose portraits are given in this "second gallery" are the following:—John Milton, Lord Byron, George Crabbe, John Foster, Thomas Hood, Thomas Macaulay, Dr. George Croly, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Dawson, Alfred Tennyson, Professor Nichol, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Shelley, William Cobbett, James Montgomery, Sidney Smith, William Anderson, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Moore, Isaac Taylor, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Phillip James Bailey, and John Stirling. The preacher needs be a bold man, who commits himself to discoursing, in the presence of the wide world, on subjects such as these. But there is no sin in boldness, if it be only coupled with discretion; and it will be seen presently, that in the case of our author, these good yokefellows go very fairly together. Not that his discretion is infallible, nor that the logical faculty is very conspicuous in him—his strength does not lie there. His cast of mind, indeed, if we except his spirit of thorough self-reliance, has a strong oriental tendency, such as we might have expected to find near the Jordan, rather than on the banks of the Tay. His truth comes to him by meditation and insight, more than by breadth of research, or patience in reasoning. He believes, because the objects of his creed are *seen* as realities, are *felt* as truths. And he gives you his truth precisely as he gets it. It comes before you as pearls, which have succession, but which have been strung together you scarcely know how.

Nevertheless, though neither cause nor sequence may be readily perceptible, you feel that truth after truth, as it passes, presents clearness and beauty as if by its own light. This, it will be remembered, is very much the manner of the sacred writers. Paul is almost the only exception. He could reason out his theme, subordinating everything to its scientific development, as in the Epistle to the Romans; and it seems to have been designed by Providence that his genius should serve, in this manner, to bridge over the space between the mind of the east and west, imparting to a doctrine which had been hitherto local, a fitness for universality. But, in general, the inspired writers give their instruction in brief and isolated forms, or with a thread of connection which is rarely continuous. It is in the proverb, in the weighty saying, in the touch of pathos, and in the power of sentiment which gives a meaning, a poetry, and a personality to all things visible, that we find the chief characteristics of the sacred writers, characteristics resulting evidently from the peculiarities of race and of condition.

Now it is very much thus with Mr. Gilfillan. He abounds in the beauties and in the faults of this Asiatic manner. This is especially observable when he touches on the subject of religion. The severity of analysis which he brings to bear on human genius and on its products, has no counterpart in his manner when religion is the object contemplated. Religion he is prepared to receive in its great outline, in its broad and awful generalities. Here, his reverence of the manifestly holy is such as to teach him to confide in the logic of the heart, more than in that of the understanding. The microscopic faculty may have its uses elsewhere, but not here; and the habit of exacting a reason may be good in its place, but not in this place. In short, the man who is not content to be religious by means of truths which are clear as the light, and stable as the hills, will never be religious. Such would seem to be our author's manner of viewing religion, and there are minds to which it may be well adapted; but we suspect, that among the people of these western regions, and especially among those who live so far north as our author, there are many who must have something more certain and settled for their understanding to rest upon, if their emotional nature is to be brought into play. Mr. Gilfillan promises us a volume on "the Bards of the Bible." To no living writer could such a theme be more congenial; but we fear that

such an occupation may tend rather to stimulate than to discipline a natural tendency toward an oriental exuberance and gorgeousness.

The best work of our author is, we think, still to come, and still somewhat distant. But he will live and die the man of a happy temperament. He has an eye to discern the great and the beautiful wherever presented to him, a heart which responds, as by instinct, to all such appearances, and an imagination which readily brings the lights of contrast or resemblance to every topic, often diffusing over the whole the pomp of a court equipage in old Babylon, or beyond the Indus. All his thoughts speedily become pictures. It is as pictures, not as abstractions, that he remembers them. His ideas no sooner become his, than they pass—not in the sense intended by the schoolmen—into “sensible species.” Such is the vividness of his fancy, that his qualities of things become, not only visibilities, but personalities; as when he describes Macaulay’s paradoxes as being “so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved,” that you not only see them, but hear them speak, and witness the good reception given them in the circle to which they are introduced. The Bible does not need the graver’s art to make it “pictorial,” and the same may be said of the writings of Mr. Gilfillan. But his happy temperament does not consist in his power to see, or in his power to feel, so much as in the joyous freedom with which he can give utterance to it all. No man could play the critic so largely and so openly upon other and living men, who was not himself singularly free from the fear of criticism. This measure of self-confidence may be judged by some unfavorably; but, on the other hand, readers are pleased to find that in their author they have to do with a transparent man,—a man who wins their candor by giving them proof that he confides in it. John Foster would have pondered for a week over the use of figures which Mr. Gilfillan sometimes sends to the press within an hour. It will not be supposed, therefore, that his metaphors and illustrations are so nicely adjusted as those of our great essayist. Sometimes, indeed, they are grotesquely bad, as, when he tells us that his friend, William Anderson, “loves to stand by the burning bedsteads of Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Burns, and Byron, and to interpret the wild Babel of their confused blasphemies and piercing lamentations, forming out of the vague clamors the treble, tenor, counter, and bass of the music of hell;” or, as when he informs us that Em-

erson has broken away from the restraints of the pulpit, that he might “stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity.” But, more frequently, his touches and similitudes have in them much of the felicity of genius; as, when he compares poor Burns, in the drunkenness and foul-mouthed blasphemies of his latter days, to a ship on fire, whose sides you dare not approach because her guns are going off! No doubt, with a little more caution, the worst of Mr. Gilfillan’s figures might be made much more respectable; but then we fear lest the man should become lost in his respectabilities, his force being so manifestly dependent on his freedom. In Professor Wilson, our critics do not complain of the mixture of grave criticisms with frequent bursts of gayety and frolic, but the manner in which our author avails himself of this freedom will not, we fear, meet with the same tolerance. At present, with all kindness be it spoken, we feel obliged to think of Mr. Gilfillan as a powerful artist somewhat in the rough. His mind is teeming with the elements of great things. His portraits are not so much finished pictures, as masterly sketches preparatory to something still to be done. You read paper after paper with the feeling that you have before you the jottings which are to be wrought up ere long into something brilliant and powerful. You are in a studio, with separate figures and groups of high promise all about you; you have to wait, however, to see these with their last touches, and with the advantage of place and relation in the intended picture. There is a compass and severity of taste, which knows how to extrude superfluous ornament, and how to subordinate the parts of a picture to the whole, on a great principle of unity; but it must be admitted that a taste of this order is not at present the strong feature in Mr. Gilfillan’s writings. In some of his papers we have been pleased to see what has seemed to indicate a sense of this deficiency, and an effort to make way in this direction. Both in science and art, it is necessary to the highest form of power that a man should see the end from the beginning, and should know how to determine the first step, and each successive step, in its relation to the last, so that your feeling as you reach the last is—now that is done. There is great beauty, and great power, too, in this matter of unity. In every sermon, argument, oration, poem, or work of art, this principle should have place—place so as to be *felt*, if not *seen*. Every step should be progress, and the progress should be that of a power growing on and on

until it becomes resistless. We remember that in our younger days, we once ventured to speak before John Foster in praise of a certain book—*Drew on the Soul*—as a work of some point. "O, yes," was the gruff reply, "plenty of point—it is all point; but it has no *great* point." The saying, we hope, was not lost upon us.

But we are free to say that, to us, it is very pleasant to read Mr. Gilfillan. His very faults, on which some minor critics show themselves so large, are often faults which the said critics could not commit. There is a freshness and naturalness in what he does that we enjoy exceedingly. Every page has thought worth looking after; and through the whole there are the signs of penetration, acuteness, and general mental power of a high order. He is bold in the avowal of his Christianity, but somewhat more lenient at times in his judgment concerning the deadly antagonism to that system evinced by some of his philosophical friends than we feel ourselves at liberty to be. On the whole, however, we know of no book in our modern literature which we should more readily put into the hands of intelligent youth than the volume before us. Its pulse is healthy and noble. It is evidently the feeling of the author that the next blessed thing to possessing genius, is to be possessed of the power that can appreciate it, that can discern the elements of which it is composed, and show the processes by which it works. His enthusiasm loses nothing from this scrutiny—it is the food, rather, on which it lives and grows. The good anatomist is involved in the good sculptor. To the initiated, the processes of genius are hardly less interesting than its results. To be admitted into its secrets is a high privilege; to be allowed to look on as it performs its miracles—miracles which are to fill the unborn with amazement, is next in enjoyment to being ourselves parties to such achievements. Nor is the pleasure small which the critic finds, as he is able, from his calmer point of view, to distinguish between weakness and strength in these "sons of the morning," and able to assign to each his relative place in the great gallery of Time. Our author knows what this means. The following passages from the paper on Milton will enable the reader in some degree to test the justness of our strictures:

"Milton has uttered more than one noble complaint over his completed blindness. We could conceive him to have penned an expostulation to the advancing shadow, equally sublime and

equally vain, for it was God's pleasure that this great spirit should, like himself, dwell for a season in thick darkness. And scarcely had the last glimmer of light been extinguished, than as if the coming calamities had been stayed and spell-bound hitherto by the calm look of the magician, in one torrent they came upon his head; but although it was a Niagara that fell, it fell like Niagara upon a rock. In an evil hour, as it seemed for the time at least, for Britain, for Milton, for the progress of the human race, the restored Charles arrived. The consequences were disastrous to Milton. His name proscribed, his books burned, himself obliged to abscond, and it was what some would call a miracle that this blinded Samson was not led forth to give his enemies sport, at the place of common execution, and that the most godlike head in the world did not roll off from the bloody block."

—p. 9.

"It is with a certain severe satisfaction that we contemplate the death of a man like Milton. We feel that tears and lamentations are here unbecoming, and would mar the solemn sweetness of the scene. With serenity, nay, joy, we witness this majestic man-child caught up to God and his throne—soaring away from the many shadows which surrounded him on earth into that bright element of eternity, in which he seemed already naturalized. Who seeks to weep, as he sees the river, rich with the spoils of its long wandering, and become a broad mirror for the heavens, at length sinking in the bosom of the deep? Were we permitted to behold a star re-absorbed into its source, melted down in God, would it not generate a delight, graver, indeed, but as real, as had we stood by its creation? And although there were no shouting, as on its natal morn, might there not be silence, the silence of joyous wonder among the sons of God? Thus died Milton, the prince of modern men, accepting death as gently and silently as the sky receives into its arms the waning moon. We are reminded of a description in 'Hyperion,' of the death of Goethe: 'His majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm like a god, the old man sat, and, with a smile, seemed to bid farewell to the light of day on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which has just dropped from his dying fingers. "Open the shutters and let in more light," were his last words. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air, and as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man was gone.'"

—p. 12.

"'Samson Agonistes' is perhaps the least poetical, but certainly by no means the least characteristic of his works. In style and imagery it is bare as a skeleton, but you see it to be the skeleton of a Samson. It is the purest piece of *literary sculpture* in any language. It stands before you like a statue, bloodless and blind. There can be no doubt that Milton chose Samson as a subject, from the resemblance in their destinies. Samson, like himself, was made blind in the cause of his country; and through him, as through a new channel, does Milton pour out his

old complaint, but more here in anger than in sorrow. It had required—as the Nile has seven mouths—so many vents to a grief so great and absolute as his. Consolation Samson has little, save in the prospect of vengeance, for the prospect of the resurrection-body had not fully dawned on his soul. He is, in fact, a hard and Hebrew shape of Milton. Indeed, the poem might have been written by one who had been born blind, from its sparing imagery. He seems to spurn that bright and flowery world which has been shut against him, and to create with his darkened tabernacle a scenery and a companionship of his own, distinct as the scenery and companionship of dreams. It is, consequently, a naked and gloomy poem; and as its hero triumphs in death, so it seems to fall upon and crush its reader into prostrate wonder, rather than to create warm and willing admiration. You believe it to be a powerful poem, and you tremble as you believe.

"What a contrast in 'Comus!' The growth and bloom rather than the work of his youth! It bears the relation to the other works of Milton that 'Romeo and Juliet' does to the other works of Shakspeare. We can conceive it the effluence of his first love. He here lets his genius run riot with him—'in the colors of the rainbow live, and play i' the plighted clouds.' It is rather a dream than a drama—such a dream as might have been passing across the fine features of the young Milton, as he lay asleep in Italy. It is an exercise of fancy more than of imagination. And if our readers wish us, ere going further, to distinguish fancy from imagination, we would do so briefly as follows:—They are not, we maintain, essentially different, but the same power under different aspects, attitudes, and circumstances. Have they ever contemplated the fire at eventide? Then they must have noticed how the flame, after warming and completely impregnating the fuel, breaks out above it into various fantastic freaks, motions, and figures, as if, having performed its work, it were disposed to play and luxuriate a little, if not for its own delectation, for the amusement of the spectator. Behold in the evening experiences of the fire the entire history of the mind of genius. There is first the germ or spark, or living principle called thought, or intuition, or inspiration. That fiery particle coming into contact with a theme, a story, with the facts of history, or the abstractions of intellect, begins to assimilate them to itself, to influence them with its own heat, or to brighten them into its own light. That is the imaginative, or shall we call it the transfiguring process, by which dead matter is changed into quick flame—by which an old fabulous Scottish chronicle becomes the tragedy of 'Macbeth'—or by which some lascivious tale in an Italian novel is changed into the world-famous and terribly true story of 'Othello, the Moor of Venice.' But after this is done, does the imaginative power always stop here? No; in the mere exuberance of its strength—in the wantonness of its triumph—it will often, like the fire on the hearth, throw out gushes of superfluous but beautiful flame, in the words, images, 'quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles'—and thus and here we find that glorious

excrescence and luxury, which we call fancy. Fancy is that crown of rays round the sun which is seen in the valley of Chamouni, but not on the summit of Mont Blanc, where a stern and stripped stillness proclaims collected and severe power. It is the dancing spray of the waterfall, not the calm uncrested voluminous might of the river; or it may be compared to those blossoms on the apple-tree, which that tree pours forth in the exuberance of its spring vigor, but which never produces fruit. Imagination is the war-horse pawing for the battle—Fancy the war-horse curvetting and neighing on the mead. From such notions of imagination and fancy, there follow, we think, the following conclusions:—first, that true fancy is rather an excess of a power than a power itself. Secondly, that it is generally youthful, and ready to vanish away with the energy and excitement of youth. Thirdly, that it is incident to, though not inseparable from, the highest genius—abounding in Milton, Shakspeare, and Shelley—not to be found, however, in Homer, Dante, or Wordsworth. Fourthly, that the want of it generally arises from severity of purpose, comparative coldness of temperament, or the acquired prevalence of self-control; and fifthly, that a counterfeit of it exists, chiefly to be known by this, that its images are not representative of great or true thoughts; that they are not original; and that, therefore, their profusion rather augurs a mechanical power of memory than a native excess of imagination. In 'Comus' we find imagination, and imagination with a high purpose; but more than in any of Milton's works do we find this imagination at play, reminding us of a man whose day's work is done, and who spends his remaining strength in some light and lawful game. Our highest praise of 'Comus' is, that when remembering and repeating its lines we have sometimes paused to consider whether they were or were not Shakspeare's. They have all his mingled sweetness and strength, his careless grace or grandeur, his beauty as unconscious of itself as we could conceive a fair woman in some world where there was not even a river or lake, or drop of water to mirror her charms. In this poem, to apply his own language, we have the 'stripling cherub,' all bloom and grace, and liveliness; in the 'Paradise Lost,' we have the 'giant angel,' the emblem of power and valor, and whose very beauty is grave and terrible like his strength."—p. 22.

"Life, with him, was neither on the one hand an earnest single-eyed effort, nor was it, could it be, a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die, but did not sufficiently, if at all, feel that it was as serious a thing to live. He would not struggle; he must shine; but could not be content with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, 'like the Cyclops—mad with blindness, he turned at bay against society, man, and his Maker. And hence, amid all that he has said to the world—and said so eloquently, and said so mournfully, and said amid such wide and silent, and profound attention—he has told it little save his own sad story.'"—p. 45.

Our readers will have seen in this passage something of that acuteness, power, and exuberance of which we have spoken—and something of the want of that finer feeling which prescribes where to stop.

Take the following, also, on Byron, not much heeding the one or two Scotticisms we have been wicked enough to put in italics.

"We would first ask *at* Byron the simple question, 'What do you mean?' A simple question, truly, but significant as well, and not always very easy to answer. It is always, however, our duty to ask it; and we have in general a right, surely, to expect a reply. If a man come and make us a speech, we are entitled to understand his language, as well as to see his object. If a man administer to us a reproof, or salute us with a sudden blow, we have a double right to turn round, and ask, 'Why?' Nay, if a man come professing to utter an oracular *deliverance*, even in this case we expect some glimmer of definite meaning and object; and if glimmer there be none, we are justified in concluding that neither has there been any oracle. 'Oracles speak'—oracles should also shine. Now, in Byron's case, we have a man coming forward to utter speeches, to administer reproofs, to smite the public on both cheeks—in the attitude of an accuser, impeaching man—of a blasphemer, attacking God—of a prophet, expressing himself, moreover, with the clearness and the certainty of profound and dogmatic conviction: and we have thus more than a threefold right to inquire, 'What is your drift—what would you have us to believe, or what to do?' Now here, precisely, we think, is Byron's fatal defect. He has no such clear, distinct, and overpowering object, as were worthy of securing, or as has secured, the complete concentration of his splendid powers. His object!—what is it? Not to preach the duty of universal despair, or to inculcate the propriety of an act of universal simultaneous suicide; else, why did he not, in the first place, set the example himself, and from 'Leucadia's rock' or Etna's crater, precipitate himself, as a signal for the species to follow? And why, in the second place, did he profess such trust in schemes of political amelioration, and die in the act of leading on a revolutionary war? Not to teach, nor yet to impugn, any system of religion; for if one thing be more certain about him than another, it is that he had no settled convictions on such subjects at all, and was only beginning to entertain a desire toward forming them, when the 'great teacher,' death, arrived. Nor was his purpose merely to display his own powers and passions in imposing aspects. Much of this desire, indeed, mingled with his ambition, but he was not altogether a vain attitudinizer. There is sterling truth in his taste and style of writing—there is sincerity in his anguish—and his little pieces, particularly, are the mere wringings of his heart. Who can doubt that his brow, the index of the soul, darkened as he wrote that fearful curse, the burden of which is 'forgiveness?'

VOL. XX. NO. I.

The paper on which was written his farewell to Lady Byron is still extant, and it is all blurred and blotted with his tears. His poem entitled 'The Dream,' is as sincere as if it had been penned in blood. And was he not sincere in sleep, when he ground his teeth to pieces in gnashing them? But his sincerity was not of that profound, constant, and consistent kind, which deserves the stronger name of earnestness. It did not answer to the best description in poetry of the progress of such a spirit, which goes on—

'Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont.'

It was a sincerity such as the falsest and most hollow of men must express when stung to the quick; for hath not he, as well as a Jew, 'eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, and hurt by the same weapons? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, does he not revenge?' Purpose, therefore, in its genuine simplicity, and deep, quiet, sincerity, was *awanting* in Byron's character. And this greatly accounts for the wreck which he became, and for that misery—a misery which was wonderful, passing the woe of man—which sat down upon his spirit. Many accounts have been given of his grief. Macaulay says that he was a spoiled child. Shelley declares—

'The thought that he was greater than his kind,
Had struck, methought, his eagle spirit blind,
By gazing at its own exceeding light.'

But, in plain prose and English, it lay in his union of intensity of power, with the want of intensity of purpose."—pp. 43-45.

The following, also, is too good to be omitted:—

"The relations in which a man stands to his age are, perhaps, three-fold. He is either before it or behind it, or exactly on a level with it. He is either its forerunner, or he is dragged as a captive at its chariot wheels; or he walks calmly, and step for step, along with it. We behold in Milton the man before his age—not, indeed, in point of moral grandeur or mental power—for, remember, his age was the age of the Puritans. The age of Hampden, Selden, Home, Vane, and of Cromwell, who was a greater writer than Milton himself—only it was with the sword he wrote—and whose deeds were quite commensurate with Milton's words. But in point of liberality of sentiment and width of view, the poet strode entire centuries. We see in Southey the man behind his age, who, indeed, in his youth, took a rash and rapid race in advance, but returned like a beaten dog, cowed, abashed, with downcast head and tail between his legs, and remained for

the rest of his life aloof from the great movements of society. We behold in Brougham one whom once the age was proud to claim as its child and champion, the express image of its bustling, versatile, and onward character, and of whom we still, at least, say, with a sigh—he might have been the man of his time. In which of these relations, is it asked, did Byron stand to his age? We are forced to answer—in none of them. He was not before his age in anything—in opinion or in feeling. He was not in all or many things disgracefully behind it, nor did he move with equal and measured step in its procession. He stood to the age in a most awkward and uncertain attitude. He sneered at its advancement, and he lent money, and ultimately lost his life, in attempting to promote it. He spoke with uniform contempt, and imitated with as uniform emulation, the masterpieces of its literature. He abused Wordsworth in public, and in private, ‘rolled him as a sweet morsel under his tongue;’ or rather, if you believe himself, took him as a drastic dose to purify his bilious and unhappy nature, by the strongest contrasted element he could find. He often reviled and ridiculed revealed religion, and yet read the Bible more faithfully and statedly than most professed Christians—made up in superstition what he wanted in faith—had a devout horror at beginning his poems, undertaking his journeys, or paring his nails on a Friday—and had he lived, would probably have ended, like his own *Giaour*, as ‘Brother Byron,’ with hair shirt and iron-spiked girdle, in some Achaian or Armenian convent. He habitually trampled on, and seems to have really despised the opinion of the public; and yet, on some points, he felt it so keenly, that, says Ebenezer Elliot, ‘he would have gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him.’ And although, when the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ sought to crush him like a worm, he rose from the heel a fiery flying dragon, yet, to the assaults of the meaner creatures of the press, he was pensive all over, and allowed minikin arrows, which were beneath his laughter, to rouse his rage. Absurd and ludicrous the spectacle of this Laocoon, covered from head to foot by these snakes of supernal vengeance, yet bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking at the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant had thrust into his foot. In one respect we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest, but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies; his voice was the deep, vague moan of the world’s dream; his writhing anguish the last struggle of its troubled slumber; it has since awaked, or is awakening, and ‘as a dream when one awakeneth,’ it is despising, too much despising, his image. He stood high, yet helpless, between the old and the new, and all the helpless and the hopeless rallied round to constitute him first magistrate over a city of flames—supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm. In one thing he was certainly a prophet—namely, a prophet of evil. As misery was the secret sting of all his inspiration, it be-

came the invariable matter of all his song. In some of his poems you have misery contemplating; in others, misery weeping aloud; in others, misery revolving and reproducing the past; in others, misery bursting the confines of the world, as if in search of a wider hell than that in which it felt itself environed; in others, misery stopping to turn and rend its real or imaginary foes; and in others, misery breaking out into hollow, hopeless, and heartless laughter. (What a terrible thing is the *laugh* of the unhappy! It is the very echo to the seat where sorrow is throned.) But in all you have misery; and whether he returns the old thunder in a voice of kindred power and majesty, or sings an evening song with the grasshopper at his feet—smiles the smile of bitterness, or sheds the burning tears of anger—his voice still speaks of desolation, mourning, and woe; the vocabulary of grief labors under the demands of this melancholy genius; and never, never more till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with a more authentic and profound expounder of the wretchedness of man. And as such we deem him to have done good service: first, because he who approaches toward the bottom of human woe, proves that it is not altogether bottomless, however deep; because, if human grief spring from human greatness, in unveiling the grief he is illustrating the grandeur of man; and because the writings of Byron have saved us, in this country, what in France has been so pernicious, ‘the literature of desperation;’ they are a literature of desperation among themselves; they condense into one volume what in France has been diluted throughout many, and, consequently, our country has drained off at one gulp, and survived the experiment, the poison which our neighbors have been sipping for years to their deadly harm.”

From these portraiture we pass to a third possessing scarcely a trace in common with them—a portraiture which presents neither power, nor depth, nor feeling, nor earnestness, but in which there are the signs of a shrewd imitativeness, of a fluent cleverness, which have been sufficient, in these disjointed times, to give to their owner place and conspicuousness. We refer to the person who has been variously described as the Rev. George Dawson, A.M., as George Dawson, Esq., and, in his own chosen phrase, as a “Gentleman teacher of Religion.” It is in the following terms that Mr. Gilfillan introduces this gentleman to our notice:—

“For some time it might have been advertised in the newspapers—‘Wanted, an interpreter for Sartor Resartus.’ Without the inducement of any such advertisement, but as a volunteer, has Mr. George Dawson stepped forward, and has now for two years been plying his profession with much energy and very considerable success.

“It were not praise, it were not even flattery, it were simply insult and irony, to speak of Mr.

Dawson in any other light than as a clever, a very clever, translator, or, if he will, interpreter, of a greater translator and interpreter than himself. In all the lectures we have either heard or read of, his every thought and shade of thought was Carlyle's. The matter of the feast was, first course, Carlyle; second, ditto; dessert, ditto; *toujours*, Carlyle: the dishes, dressing, and sauce only, were his own. Nor do we at all quarrel with him for this. Since the public are so highly satisfied, and since Carlyle himself is making no complaint, and instituting no hue and cry, it is all very well."

"To call this gentleman a cockney Carlyle, a transcendental bagman, were to be too severe; to call him a combination of Cobbett and Carlyle were to be too complimentary. But while there is much in the matter which reminds you of Carlyle, as the reflection reminds you of the reality, there is much in his style and manner which recalls William Cobbett. Could we conceive Cobbett, by any possibility, forswearing his own nature, converted to Germanism, and proclaiming it in his own way, we should have had George Dawson anticipated and forestalled. The Saxon style, the homely illustrations, the conversational air, the frequent appeals to common sense, the broad Anglicanisms, and the perfect self-possession, are common to both; with some important differences, indeed, since Dawson is much terser and pointed—since his humor is dry, not rich, and since he is, as to substance, rather an echo than a native though rude voice.

"To such qualities as we have now indirectly enumerated, we are to attribute the sway he has acquired over popular, and especially over English audiences. They are not, while hearing him, called profoundly either to think or to feel. They are not painfully reminded that they have not read. Enthusiastic appeal never warms their blood. A noble self-contempt and forgetfulness is never inculcated. Of reverence for the ancient, the past, the mysterious, there is little or none. They are never excited, even to any fervor of destructive zeal. A strong, somewhat rough, voice is heard, pouring out an even, calm, yet swift torrent of mingled paradoxes and truisms, smart epigrammatic sentences, short, cold, hurrying sarcasms, deliberate vulgarisms of expression, quotations from 'Sartor Resartus' and Scripture, and from no other book—never growing and never diminishing in interest—never suggesting an end as near, nor reminding us of a beginning as past—every one eager to listen, but no one sorry when it is done; the purpose of the whole being to shake, we think too much, respect for formulas, creeds, and constituted authorities—to inculcate, we think too strongly, a sense of independence and individualism—and to give to the future, we think, an undue preponderance over the past."—pp. 197-199.

But our purpose in calling the reader's attention to the subject of this sketch is indicated in the following passage:

"So far as Dawson is a faithful renderer or doer

into English of Thomas Carlyle's sentiments, we have, we repeat, no quarrel with him. But in some points we dislike his mode of expounding and illustrating these, or if he be in all things an accurate expounder of his principal, why, then, we must just venture to question his principal's infallibility. Mr. Dawson, for instance, sets himself with all his might to inculcate the uselessness of the clergy as teachers of truth, and the superiority of the lecturing class or prophets, as he modestly calls them. Samuel, he told us, was a much greater personage than the priests of his day. We do not, in all points, 'stand up for our order.' We are far from thinking that the clergy, as a whole, are awake to the necessities of the age, or fully alive to its tendencies. We know that Dr. Tholuck, when in this country, was grieved at the want of learning he found in some of our greatest men, and especially at their ignorance of the state of matters in Germany. We know that he advised two eminent doctors of different denominations to read Strauss's 'Life of Christ'; and that while one of them declined in very strong language, the other, Dr. Chalmers (how like him!), said, 'Well, I will read it, Dr. Tholuck; *is't a big book?*' Strauss, of course, he recommended, not from sympathy with his theory, but because his book is as necessary to be read now by defenders of Christianity as was Gibbon's 'History' fifty years ago. But while granting much to Mr. Dawson, we are far from granting all. Ministers do not profess to be prophets, except in so far as they are *declarers* of the divine will, as exhibited in the Scriptures, or as they may be endowed with that deep vision of truth and beauty which is now, by courtesy, called prophetic light. But who are prophets, pray, in any other sense? Who can now pretend to stand to ministers in the relation in which that Samuel, who had in his youth been awakened by the voice of God, and who in his manhood had, by his call, aroused the slumbering thunder, and darkened the heavens by the waving of his hand, stood to the priesthood of Israel? Not, surely, George Dawson, A.M., nor yet Thomas Carlyle—no, nor Fichte and Goethe themselves. Alas! may we not now, all of us, take up the complaint of the psalmist?—

'Our signs we do not now behold,
There is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
That knows the time how long.'

"It is as it was at the close of Saul's guilty and inglorious reign, when God refused to answer by dreams, by Urim, or by prophets; and when, in defect of the true vision, he went to consult with wizards and *quack salvers*. We are, indeed, rather more favored, and have still among us wise and gifted men; but if we would find prophets, in the highest sense of the word, we must just go back and sit at the feet of those awful bards of Israel—those legislators of the future—whose words are full of eyes, and the depth of whose insight communicates with the omniscience of God. As poets, as seers, as teachers, as truthful and earnest men, not to speak merely of their august

supernatural pretensions, they still tower, unsurmounted and unapproached, the Himalayan mountains of mankind.

"It is easy for a popular lecturer, primed and ready with his three or his six polished and labored efforts, to sneer at the ministers of Jesus. But it is not so easy for one of this now calumniated class to keep up for years a succession of effective appeals to the conscience and to the heart in season and out of season, through good report and through bad report. And it is not particularly kind or graceful in a gentleman who must have experienced the peculiar difficulties of the order to which he still belongs to turn again and rend them; enjoying as he does even yet some of the immunities of the class, it is mean in him to shirk its responsibilities, and, meaner still, to long to try to shake its credit in the estimation of his countrymen.

"He draws a distinction, to be sure, between a preacher and a man preaching—a distinction as obvious nearly as that between a fiddling man and a man fiddling, a barking puppy and a puppy barking. He is not a preaching man, but a man preaching. What a miserable quibble! Who means by a preacher anything else than a man who has voluntarily assumed the task of declaring the truth of God to his fellows? Does one necessarily cease to be a man in becoming a preacher? Or does one necessarily become a man by ceasing to be, or wishing to be thought that he has ceased to be a preacher? Nay, verily. In fact, a considerable share of Mr. Dawson's popularity with a certain class, at least, springs from the preacher-air and the preacher-phrases which still cling to his delivery and style. He is little else than a clever lecturer, made out of the elements or ruins of a second-rate preacher."—p. 204.

Yes, this is the talk now too common among us, employed for the purpose of superseding nearly the whole of the apparatus of means by which religious instruction is perpetuated among our people. The too frequent defectiveness of the religious teacher, and the too common want of a deep tone of spiritual feeling among professed Christians, are greatly exaggerated; and, in place of attempting to amend what is imperfect, the sage conclusion is, that our present ministry, as an order, should become extinct, and that our present church usages should be consigned for the most part to the same fate. Lecturers are praised as being much more expert in their vocation than preachers, and philosophical deists as being much more spiritually minded than evangelical believers! But it has been in our way to be able to compare these two classes of teachers, and, as the result, we feel that we have the right to affirm that the stimulus of the lecture-room has produced but a sorry supply of able instructors, compared with what has been called forth by the much-abused sys-

tem of our churches and chapels. For one lecturer in connection with our popular institutions who can command an auditory, you find a score that few will listen to: and for one deist possessing any apparent religious feeling, you may find as large a number who are known profligates, or who, at best, make no pretensions to anything religious. Far be it from us to deal otherwise than considerately and kindly with doubts that bear the stamp of sincerity; but equally far from us be the shallow and sycophant talk which teaches every empty stripling to believe that his reasons for being an infidel are far more weighty than ever found their way into the brain of Bacon or Locke, of Hall or Chalmers. We fear that this maggot-bred semi-skepticism has experienced too much fostering at the hands of Mr. Dawson.

We once heard this gentleman lecture. It was on Bailey's "Festus;" and had the sable personage himself, who fills so large a space in that poem, taken upon him for the evening the function of a "gentleman teacher of religion," the teaching could hardly have been more in accordance with his wishes. We had the lecturer's usual fluency—his best things and his worst, dropped with the same ease as if from his finger ends—the same hits at opinions deemed sacred by men possessing much wiser and older heads than his own—the same caricatures of customs accounted by the more virtuous portion of the community discreet and wholesome, the same everlasting negationism, demolishing everything and constructing nothing, and the same recurrent peals of laughter from the auditory. On leaving we felt disposed to ask the question—to what does all this amount, and what is the impression likely to have been made by it? We must confess that the answer returned filled us with sorrow as regarded the people who had listened, and with some other feelings besides sorrow as regarded the man who had been discoursing to them. The moral of the whole was, not simply that good often comes out of evil, but that evil is the natural parent of good, and needs be great where the highest form of goodness is to become great. Common-place minds never become chargeable with strong aberrations from received opinions or common usage, simply because they are not capable of the strong in anything. But with nearly all minds that rise above mediocrity, there is a sort of apprenticeship to evil which precedes the attainment of the good. Thus some two hundred young men, most of them but very slenderly educated,

are sent home with the lesson, that the best promise of their rising to something considerable in the years to come, would be found in the skill with which they should be seen to play the infidel and the profligate through the years immediately before them. We do not say that Mr. Dawson *intended* to convey this impression—but the mildest thing we can say is, that such was his levity, and his want of moral skill in that lecture, that this was its legitimate issue. Enough was said, as usual, about what men should *not* believe, about what they should *not* account sacred, and about what they should *not* do, but of what should come into the void thus produced we heard little. We could not but ask, why does the man halt at this point? Why is he silent upon that threshold where, as a teacher, it behoved him to be most prepared to speak? We regret to say that a voice seemed to answer—perhaps to speak out beyond that line is reserved for the bolder men of a coming age—an age in which the measure of our national corruptness will be more neatly filled up, and the judgment awaiting it will not tarry. Mr. Dawson may not mean to act as a pioneer to such a course of things, but we sometimes fear that this may prove to be the mission of the men of his class who are now so active in our midst.

Much has been said by this gentleman on the importance of adapting religious instruction to the masses of the people, and far from any of us be indifference to that object! But in so far as we can see, the talk on this subject, in the case of Mr. Dawson, has been mere talk. We are often told by persons who take up this language, that one thing strictly necessary to bring the people at large within the influence of our instructions is, that our places of worship should cease to indicate, by their general appearance, that they are intended for the rich or well-to-do, rather than for the poor; that, in fact, they should cease to suggest the existence of any distinction at all between the highest and the lowest. But, we must ask, is "the Church of the Saviour," in which Mr. Dawson officiates, an exemplification of this extreme democratic principle? Nothing of the sort. The said church, with its cold, massy, and ornate architecture, its richly-stained woodwork, its crimson cushions, and its studied elegance everywhere, is a place of more aristocratic aspect than any place of worship we have ever entered beyond the pale of our Established Church. It is true, there are no pews, their place

being occupied by uniform rows of benches with backs to them. But this does not prevent the building altogether from presenting the appearance of a first-class fashionable assembly-room. There is not really so much to repulse the poor man in Willis's Rooms, or in the Hanover Square Rooms, as in this would-be poor man's church.

It is true, there is no pulpit, and in the place of it there is that much coveted thing—an elevated platform. But here also the promise lacks performance. The platform is there, but the brotherhood, the companion staff, or whatever else you please to call it, of teaching-men, that should be there, do not make their appearance. The pulpit is gone, but the thing of which it is the symbol—the monopoly of teaching—remains. It is still a one-man system. The talent of the Church lies bound, silent, useless, on those cushioned benches and one separated to the work of teaching, does all the teaching, and takes his regular pay for the doing of it. Do we blame this course of proceeding? Not altogether. In itself we think it wise, but in such a connection we regard it as a huge inconsistency.

The Scriptural law, and, therefore, the *right* thing to be done in such matters, is, that those "who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel;" that the men who give themselves to this work should *not* be entangled with the affairs of this life, but be at liberty to give themselves, "wholly" to it, that their profiting may appear to all. This was the *rule*, even in the apostolic age, when the presence of miraculous powers and novel exigencies gave rise to many things that could never have been meant to serve as precedents to us. The instances in which men wrought with their hands to provide for their necessities, and to preach the Gospel without charge, being, even then, the rare exception. Precisely to this latitude, as we hold, is our present liberty. We scruple not to say that many good and needy men who do not aim to meet their necessities, at least in part, by such means, would be far more happy and useful were they to avail themselves of this freedom. But as regards Christian teachers generally, if these, in conformity with the Apostolic law, are to be men separated to their work, and sustained in it, like any other class of workmen, by a fair remuneration of their labor, then the question whether these men should be called an order, a profession, a guild, a

class, or the like, comes to be a question about names, not about things. There is, in reality, as much of the priestly in Mr. Dawson as in any Nonconformist minister in this kingdom. To him it exclusively pertains to preach, to be the administrator of the ordinances of the Church, and to hold at least the first place in it as a ruler. Again it may be asked, do we blame Mr. Dawson for this? Again we answer—only in part. It shows him to be a much wiser man in his generation than his loose talk would sometimes lead the unwary to suppose. It shows, moreover, the change that may come over a man's views when called to reduce his theories to practice.

Were Mr. Dawson to determine that the imputation of preaching for pay shall no more be cast upon him; that henceforth he will become a trader in packing-cases, brass nails, mouse-traps—in anything that may yield him an honest living; that in future he will take his place on the elegant platform of his church upon a Sunday as one teacher only among many, the group about him prepared to play the orator in common with himself, being all brother traffickers or brother craftsmen, the black, white, or gray in costume, that may hitherto have denoted order, being wholly dispensed with; that preaching shall give place on such occasions to discussion, the discussion itself being such as to allow questions, suggestions, and the expressions of opinion to any latitude, on the part of the auditory; were our young ecclesiastical innovator to resolve upon a reform thus thorough, we should certainly be curious to see its effect on the charge now subject to his oversight. We suspect that before the lapse of six months the change produced by such an experiment would be very edifying. Some of our readers will be aware that Sandemanism, Derbyism, Irvingism, and Plymouth Brethrenism, all have set out with a scheme of this description; and we know the result. No doubt our present usages admit of much amending; but could the substitution of any such course of things as we have now described as taking the place of them be made general, only for the space of one short generation, its damaging effect on the position of everything Christian among us would, we feel assured, be such as the wiser labors of many generations could hardly suffice to repair. Our comfort is, that the tendencies inherent in such a system, if system it may be called, are of a sort that can hardly fail to work a speedy cure.

Of course if the men who preach are to

live by preaching, as truly as other men live by their particular avocations, each laborer receiving his hire, only taking care that the labor in this case, as in others, shall be worthy of the hire, then the same means that are found expedient to give men efficiency in all kind of skilled labor must be in place here. The argument against colleges for divines, accordingly, if carried fairly out, becomes an argument against colleges for anything, against precautionary training for anything—in short, an ignoring of that common sense which is older than our Christianity, and which Christianity can hardly be meant to supersede. If, as seems probable, we are to have some controversy on this topic, this is the ground on which the battle must be fought, and perhaps the sooner we bring things to this issue the better.

In the case of the parties who have aimed in this manner to break down and efface the polity and customs of our churches heretofore, these peculiarities as to things external have generally been allied with something very dogmatic in the shape of doctrine, with high Calvinism, for the most part, often including a considerable infusion of Millenarianism. But in the case of Mr. Dawson, and of some others who are now avowing a similar disaffection to things as they are in this respect, the tendency is in an opposite direction. The aim is to substitute, more or less, the *Philosophist* for the divine, and a *Philosophism* for the Gospel—we use these terms advisedly, as the best, in our judgment, wherewith to describe a philosophy, “falsely so called,” and the men who give themselves to the ministration of it.

Take the following passage as presenting some intimation of the ground on which it would be easy to justify our use of these designations:

“Too often, in Mr. Dawson's prelections, what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. In proclaiming the stern truth that there is something higher than happiness—namely, blessedness—he only repeated the finest sentence in that abysmal volume, ‘Sartor Resartus.’ But who instructed him, for once, to go beyond his master, and to ridicule the phrase, ‘luxury of doing good?’ Because duty can play its high part, at times, without public fee or reward, has it not always, in its own exercise, ‘A joy beyond the name of pleasure?’ Does not Scripture often appeal to the desire and to the prospect of happiness as stimulants to duty? Has not the Divine Being annexed even to sacrifice and to martyrdom a feeling which we may appropriately term ‘luxury,’ if luxury mean something at once delicious and rare? ‘To be good for good's sake’

is the noblest reach of man; but what does good imply in its very conception? Surely some severe but real delight, partly in present feeling, and partly in future prospect. We know right well the tendency of Mr. Dawson's sneer—it is an attempt to scoff out the golden candlestick of celestial blessedness, as a reward of the good; although as well might he seek to puff away to-morrow's sun."—p. 205.

Bentham reduced morality to a pure question of profit and loss, and because some men would thrust pain or pleasure into the place of virtue, Mr. Dawson must affect to deny that virtue knows aught about such things. The *consequences* of good and bad shall not be even the *criterion* of virtue, because they may not be its *foundation*. Inasmuch as to live *mainly* to such calculations, is not to be virtuous, to have any thought about them is accounted incompatible with virtue! This may be taken as a specimen of what we mean by the teaching of a Philosphist, as distinguished from a philosopher, and by Philosphism, as distinguished from philosophy.

If further illustration were needed, we might refer to the manner in which Mr. Dawson substitutes the "new birth" of "Sartor Resartus," for that of the Gospel; and the philosophical atonement, said to be in all sorrow, for that which comes to the guilty from the Cross—the scriptural phrases in these instances being retained, while the scriptural ideas denoted by them are discarded. We admit that the ethical element is not so strong as it should be in our modern evangelicism; but any attempt to make the more abstract aspects of theism and moral government, more effectual as the means of producing spiritual life in men, than the doctrine of a Divine Mediation and of Divine Grace, as commonly expounded among us, must end, we feel persuaded, in a miserable failure. The Gospel proclaims *peace* for the *guilty*, *rest* for the *weary*, *blessedness* for the *spiritually-minded* and the *well-doer*, and it is not by its proclamation of any *one* of these, but by its proclamation of them *all*, that it becomes "the power of God unto salvation." But we have said more than we intended on this subject, and must now return to Mr. Gilfillan. The following paragraph in the paper on James Montgomery is full of vigor, but not more vigorous than just:—

"We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence. They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are en-

tirely distinct. Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion. Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective; we find no traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's writings. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy. And as poets, Montgomery, with more imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humor, and the awful personal pathos of Cowper."

The following passage on Thomas Hood is in Mr. Gilfillan's calmer and more equal manner; it cannot be read without interest; and with this extract we must take our leave of the author:

"We look upon this writer as a quaint masquer—as wearing above a manly and profound nature, a fantastic and deliberate disguise of folly. He reminds us of Brutus, cloaking under pretended idiocy a stern and serious design which burns his breast, but which he chooses in this way only to disclose. Or he is, like Hamlet, able to form a magnificent purpose, but, from constitutional weakness, not able to incarnate it in effective action. A deep message has come to him from the heights of his nature, but, like the ancient prophet, he is forced to cry out, 'I cannot speak—I am a child!' Certainly there was, at the foundation of Hood's soul, a seriousness, which all his puns and mummeries could but indifferently conceal. Jacques, in the forest of Arden, mused not with a profounder pathos, or, in quainter language, upon the sad pageant of humanity, than does he; and yet, like him, his 'lungs' are ever ready to 'crow like chanticleer' at the sight of its grotesque absurdities. Verily, the goddess of melancholy owes a deep grudge to the mirthful magician who carried off such a promising votary. It is not every day that one who might have been a serious poet will condescend to sink into a punster and editor of comic annuals. And, were it not that his original tendencies continued to be manifested to the last, and that he turned his drollery to important account, we would be tempted to be angry, as well as to regret, that he chose to play the Fool rather than King Lear in the play. As a poet, Hood belongs to the school of John Keats and Leigh Hunt, with qualities of his own, and an all but entire freedom from their peculiarities of manner and style. What strikes us, in the first place, about him, is his great variety of subject and mode of treatment. His works are in two small duodecimo volumes; and yet we find in them five or six distinct styles attempted—and attempted with success. There is the classical, there is the fanciful, or, as we might almost call it, the 'Midsummer Night;' there is the homely tragic narrative, there is the wildly grotesque, there is the light, and there is the grave and pathetic-lyric. And, besides, there is a style,

which we despair of describing by any one single or compound epithet, of which his 'Elm Tree' and 'Haunted House' are specimens—resembling Tennyson's 'Talking Oak'—and the secret and power of which, perhaps, lie in the feeling of mystic correspondence between man and inanimate nature—in the start of momentary consciousness, with which we sometimes feel that in nature's company we are not alone, that nature's silence is not that of death; and are aware, in the highest and grandest sense, that we are 'made to dust,' and that the dust from which we were once taken is still divine. We know few volumes of poetry where we find, in the same compass, so little mannerism, so little self-repetition, such a varied conceit, along with such unique harmony of sound.

"Through these varied numerous styles, we find two or three main elements distinctly traceable in all Hood's poems. One is a singular subtlety in the perception of minute analogies. The weakness, as well as the strength of his poetry, is derived from this source. His serious verse, as well as his witty prose, is laden and encumbered with thick-coming fancies. Hence, some of his finest pieces are tedious, without being long. Little more than ballads in size, they are books in the reader's feeling. Every one knows how resistance adds to the idea of extension, and how roughness impedes progress. Some of Hood's poems, such as 'Lyons,' are rough as the Centaur's hide; and, having difficulty in passing along, you are tempted to pass them by altogether. And though a few, feeling that there is around

them the power and spell of genius, generously cry, 'There's true metal here, when we have leisure we must return to this—yet they never do. In fact, Hood has not been able to infuse human interest into his fairy or mythological creations. He has conceived them in a happy hour; surely on one of those days when the soul and nature are one—when one calm bond of peace seems to unite all things—when the 'very cattle in the fields appear to have great and tranquil thoughts'—when the sun seems to slumber, and the sky to smile—when the air becomes a wide balm, and the low wind, as it wanders over flowers, seems telling some happy tidings in each gorgeous ear, till the rose blushes a deep crimson, and the tulip lifts up a more towering head, and the violet shrinks more modestly away, as at lovers' whispers; in such a favored hour—when the first strain of music might have arisen, or the first stroke of painting been drawn, or the chisel of the first sculptor been heard, or the first verse of poetry been chanted, or man himself, a nobler harmony than lute ever sounded, a finer line than painter ever drew, a statelier structure and a diviner song, arisen from the dust—did the beautiful idea of the 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' dawn upon this poet's mind: he has conceived his fairies in a happy hour, he has framed them with exquisite skill and a fine eye to poetic proportion, but he has not made them alive, he has not made them objects of love; and you care less for his centaurs and his fairies than you do for the moonbeams or the shed leaves of the forest.'—pp. 103-105.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FLOWERS OF MERCY.

"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

MORTAL, condemning at a glance;
To judge *our* hearts so bold,
Wake from Presumption's dangerous trance!
Wouldst thou *thine own* behold?

Gaunt Conscience, with her painful wand,
Will point it out to thee;
'Tis a half-bright, half-shadowy land,
A land of mystery.

Where'er PRIDE's demon foot hath trod
With dark sulphureous power,
Scorched is the once fresh-colored sod,
And shrunken every flower;

Save where by Lethe's dismal lake
Some tangled nightweed sleeps,
Nor heeds the devilish, jeweled snake,
That through its foliage creeps.

But where rare MERCY, with white feet,
Hath left a dazzling trace,
There rise the young-eyed lilies sweet,
With more than earthly grace:

Their beauty blots out sin,—and thou,
In more remorseful hours,
Before the only Judge shalt bow,
And pray for Mercy's flowers.

B. N.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

THE air was warm, not sultry, and the sun rather brilliant than severe. Myriads of small fleecy clouds gamboled across the sky, and threw their flitting shadows upon the rich and undulating landscape almost peculiar to England; where huts and hamlets, simple church-towers, and solitary half-hidden châteaux, lend a human charm to inanimate existence. The scene was commanded from an eminence at the side of a green lane where I was walking; and that spot had been chosen by some person of good taste for the site of a cottage residence. The house was half built, and many materials and implements were lying scattered about; but the workmen were absent, it being the hour of dinner, and thus the place had all the solitariness of a ruin without its melancholy.

I sat down upon the higher end of a plank which leant across an unsawn log of timber, preserving the equilibrium by my weight, and lost myself for a few minutes in an agreeable reverie. Presently, however, my meditations and the axis of the plank were disturbed at the same moment: some person had seated himself upon the opposite end, and I found my feet dangling.

"That will not do," said my unceremonious companion with a light laugh, "we have spoiled the balance;" and edging himself a little higher up, he restored the level, and we both sat with our feet resting slightly on the ground. He was an old man, with white rather than gray hair, but a smooth cheek, unwrinkled brow, and lightsome eye. Good-humor was the characteristic of his regularly handsome features; but this was not disclosed in the common form of an habitual smile. The light seemed to come from within, and diffuse itself over his countenance without affecting the features. It was not the kind of good-humor you could take liberties with: you could not say to that good-humor, "Old boy;" you could not think of bringing its end of the plank to the ground by moving suddenly from your seat. This retaliation, I acknowledge, was my first impulse; but a second look made me ashamed

of the impertinence. The plank seemed to act as a conductor between the old man and me; and almost immediately I felt his mental smile stealing into my heart and rising to my eyes.

"Has it ever occurred to you," said he, after having looked at me observantly two or three times—"has it ever occurred to you that this is what we are doing all our lives?"

"I have read," replied I, "the 'Theory of Compensations,' in which the author supposes that in the seemingly hardest lot there is always something to make up the balance. But his arguments do not carry conviction: it seems to me that they are disproved by the facts of every-day life."

"I have not seen the book," said the old man; "but I suspect, from what you tell me, that it reveals at least a glimpse of the truth. What do you know of the facts you talk of? You see one man living in that hut, and another in yonder château, and you suppose happiness to be unequally distributed. But the denizen of the hut would no more be satisfied to sit down at the lordly table of the château, with the eyes of the guests and servants upon him, than he of the château would be content with the humble fare of the hut. The feeling of repulsion is mutual; for the men have been brought up in different trains of circumstances, and have each evils and compensations of their own. But this is nothing. Look at a man in himself, and in his own history, and you will still find the balance. What is the counterpoise of present sickness, poverty, or destitution? Nothing: they are themselves the counterpoise of comparative health, wealth, and prosperity. This world is not intended as a scene of unmingled enjoyment. The good probably predominates over the evil; but there is a certain level, the disturbances of which, upward or downward, and our unceasing aims at its restoration, form the true action of life. If this doctrine were better understood—and to confirm it, we have only to look into our own hearts and memories—our views would not be so confined as they

usually are. The evils of fortune would not appear so overwhelming; pity would not mingle with our admiration of the martyr; the millionaire would escape our envy; a repining spirit would be chased from our bosoms; and the mournful cypress would be uprooted from our church-yards."

"Do you remember," said I, interposing—for the old man's words came from him in a continued stream—"a very painful story related by Coleridge of a young woman whose life was a scene of continued misery, ending in unspeakable horror? Does not this show that there are at least exceptions to your rule?"

"It shows nothing more than the bad habits of thought in which both writers and readers are trained. If you have the patience to listen, I can relate to you an anecdote which, although it has no pretensions to the melodramatic effect with which Coleridge amused the public, I know of my own knowledge to be true, and which, if rightly considered, will illustrate the subject before us, and—'vindicate the ways of God to man.'"

I was very thankful for the proffer; I felt a stronger attraction toward this old man than can be accounted for by his words as I am able to repeat them; and after a brief pause, he began his story as follows:—

"I was once," said he, "a young fellow upon town, with little and sometimes no occupation, and like others similarly situated, made acquaintance, as a matter of course, with some strange companions. One of these, whose christened name was Alfred, was only strange when intimately known. Although with the advantages of a good person and a handsome face, he made no special impression upon strangers. He was not retiring, but merely insipid. He was not only destitute of the talent of society, but he did not know what it was, or what was its use. He was not wrapped up in his own thoughts in such a way as to acquire a reputation for eccentricity, but he paid no attention to the thoughts of others. He was calm, cold, quiet, distant; taking the rubs of fortune without a grimace, and pursuing, silently and patiently, his allotted path even when that led to destitution and despair."

"He was a philosopher," cried I: "that is the secret!"

"He did not know what philosophy meant. If he was anything at all, he was an artist—a creator; but our acquaintance had lasted a considerable time before I discovered that it was the pencil he used to express his ideas. He was the son of a poor curate, and had

come to London to try to live, and to see pictures. He knew nothing but Greek and Latin, and of these not a great deal. He was ignorant of the mechanical part of painting, and had no means of study. He could not even write a sufficiently respectable hand to have any chance of advancement in the great emporium of trade and commerce. What chance had he of being able either to paint or to live?"

"As a clergyman's son," said I—for I too have some knowledge, and dearly bought, of life—"his chance would be but small, for he was doubtless brought up, in some sort, as a gentleman; but if he had been the son of a peasant he might have carried parcels, or ground colors, and risen to be lord mayor of London, or president of the Royal Academy."

"You are wrong: Alfred had no pride at all. He would have carried a parcel cheaper than any porter in town, but he could not solicit the job. He was at one time employed as a junior teacher in a school; but his superior having committed some fault, laid the blame upon him, and he was turned off. At another time he was a sort of under-clerk for several months; but the concern failed. All his efforts, in short, to establish himself permanently were unavailing; but still he continued to live. I cannot tell you how he managed this: we used to do it somehow. The remarkable thing in Alfred was, that he preserved, in the midst of utter destitution, the appearance of a gentleman. In such circumstances young men on the pavé commonly look like the desperadoes they are; but Alfred was always scrupulously clean, and his well-saved coat was without a speck, even when there was not a vestige of shirt to be seen."

"You interest me in this Alfred. Where did he live in the midst of such dire distress?"

"I cannot tell you where he lived any more than how he lived. He lived somewhere: we all did so. The first time we talked intimately together he might indeed be said to have been ill off; for he had just sustained a robbery."

"A robbery? He!"

"Yes: one forenoon he had lain down to rest himself in Hyde Park, and the sun beat upon his head, and stupefied him. He fell asleep, and when he awoke, his portfolio was gone. I had never seen him in agitation before, and now this was betrayed only in a faltering of the voice and a catching of the breath. He told me, in answer to my inquiries, that

the sketches he had lost were worthless—he had tried in vain to sell them; but then he had lost a piece of card-board with them—his last, poor fellow!—on which he had intended to draw other sketches, from which he *hoped* better things. I was sorry for the lad; we were all sorry for one another; but we laughed and jibed notwithstanding, as if our comrade's mishaps were rare fun. Alfred's coldness was thawed by this misfortune; and I saw that he had a soul under his bare black coat. He pointed to a tree at a little distance—to the effect of the sunlight on its branches—to the figure of a sleeping destitute man lying under it, while his little destitute child played on the grass by his side. Was it not hard that he should lose all this? It *was* a pity, I thought; but he could come again when he was able to procure another card-board. There were always plenty of sleeping destitute figures to be seen in Hyde Park—men, women, and children. They came there to enjoy the warm sun and the soft turf, and were quite undisturbed by the line of magnificent carriages that circled at a distance round them on the drive. Yes, Alfred was a painter!—it was only his untaught hands that were bunglers—the divine flame of art burned within him!"

"And this, then, is the poor youth's *compensation*?" exclaimed I, waxing impatient.

"Only in part. Our acquaintance now ripened to an intimacy, and I at length obtained his confidence. This cold, silent, shy, and most destitute youth had loved and been beloved from his boyhood. The object of his attachment was a young lady whose christened name was Jane, the daughter of a captain in the army, for many years the friend and neighbor of Alfred's father. The love of the two young people ripened with their years; and when, after the captain's death, his widow and daughter removed to London, Alfred was perhaps as much determined by that circumstance in his choice of the scene of his adventures as by his devotion to art. The two youthful friends—for it was years before they talked of love—were born and bred in a condition of equality; but the balance after this migration was woefully overturned. The widow, indeed, was disappointed in the assistance and countenance she had expected from her relations in London; but it is wonderful the small sum that retired and abstemious women can live upon even in the metropolis. Jane and her mother not only lived on their pension, but in their lady-like, however economical dress, and in their neat first-floor, with its balcony

adorned with plants and flowers, they presented an appearance of ease and gentility which almost terrified the poor lad as he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty. The widow was an ostentatious and somewhat empty person, who denied herself many solid comforts for the sake of retaining various articles of show on which she had prided herself during her husband's life; but her compensation for everything the heroism of her vanity endured, was the dream that her beautiful Jane would make a splendid marriage. Jane, however, hardly made an acquaintance, far less a lover; and the widow, losing patience with the hermit city, would after a time have returned to the country but for her absolute want of a surplus shilling.

"I do not know that his love was any compensation for Alfred. He never told even Jane of the excess of his misery; but sometimes, at every deeper plunge he made into the abyss, she read the fearful secret in his wan cheek and haggard look. The girl's heart was almost broken—but 'brokenly loved on.' He was all the world to her. As to his position in life, she remembered only their early equality; and the desperate contrivances of his penniless gentility, though they filled her eyes with secret tears as she walked with him in the street, never gave her one qualm of shame. Alfred winced under the searching eye of the mother; he sometimes even kept away from the house for a fortnight at a time; but then some new dream of hope would come, and yielding to the mystical attraction by which he was governed, he would suddenly reappear. On these occasions, when they were alone, and Jane hid her streaming eyes in his bosom, she often felt on her shoulder the burning drops that would have been congealed in his proud eyes had he known that she could be conscious of their fall. And so time passed on, weeks, months, years, till he had reached his twenty-fifth, and Jane her twenty-third birth-day"—

"So old!" interrupted I. "Compensation was long of coming!"

"But it came. Alfred's progress in painting was of course slow; interrupted, as it always had been, by the necessity of taking other employments when he could get them, and often by the want of the necessary implements. He at length, however, acquired as much mechanical knowledge as brought his notions of art into play, and there were moments in which he did fancy that he was at length a painter. But he did not get

richer. His expenses increased as he advanced; sometimes he fared worse (if that was possible) that he might dress better; and when the poor, friendless, unknown artist was disappointed in the sale of a laborious work, it came like a sentence of starvation.

"In one of these crises he was suddenly offered by a chance acquaintance—the master of a West Indiaman—a passage to Tobago, in return for certain services with his pen to be rendered during the voyage, and on arrival, the office of book-keeper on a plantation in the island. In his desperation he grasped at the proposal, which he looked upon as a God-send; and even Jane, who knew no more than he that a West Indian book-keeper meant something little better than a negro-driver, was reconciled to the temporary separation by the dreadful necessity of his circumstances. As the time approached for their parting, he dreaded the sight of Jane; he did not go near her for a week previous to the fateful day; but at length the last morning—the last hour—came, and he walked to the house like a criminal to execution.

"The street-door was open, and he stepped softly up the stair, hoping to find her alone. But her mother was with her, talking in so loud a tone of expostulation and command, that she neither heard the low tap at the door nor its subsequent opening. Alfred gathered in an instant that their secret was discovered; and the words 'beggar,' and 'outcast,' coupled with his name, showed the estimation in which she held her daughter's choice. But when Jane, who was staring wildly in her mother's eyes, obviously unconscious of what she was saying, observed him enter, she uttered a scream so wild, and shrill, and long, as to terrify the hearers; and then, dashing aside her mother's hands, she sprang toward him, clasped her arms round his waist, knotted her fingers together, and throwing back her head, burst into convulsions of hysterical laughter. Alfred was shocked and amazed; but the fit continued so long, that the mother's alarm made every other feeling give way, and she shrieked into her daughter's ear that she would no longer oppose her wishes.

"Then tell him!—tell him!"—cried Jane, gasping, and still shaking with the hysterics—"tell him, for I cannot!"

"Be calm, then, and I will tell him all. Sit down, my poor girl, I entreat you!"

"Stop! I will tell him myself—he must hear it from no other lips. Alfred—we are

rich!—we are rich!—we are rich!"—and Jane fell senseless in his arms.

"She was right. One of those exceptional occurrences had taken place which romancers make use of as the regular staple of fortune: a rich relation had died, and she had been pronounced the heiress of £2000 a year."

"Now comes the adjustment of the fearfully disordered balance!" cried I. "Now come the compensations!"

"True," said the old man; "there was not a happier pair within the bills of mortality. Jane, it is true, was still nervous at times. She seemed to mistrust so sudden and remarkable a change. In the middle of the night she awoke with a start, and was unable for some moments to persuade herself that her lover had not sailed for the West Indies. Even in the street she sometimes caught convulsively by his arm, and looked up with a wild suspicion in his face. But, upon the whole, they were a happy pair. Alfred was wholly undisturbed by the idea that the fortune was on *her* side; and if it had been suggested to him he would have treated it with a proud and exulting scorn. She was his, mind and body, and all that pertained to them. He was at this period the good genius of many of his desperate associates; and I myself am happy to acknowledge that I owe to his generous friendship an assistance which trimmed the balance of life, and eventually led to the competence I now enjoy, and to the construction of the dwelling, on a portion of the materials of which we are sitting. But the time appointed for their union approached rapidly"——

"Ay, come to the wedding!"

"Ay, come to the wedding, since you will have it! The last day of single life arrived, and on the next morning Jane was to be his wife. He bade her farewell that night with tearful joy; he walked home instinctively, he knew not how; he prayed devoutly, reverently—yet with a deep gushing tenderness and filial affection—to that Almighty Being who had thus led him through the valley of the shadow of death; and then he stepped lightly into bed, with the glory of heaven on his face, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, in his heart.

"The next morning I went to call him, for I was to bear a part in the ceremony. It was a morning"——

"Well, well"——

"He was asleep. He is still sleeping.

He was dead!" Here the old man, who had been looking upon the ground before him, as if it was the bed present to his mind's eye, turned full upon me; and his peculiar smile broke over his countenance like a flood of light from within, suffusing his chiseled features with a bright and joyous glow, which brought out his face in the midst of the sunshine as if that had been shade.

"The physician," continued he, "talked of disease of the heart: I only know he was dead."

"It was an awful death," said I, struggling against the old man's smile: "so young—so warm in hope—with such bliss before him! How does your philosophy reconcile this with—with"——

"With the justice and mercy of Providence? You shall hear. The events of this world are linked with each other by an eternal chain, a portion of which you have still to see. A week after his death, when Jane seemed to be fast sinking into the grave, her claims to the property which had been considered her own were all on a sudden disputed, and by one who turned out to be the true heir-at-law."

"What," said I, almost indignantly, "do you now talk of money? Would not starvation itself have been comparative bliss to that young couple?"

"Be tranquil: there is another link. The blow, unfelt for herself, awoke Jane from her despair, for it seemed to strike upon the image which lived in her mind. She thought of the horrors that Alfred had endured, and she asked herself—though with a bitter pang—whether it was the real love he so well deserved which grieved for his removal? Then came a new excitement. The pictures of the half-famished youth had attracted little attention; but his subsequent story threw around them an adventitious interest, and the fame of the artist seemed to spring from his grave. Many there still be who remember a pale, thin, almost transparent-looking young creature, in widow's weeds, attending the picture sales with pencil in hand. This was Jane; and when a painting of his was put up, she watched the biddings with the breathless interest of a gamester whose all is at stake; and then, counting her winnings, as it were, she turned away, and glided from the room with the air of one who goes to deposit them at his banker's. This went on for ten months after Alfred's death; and then Jane died."

"She would have lived!" cried I, choking—"she would have lived if"——

"Be tranquil: she died of an hereditary complaint received from her father; and autopsy having been performed, the surgeons pronounced that no happiness, no art, no circumstances whatever, could have prolonged her life for an instant. Now, do you see? Fancy Alfred a beggar with his beggar wife; fancy him closing her eyes in hunger and despair; fancy him, perhaps, the father of an infant destined to a life of struggles and an early grave! Which is wiser, which more merciful, God or you? You interrupted me while I was telling you what I saw in the death chamber; and I shall now conclude with that, for the masons are returning to their work."

"The bed, with its white furniture and spotless sheets, looked as if it was dressed for a wedding. The window was half open, and gave entrance to the breath of flowers and the shrill carols of birds. A flowering plant waved its head, half in, half out, on the morning breeze. The sun, warm and bright as it is to-day, glanced into the chamber, its beams silvering the bed-curtains, chasing each other along the wall, and falling on the young man's face, till his placid, beautiful smile kindled into joy. Such are the real details of a scene which appeared to me to be melancholy, nay, shocking, at the time. I learnt, ten months afterward, to feel and understand them. To that chamber my fancy has ever since retired for comfort and delight when I have been disconcerted by the events of mortal existence; and that heavenly smile, which then for the first time entered into this solitary heart, has there abided."

By the time the old man finished his narrative, the chirp of the chisel was heard upon the stones, and the joyous sounds of labor echoed through the skeleton house. I took my leave of him, promising to return when he was settled in his new abode; and I then walked homeward, plunged in a reverie.

With the withdrawal of his peculiar smile, however, I must say my temporary adhesion to his theory relaxed. I began to reflect that it was founded entirely on assumptions, and that the negative evils avoided were not necessarily attendant on the case. In the well-ordered march of events, special sufferings are continually occurring without any appearance of the old man's compensations, though, I think, not without a good result of a different kind. I believe the presence of what we call evil in the general scheme, as well as what we call good, to be necessary; for otherwise the state of action,

which is the condition of our mortal existence, would be incomplete. Without evil there would be no trial, no struggle, no sympathy, no active benevolence, but all would rest satisfied in their solitary bliss. The evil of early death is perhaps the most shocking of all; yet it serves to chasten the spirit, evoke the profoundest sympathies, and relax the hold of men from the things of time; while

to the individual removed it may, in certain conditions, be in the eye of the severest reason, as it assuredly is in the eye of faith, great gain. Actions and motives, in fact, are all that are our concern; for results, whether good or evil, are in the hands of the Almighty; and this world being only preparatory to a larger dispensation of being, it is to that we must look for the true Balance.

From Tait's Magazine.

A CHORUS.

SEMICHORUS I.

SPHER'D in the ocean air,
An island wondrous fair,
Earth wheels along,
In mystic song,
All, all alone—
Aye rolleth on
'Mid starry isles,
In golden smiles;
Through silent night,
In cresset light;
Through babbling day,
In sheeny ray;
Through twilight dim,
Pealing her hymn;
Through storm and calm,
Chaunting her psalm;
Through billowy space,
Urging apace,
Rocks and mountains,
Seas and fountains,
Savage domains,
Beauteous plains,
Spirits sublime,
Of every clime.
Swerving never—
Ever, ever
Breathless hurrying,
Sleepless journeying,
Round, round her sire,
Whose eye of fire,
With magic might,
Controls her flight,
And chains her to his throne.

SEMICHORUS II.

Spher'd in a spirit sea,
An island mystery,
The human soul,
In music roll,
All, all alone
Circleth her throne;
Proudly careers,
'Mid rival spheres;
Through thought's deep night,
Steereth her flight;
Through thought's lit day,
Wingeth her way;
Through twilight gloom,
Seeketh her doom;
Horrent with fears,
Bedew'd with tears;
Hoping, dreaming,
Doubting, scheming;
Swerving ever,
Albeit, never
'Scaping the eye
That flames on high;
Tearing, turning,
Spinning, burning
Round, round her God,
Whose awful nod,
With kingly might,
Directs her flight
And binds her to His throne.

CHORUS.

Ye rolling isles that orb the sky,
Luming the lampless wilds on high;
Ye spirit spheres that light the world,
Through deep eternal ages hurl'd;
All hail! Praise ye the Great Supreme;
Him, central glory, be your theme.
Lowly sing, and loudly thunder,
Angels stoop to list and wonder

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Representative Men, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, published by TICKNOR, FIELD & Co., Boston, and republished in London by JOHN CHAPMAN, is noticed by nearly all the leading journals. The *Athenæum* says of it:

The idea of this series of lectures is a good one; though there are of necessity exceptions to be taken to the way in which it is realized. The idea is, to expose the course, the varieties, of human life, as exhibited in the world's great men. The subject is one of vast dimensions. Every great race which has contributed its quota to civilization—every great system of theology or philosophy—should send a representative to such a congress. All actions, all ideas, should find exposition. The biographies, so to speak, of art, of morals, of legislation, should be given. But as on a canvas necessarily limited only a few figures can be drawn,—then comes in the difficulty of selection. What are the greatest elements of man, of society, of civilization? Those chosen by Mr. Emerson for exposition are,—Philosophy, Mysticism, Doubt, Poetry, Action, Culture. Many will deny that these things adequately represent the living world. * * It is not an ordinary book. It is remarkable as a suggestion of what its author *may* do hereafter when he descends from his tripod and walks the common earth. The true ore is in this American:—its uses ought not to be lost to mankind through a fantastic and wayward fancy for wasting it in unsubstantial filagree work.

The *Britannia* (edited by Dr. Croly) says:—

We have called these essays remarkable, and advisedly so, for Mr. Emerson's mind, although not of the highest, is of no common order. He revels in large abstractions and generalities, expressed in a style singularly fluent and rapid. All his writings are suggestive and thoughtful, and contain many original and some brilliant passages, unfortunately disfigured by a plentiful sprinkling of Yankeeisms here and there, and occasionally coarse and undignified expressions.

Mr. Kimball's fine work, *St. Leger; or, the Threads of Life*, published originally in a beautiful 12mo. by Mr. PUTNAM, New York, and republished in London by BENTLEY, is thus noticed by the *John Bull*:

It is a powerfully written work. The variety of characters introduced, all sharply chiseled, their varied fortunes and destinies, all contribute to impart to "St. Leger" a character of originality and high moral and intellectual interest not often met with in works of fiction.

The *Morning Post* calls it:

A very extraordinary book. It is the "Tremaine" and "De Vere" of the metaphysical student.

Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange, by John Francis, published by WILLOUGHBY & Co.,

London, is noticed with great favor. The *Morning Post* says:

Who would have thought that the Stock Exchange of London would have furnished the most amusing and delightful descriptions,—the most exciting and stimulating narratives? Yet are there good poems that are not more poetical, excellent dramas that are not more replete with impassioned interest, and very popular novels and romances that are far less brilliant and far less entertaining.

The *British Banner*, an able journal, edited by Rev. Dr. Campbell, speaks of it as

One of the most interesting, we had almost said romantic, books we have ever met with. We were so attracted, so excited, that on our first sitting down to it, we neither rose nor moved till we had exhausted 356 octavo pages, at the close of which we were so absorbed, as almost to forget whether it was night or day—at home or abroad.

The *Standard of Freedom's* review begins thus

There has at length stepped forward a man bold enough to expose the British Pandemonium called the Stock Exchange, and to let the light of day in upon its abhorrent practices. We advise every man in England to sit down at once to this most extraordinary of histories. It unfolds scenes and characters passing daily and hourly walking to and fro among us that will make the hair of all men stand on end.

Southey's Common-Place Book, edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D., originally published by LONGMANS, and reprinted in four handsome numbers by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus noticed in the *Literary Gazette*:

From a vast fund of reading, a vast variety of literary and interesting matter. Diligence and method, through a long life, were essential to the voluminous author, and still more so to the indefatigable reviewer. For the duties of reviewing, if rightly fulfilled, require much research, and must lead to the acquisition of extensive information. The reviewer ought to be master of the subject, and able to add to the intelligence and correct the mistakes (if any) of the original writer. And Southey was not a man to perform such tasks by halves, or in an indifferent manner.

Los Eringos, by Lieut. Wise, U. S. N., published by BAKER & SCRIBNER, New York, and republished by BENTLEY, London, is variously treated by the British journals. The *Literary Gazette* says:

If it be possible to have too much of a good thing, Lt. Wise, of the American navy, is the prolific writer to let us have it. He scribbles and dashes away in the smartest of smart styles, and carries the reader along with him through every sort of adventure and

incident, by sea and land; closely through Mexico and California, and more at large all over Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. Here, assuredly, is "scope and verge enough," and we may say it is fully occupied with accounts of the countries, of the natives, and of personal affairs of every possible sort, which could engage the eyes, mind, heart, and arms, of a "wide awake" sailor. There is plenty of amusement in the volume.

The *Athenæum's* criticism is as follows:

Lieut. Wise, the rambler and writer of these narratives, is one of the class of adventurers who betook themselves to service the moment the war-blast was sounded against the contiguous republic of Mexico. He formed part of an army which we begin to fear must have contained almost as many authors as warriors;—so varied and numerous have been the literary monuments already raised in commemoration of their prowess by the actors thereof. No future historian will have to regret the want of materials for making out the series of events called the Mexican War. We must confess to being almost weary of the topic. Of the marching and counter-marching, the proclaiming and counter-proclaiming, the battling and besieging, we have heard enough:—of Yankee boasting and grandiloquence, of the "destiny" of Anglo-Saxondom and the inferiority of every Hispano-American race on the Continent. To an extent which is both curious and commendable in one of his countrymen, Mr. Wise avoids these odious comparisons,—and his book is all the better and pleasanter for the omission. He eschews history and political philosophy altogether in his pages, and narrates the course of military movements only so far as it is needful in order to keep his own personal position distinctly in view of the reader. His object is that of a painter, seeking to place before the eye the picturesque forms and features of the countries through which he has traveled, the characteristics of the people, and the incidents of the journey. In this he has succeeded creditably:—having added another book of pleasant pictures to our table.

The Cities and Wilds of Andalusia, published by LONGMANS, London, is thus noticed by the *Morning Chronicle*:

Whoever wishes to while away an hour or two in the most charming company—whoever wishes to bask in an Andalusian sun, look on an Andalusian beauty—tread the marble pavements of the Moorish holy places—revel to excess in all the sensations of a most beautiful existence, and learn how to avoid the "pulga and chinche" of a Spanish inn bed—let him take the Hon. Dundas Murray in his hand, and if he does not thank us for the introduction, we will not give a peseta for his brains.

Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside, written by herself, published by COLBURN, London, is noticed as follows by the *Athenæum*:

This work has given us much pleasure. There are Mrs. Maitlands in real life, but we are not sure that the Maiden Aunt has ever found so favorable a representative in print. As regards purity of mind, generosity of heart, and great observation of charac-

ter, Mrs. Margaret Maitland might claim cousinship with the Rev. Micah Balwhidder.

The *Observer* says of it:

It is a work full of great power, abounding in natural feeling. The moral it inculcates will be held precious by all. Penned in a deep spirit, it produces a corresponding effect on the mind. Written by a woman, it is a book which any man, however high his reputation in literature, might have been only too proud to indite.

Lives of the Princesses of England, by Mrs. Everett Green, published by COLBURN, London, is noticed thus by the *Examiner*:

As a companion to Miss Strickland's *Memoirs of the English Queens*, this work may claim a similarly wide audience, and help to popularize historical tastes. Mrs. Green not only writes well and annotates copiously, but is an extremely exact, conscientious, and learned antiquarian.

The *Athenæum's* notice commences thus:

Mrs. Green is already favorably known as the Editor of "*Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*,"—and she has brought to her present work the same careful research and the same diligence which characterized her former one. The stories of the Princesses present amusing and romantic incidents, which bring Europe in the middle ages vividly before us.

The *Britannia* calls it:

A valuable addition to the historical library, and forms a meet companion for the work of Miss Strickland,—to which, indeed, it is an indispensable addition. The author has executed her task with great skill and fidelity. There is a graceful combination of sound historical erudition with an air of romance and adventure that is highly pleasing.

Letters of William Von Humboldt to a Female Friend,—Translated by Catherine A. Cowper,—published by JOHN CHAPMAN, London, is thus noticed by the *Westminster Review*:

These admirable letters were, we believe, first introduced to notice in England by the *Athenæum*; and perhaps no greater boon was ever conferred upon the English reader than the publication of the two volumes which contain this excellent translation of William Humboldt's portion of a lengthened correspondence with his female friend.

Miss Martineau's History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, of which the second volume has been published by CHARLES KNIGHT, London, is noticed in the *Athenæum* thus:

A conscientious judgment presides, throughout, in the treatment of the stirring subjects brought under review; and Miss Martineau has spared no pains in making herself perfectly acquainted with the details and principles of the measures which divided the opinions, and not unfrequently roused the passions, of both the legislature and the public. The conscientiousness of this work is, indeed, its great recommendation. It is as impartial a contemporary history as could be hoped for from any pen.



Portrait of a woman, 18th century, oil on canvas, 100 x 120 cm.

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